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THE MIRROR.

A

PERIODICAL PAPER,

PUBLISHED AT EDINBURGH IN THE YEARS

1779 AND 1780.

VELUTI IN SPECULO.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

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CONTENTS.

No.		Page
59.	*ESYCHUS on* Lounging,	9
60.	*Advantage, even to the greateſt and moſt illuſtrious, of being able to trifle occaſionally,*	15
61.	*Account of ſome peculiarities in Mr.* Umphraville: *of attachment to inanimate objects, and to* Home,	19
62.	*Of* romancing *in converſation; anecdotes of a French company, in a letter from* EUTRAPELUS,	23
63.	*Of private and domeſtic virtues; character of Miſs* Hargrave,	28
64.	*Of* Good-Company; *in a letter from* MODESTUS,	32
65.	*The hardſhip of educating a young lady in an expenſive manner, and then leaving her with a very ſlender proviſion for her ſupport; hiſtory of herſelf, by* S. M.	39
66.	*Criticiſm on a ſcene in Shakeſpeare's* Richard III,	44
67.	*Letters from* LORENZO. *He goes in ſearch of a wife. Characters. Bad effects of neglected education in men of fortune,*	52
68.	*Deſcription of a* Macaroni *member of parliament; Mr.* Umphraville's *reflections on that character,*	58

No. Page

69. *Account of a younger brother in the country, in a letter from* JOSEPH FIELDING, 64

70. *Danger of too much intimacy with the great; a spirit of independence the best guardian of virtue. Story of* ANTONIO, 69

71. *Sequel of the Story of* ANTONIO, 74

72. *Advantage to be drawn from scenes of sorrow; the funeral of* Maria, - 79

73. *Essay on* dreams, *by* INSOMNIOSUS, 84

74. *Essay on* dreams *concluded*, - 90

75. *Letter from* TIMOTHY SHUTTLEWORTH, *stating his difficulties in reading the* Newspapers. *General reflections on the abuses of those daily intelligencers*, 98

76. *Dinner at Mr.* Melfort's. *Hard drinking. Mr.* Umphraville's *reflections on modern manners*, - - - 103

77. *The effect of difficulty in attainment to heighten our keenness in pursuit. Argument deduced from this with regard to the rule of* poetical justice, - 109

78. *Letter from* JOHN HEARTY, *giving an account of his sufferings from an extreme propensity to* friendship, - 114

79. INTEGER *on negatively good men; scheme of a newspaper to relate what things are not done. Observations on pastoral poetry*, - - - 119

80. *Critique on that species of composition known by the name of* Advertisement, - 127

81. *Distresses of an heiress; in a letter from* OLIVIA, - - - 134

No. Page
82. *On* sign-posts, *as the reward of public merit, and criterion of National success*, 139
83. *Enquiry into the causes of the scarcity of* humorous *writers in* Scotland, 145
84. *Of the privilege of* fashion *to alter* nature; *some account of certain fashionable peculiarities in* Edinburgh, 151
85. *Apology to poetical Correspondents. The* EXILE, *an elegy*, 155
86. ANTIQUARIUS *on the virtues of certain ancient medicines*, 159
87. *On superstition and the fear of death*, 163
88. *The hardships of a private tutor, in a letter from* K. B. *Reflections suggested by it*, 168
89. EMILIA *on female accomplishments.—Answer by the Author. Letter from* LETITIA LAPPET, *going to set up shop as a milliner*, 175
90. *Calamities incident to extreme old age, particularly the loss of friends; feelings of the author on a misfortune of that kind*, 183
91. *On the duties of the* great, *in behaviour as well as conduct*, 187
92. *On the desire of* figure-making, 192
93. *Character of a self-important trifler; in a letter from Miss* C. F. 198
94. *Effects of the representation of certain characters in the* MIRROR. *Letter from a gentleman in London on the improvements of* Edinburgh, 204
95. *Description*

No. Page

95. *Description of a dangerous species of coquette; in two letters from Mr. and Mrs.* B. - - - - 212

96. *Bad effects of an education too refined for the society in which we live; in a letter from* MARY MUSLIN. *The* MARRIAGE *of* EVAL, *a poem. The plagiarisms of the* MIRROR, *in a short letter from* EVELINA, - - 220

97. *Account of the Flint family, and their conduct with regard to the education of Master Flint, by the young gentleman's tutor* HYPODIDASCALUS, - - - 227

98. HYPODIDASCALUS's *relation continued; Journal of Master* Flint's *studies for a week,* - - - 236

99. *Criticism on the character and tragedy of* Hamlet, - - - 243

100. *Criticism on* Hamlet *concluded,* 250

101. *Danger of regulating our conduct by the rules of romantic sentiment. Story of* Emilia, - - - 255

102. MODERATUS *on the character of a* man of spirit. *Reflections on female spirit,* 262

103. *Letter from* SIMON SOFTLY, *containing an account of his visit to Sir* Ralph Holdencourt, *a man of great family, with whom he had a law-suit,* - - 269

104. *Ill consequences of retiring from society; character of* Acasto, *a country gentleman,* - - - 277

105. *Some*

No. Page
105. *Some cautions with regard to the behaviour of people in the country,* 283
106. *Education necessary not only to fit men for the world, but to qualify them for enjoying retirement from it,* - 288
107. *Difference between theoretical description, and actual practice; definition of* honourable love, *by an anonymous author, and of a* battle, *by* A. Boyer, 294
108. *Inefficacy of guilty pleasure to confer happiness; story of* Louisa Venoni, 300
109. *Sequel of the story of* Louisa, 306
110. *Conclusion of the* MIRROR, - 311

No. Page
105. Some cautions with regard to the reformation of people in the country, 283
106. Education necessary not only to fit men for the world, but to qualify them for enjoying retirement from it, 288
107. Difference between theoretical definition, and actual practice; definition of honourable love, by an anonymous author; and of a hater, by A. Boyer, 294
108. Inefficacy of gaudy decorations to conceal deformity; story of Louisa Venoni, 300
109. Sequel of the story of Louis, 306
110. Conclusion of the MIRROR, 312

THE MIRROR.

No. 59. TUESDAY, *August* 17, 1779.

Ex otio plus negotii quam ex negotio habemus.
Vet. Schol. ad Ennium in Iphigen.

To the AUTHOR of the MIRROR.

SIR,

I AM one of that numerous tribe of men, whom your predeceſſor, *The Spectator*, has diſtinguiſhed by the appellation of *Loungers*, an innocent harmleſs race, who are remarkable for no one offenſive quality, except a mortal antipathy at *Time*; which, as that author ſays, and we are willing to allow, we ſtudy all poſſible means of killing and deſtroying. This confeſſion, Sir, of one particular ſpecies of malevolence we are not at all aſhamed to make, ſince the perſecution of our adverſary is ſo avowed and notorious, as fully to juſtify every kind of revenge, which we can meditate. We conſider Time, Sir, as a ſort of *incubus*, or day night mare, a malignant being, who, *like the old man of the ſea*, in the *Arabian Tales*, faſtens himſelf upon our ſhoulders, preſſes with intolerable weight, and ſticks ſo cloſe, that oftentimes an unhappy victim of his malice is fain to rid himſelf of his oppreſſor at the expenſe of his life. It is not then ſurpriſing that

it ſhould be the conſtant ſtudy of us, who are infeſted by this monſter, to try every probable ſcheme for his deſtruction.

Now, Sir, as in a long-continued war, the military genius is ſharpened by exerciſe, deſtructive inventions are multiplied, and a variety of artful diſpoſitions, manœuvres, and ſtratagems are found out, which the great maſters of the ſcience, *Folard*, *Puyſegur*, and *Saxe*, are careful to record for the benefit of belligerent poſterity: So I, in like manner, who for many years have maintained an obſtinate warfare with my mortal enemy, have not only put in practice all the common and moſt approved modes of attack and defence, ſo as preciſely to aſcertain the reſpective merit of each, but I flatter myſelf with having diſcovered ſeveral artful devices, and ingenious plans, which ſufficiently prove my own maſterly ſkill in the ſcience, and which I can recommend to the practice of my brother loungers, from repeated experience of their efficacy.

I have made ſo great a proficiency in this uſeful art, that it was for ſeveral years a darling project of mine to digeſt my knowledge into a regular ſyſtem; but when, in the proſecution of this great deſign, I had got the length of forming a complete title-page, and had entered upon the conſideration of the plan, and arrangement of the work, I found a neceſſity of abandoning my project, from the immenſe variety of matter which preſented itſelf to my view, as well as from an unhappy infirmity under which I have laboured from my youth, a ſort of *lethargic* diſorder which totally unfits me for reading or writing more than half an hour at a time.

But, Sir, that the world may not be entirely deprived of the fruits of my talents and experience, I have determined to ſend you ſome of my detached notes, and a few obſervations occaſionally jotted down

down as materials, while the work I have mentioned was in contemplation. These, Sir, as you seem to have a pretty turn for writing, you may, in your own way of periodical speculations, enlarge and improve upon; or, if you should think proper to follow out my design of a complete treatise on the subject, you have my full permission.

The philosophers say, *Cogito, ergo sum*; I think, therefore I exist. Now, as the sense of our own existence is the most disagreeable of all reflections to us lounging philosophers, it follows, that, in order to rid ourselves of that most uneasy sensation, we must endeavour as much as possible to banish all thought.

To attain this important end, there are various means, according to the variety of tastes. To escape from his own thoughts, one lounger betakes himself to his bottle, another to the gaming-table, and a third to a mistress. That these methods are frequently successful must be presumed, since the greatest adepts so generally employ them. Nevertheless, I must be excused for hinting a very few objections which have occurred in the course of my own practice.

As an antidote to the cares of life, and sovereign opiate for the miseries of thought and reflection, there is no medicine which has acquired an equal reputation with a flask of good wine. But most opiates serve only as temporary palliatives, and some, while they give immediate relief, are known to increase the disease. I am afraid we must apply to the pleasures of the bottle, what, with a slight alteration, was said by a wise ancient: "Joy may endure for a night, but heaviness (too surely) cometh in the morning."

Gaming, too, though a very genteel occupation, must be allowed to approach rather too near to the

drudgery

drudgery of real buſineſs. The labour of thought which it requires, and the turbulence of contending paſſions, are certainly *inimical* to that tranquil indifference in which we loungers place our ſupreme felicity.

Although I am well acquainted with all the arguments in favour of gallantry and allow them to have a great deal of weight, I cannot help thinking, that, when conſidered with a view to our fraternity, it is ſubject to many inconveniences. Even under the management of the moſt prudent, it cannot be denied, that it leads to ſituations in which the peace and quiet ſo neceſſary in the life of a lounger, are diſturbed and broken; or leaves him in others that render the preſence of his great adverſary, *Time*, more than uſually irkſome.

To conſtitute a complete lounger, it is neceſſary that he ſhould be a man of taſte. Reading, though, as a food, it is groſs and of hard digeſtion, may be taken with much advantage in ſmall doſes, both as a cordial, and as an opiate. For the former of theſe purpoſes, I would recommend a complete ſet of jeſt-books, from *Joe Miller* and the *Medley of Fun*, down to *Johnſoniana*; for the latter, moſt of the new novels. I would likewiſe adviſe the taking in all the magazines and reviews. Thoſe, beſides the very conſiderable amuſement in cutting up their leaves, enable a gentleman by the moſt compendious means, to form a complete judgment of any author, in any ſcience, and to decide upon his merits in any company, with that proper confidence which repreſſes all oppoſition of opinion.

An ingenious author of this age* has lately demonſtrated, that it is poſſible to acquire a critical taſte

* *Mr. Webb. See Preface to his Inquiry into the Beauties of Painting, &c.*

taſte in any of the fine arts, without the ſmalleſt portion of natural genius; and it muſt be acknowledged, that his theory is proved by the example of moſt modern critics. Among theſe arts, I would particularly recommend, as moſt profitable to the lounger, the acquiſition of a taſte in muſic. After acquiring a good taſte, it will be an eaſy matter to obtain a proficiency in the practice of the ſcience; and of this the advantage is very great. I have the honour to know ſeveral very accompliſhed gentlemen, who, with no other companion than their violin, are able to fiddle away a complete ſummer's day with much comfort and delight.

The occupations I have hitherto mentioned, it will be obſerved, are chiefly of the domeſtic kind. I could enumerate a variety of ſchemes for the deſtruction of time without doors. Theſe, however, are ſo generally known, that it were ſuperfluous to dwell upon them. In the morning the political lounger betakes himſelf to his coffee houſe, the literary lounger to his bookſeller's ſhop, the ſauntérer to the public walks, the dreamer to his uſual occupation of counting the ſign-poſts. In the evening, clubs, card-parties, and public places, furniſh a rendezvous for loungers of all denominations.

Beſides theſe I have already mentioned, I could eaſily, Sir, communicate a variety of other approved ſchemes and ingenious devices, but I ſhall, for the preſent, content myſelf with barely hinting at one other expedient, though I am aware that its vulgarity will not permit it to be *often* employed by people of *taſte* and *faſhion*. It muſt be acknowledged that the moſt effectual of all methods of killing time, is by ſerious buſineſs or occupation. This is the great ſecret by which many thouſands of the vulgar herd jog on through life with much compoſure, nay even ſeeming ſatisfaction, while thoſe who

conſtitute the polite world are put to a variety of ſhifts to compaſs what the others attain without ſeeking after. Now, as a capital painter may ſometimes conceive a happy idea from the daubing of a ſign-poſt, ſo the lounger, though he diſdain to follow ſo mean an example as that of the plodding ſons of induſtry, may, nevertheleſs, derive from it a very profitable leſſon. When any piece of buſineſs neceſſarily obtrudes itſelf, let him conſider, that it would be highly improvident to diſpatch or execute in one hour, or in one day, what, with a little prudent management, may eaſily furniſh occupation for twenty. Thus, when a lounger begins to write a letter, it may very reaſonably employ him for a month, the ranging of his library may give him a hurry of buſineſs for a year, and clearing accounts with his ſteward is the work of a life-time.

Theſe, Sir, are a few of the materials for that great deſign above mentioned, from which it is eaſy to form a judgment both of the copiouſneſs and importance of the ſubject. As that ſcheme, however, is now laid aſide, I take the liberty of ſending you theſe imperfect hints, in hopes (as many modeſt authors expreſs themſelves) that they may prompt an exertion of genius from ſome abler pen.

I am, Sir,

Your moſt obedient ſervant,

ESYCHUS.

P. S. Your correſpondent, in your 14th Number, ſeems to poſſeſs many of the talents requiſite for ſuch an undertaking.

No.

No. 60. SATURDAY, *August* 21, 1779.

Quin ubi se a vulgo et scena in secreta remorant
Virtus Scipiadæ et mitis sapientia Læli;
Nugari cum illo, et discincti ludere, donec
Decoqueretur olus, soliti. HOR.

I HAVE heard a story of an eminent philosopher who was invited to dine and spend the evening with some of the most distinguished men for learning and genius of the age in which he lived. Dinner being over, the conversation took a light and easy turn. While a cheerful glass went round, the common topic of the time, the joke of the day, or the occasional pleasantry of the minute, filled up their discourse. The philosopher, whose mind was constantly occupied with abstract studies and inquiries, took little share in the conversation, and felt no pleasure in it. After having sat a considerable time, one of the company proposed that they should take a game at cards. Although they played for a trifle, the philosopher refused to join in the party, and it was made up without him. While they were thus engaged, he retired to a corner of the room, took out his pocket-book and pencil, and began to write. Upon being asked what he was writing? he answered, that he had conceived high expectations of the instruction and entertainment he was to receive from the conversation of so many eminent and distinguished men; that he had resolved, before he came among them, to take notes of what passed, lest he should forget it; and that this was now his occupation. The company, considering the manner in which they had been employed, felt the rebuke, and were made a little uneasy by it.

People

People may think differently of this ſtory. I, for my part, think the philoſopher to blame, and that the company were in no reſpect the objects of cenſure. I have long been of opinion, that one of the moſt important leſſons to be learned in life, is that of being able to *trifle* upon occaſion. No character can poſſibly be more contemptible than that of a talking, empty, giggling, fool, who is incapable of fixing his attention upon any thing that is important, and whoſe mind, like a microſcope, ſees only what is little, and takes in nothing that is great. But no character can be more reſpectable than that of a man of talents, whoſe thoughts are often employed upon the great and important objects of life, but who can nevertheleſs unbend his mind, and be amuſed with eaſy and ſimple recreations. A man, by taking falſe and improper views of life, may bring himſelf to think, that even thoſe objects which are reckoned great and important, are, in reality, little; the projects of ambition, the deſire of fame, even the purſuits of ſtudy, may ſink before him; and, to ſuch a man, the ordinary recreations of the world muſt appear too ſmall to engage his attention. But, "*'twere to conſider too curiouſly to conſider ſo.*" He who thinks rightly, and adapts his minds to the circumſtances in which he is placed, will ſoon be convinced, that, as activity and employment were intended for us, ſo we ought to be intereſted by the different objects around us. The projects of an honeſt ambition, if not carried too far, the deſire of being thought well of, if kept within proper bounds, and the ſearch after knowledge, if it does not lead to arrogance and conceit, will appear ſuited to our nature, and objects upon which it is right that we ſhould fix our attention. In the ſame manner, it will appear proper that the mind, when there is place for it, ſhould unbend and allow itſelf to be amuſed by thoſe other objects.

objects which, compared with those of ambition, fame, or study, may appear little or trifling.

The mind is very apt to receive a strong cast from the manner in which it is employed. When a man is constantly engaged in something which requires great study and application, which figures as an important object, and which agitates and interests him, he is in danger of acquiring a hardness of temper which will make him disagreeable, or a tone of mind which will render him incapable of going through the common duties of life as a friend, a relation or a parent. Nothing will preserve him from these bad consequences so much as his taking advantage of an idle hour, and allowing himself to be unbent with recreations of an easy, and in themselves of a frivolous nature. This will not only afford him an agreeable relaxation, but will give his mind a gentleness and a sweetness which all the hardness of application, and all the agitation of his employments, will not be able to destroy.

There is no anecdote in antiquity which I have read with greater pleasure than that of Scipio and Lælius, related by the eloquent pen of Cicero, and put into the mouth of Crassus: *Sæpe ex socero meo audivi* (says Crassus in the dialogue *de Oratore*) *cum is diceret, socerum suum Lælium, semper fere cum Scipione solitum rusticari, eosque incredibiliter repuerascere esse solitos, cum rus ex urbe, tanquam e vinculis, evolavissent. Non audeo dicere de talibus viris, sed tamen ita solet narrare Scævola, conchas eos et umbilicos ad Caietam et ad Laurentum legere consuêsse, et ad omnem animi remissionem ludumque descendere. Sic enim se res habet, ut quemadmodum volucres videmus, procreationis atque utilitatis suæ causa, fingere et construere nidos; easdem autem, cum aliquid effecerint levandi laboris sui causa, passim ac libere solutas opere volitare; sic nostri animi forensibus*

negotiis,

negotiis, atque urbano opere defessi gestiunt, et volitare cupiunt, vacui cura atque labore.—"I remember to have heard my father-in-law mention," says *Crassus*, "that his kinsman *Lælius*, and the great *Scipio*, were frequently wont to fly from the hurry of business and the bustle of the town to a quiet retreat in the country, and there to grow, as it were, boys again in their amusements. Nay, (though I should hardly venture to tell it of such men) we were assured by *Scævola*, that at *Caieta* and *Laurentum* they used to pass their time in gathering shells and pebbles, unbending their minds, and amused with every trifle; like birds, which, after the serious and important business of preparing nests for their young, fly sportfully about, free and disengaged, as if to relieve themselves from their toils."

Nothing can be more truly delightful than to picture out the conqueror of *Carthage*, who had led to victory the triumphant armies of the Roman state, amusing himself with his friend *Lælius*, at *Caieta* or *Laurentum*, in gathering shells and pebbles on the sea-shore. Far from sinking their dignity in our estimation, it adds to it; and it must give a high idea of the elegant simplicity and virtuous tranquillity of mind of which the illustrious friends were possessed, when from the cares of state, they could descend to, and feel amusement in, those innocent and simple-hearted pleasures. None but men of virtue, and who possessed an easy and irreproachable mind, could have enjoyed them.* Men, whose consciences upbraided them, who felt the agitation of bad passions, and who were inwardly gnawed by the sensations of envy, jealousy, revenge, or hatred, could not have thus indulged themselves. They must have buried their feelings, they must have got rid of their own minds, under less peaceful, less simple, and less innocent amusements.

* *See Melmoth's Cicero's Letters.*

muſements. That abſorption of calm feeling which hard drinking produces, and that agitation created by deep gaming, muſt have been their reſource.

N. B. The MIRROR is to be diſcontinued till Tueſday the ſeventh of December, on which day will be publiſhed No. 61. and then continued as formerly, every Tueſday and Saturday.

No. 61. TUESDAY, *December* 7, 1779.

DURING the late intermiſſion of my labours, I paid a viſit of ſome weeks to my friend Mr. *Umphraville*, whoſe benevolence and worth never fail to give me the higheſt pleaſure, a pleaſure not leſſened, perhaps, by thoſe little ſingularities of ſentiment and manner, which, in ſome former papers, I have deſcribed that gentleman as poſſeſſing. At his houſe in the country, theſe appear to the greateſt advantage; there they have room to ſhoot out at will; and, like the old yew-trees in his garden, though they do look a little odd, and now and then tempt one to ſmile, yet the moſt eccentric of them all have ſomething venerable about them.

Some of my friend's peculiarities may not only be diſcovered in his manner and his diſcourſe, but may be traced in his houſe and furniture, his garden and grounds. In his houſe are large rooms lighted by ſmall Gothic windows, and acceſſible only by dark narrow ſtair-caſes; they are fitted up with old arras, and have cielings loaded with the maſſy compartments

partments of the laſt age, where the heads of bearded ſages and laurelled emperors look grim and terrible through the cobwebs that ſurround them. In his grounds you find ſtiff, rectangular walks, and ſtraight, narrow avenues. In his garden the yews and hollies ſtill retain their primeval figures; *lions* and *unicorns* guard the corners of his parterres, and a *ſpread-eagle*, of a remarkable growth, has his wings clipped, and his talons pared, the firſt Monday of every month during ſpring and ſummer.

The contempt in which to a ſomewhat unreaſonable degree, he holds modern refinement, has led him to continue theſe antiquated particulars about him. The India-paper of ſome of his faſhionable neighbours' drawing-rooms, has enhanced the value of his arras; his duſky Gothic windows have been contraſted to great advantage, with their *Bows* and *Venetians*; their open *lawns* have driven him to the gloom of his avenues; and the *zig-zag* twiſt of their walks has endeared to him the long, dull line of his hedged terraces. As he holds, however, ſome good old political tenets, and thinks, as I have often heard him expreſs himſelf, that every country can afford a king for itſelf, he had almoſt ſubmitted to the modern plan of *gardening* a few years ago, on being put in mind, that the faſhion of *hedges* and *terraces* was brought in by King *William*.

But excluſive of all thoſe motives, on which his ſiſter and I ſometimes rally him, my friend, from the warmth of his heart, and the ſenſibility of his feelings, has a ſtrong attachment to all the ancient occupiers of his houſe and grounds, whether they be of the human or the brute, the animate or inanimate creation. His tenants are, moſtly, cœval with himſelf; his ſervants have been either in his family, or on his eſtate, from their infancy; an old pointer, and an old houſe-dog, generally meet him

in

in the lobby: and there is a flea-bitten horſe, who, for ſeveral years, has been paſt riding, to whom he has devoted the graſs of his orchard, and a manger of good hay during the ſeverity of winter. A withered ſtump, which, I obſerved, greatly incommoded the entry to his houſe, he would not ſuffer to be cut down, becauſe it had the names of himſelf and ſome of his ſchool-companions cyphered on its bark; and a divorce from his leathern elbow-chair, patched and tattered as it is, would, I am perſuaded, be one of the moſt ſerious calamities that could befal him.

This feeling will be eaſily underſtood by thoſe in whom the buſineſs or the pleaſure of the world has not diſtinguiſhed it. That ſort of relation which we own to every object we have long been acquainted with, is one of thoſe natural propenſities the mind will always experience, if it has not loſt this connection by the variety of its engagements, or the buſtle of its purſuits. There is a ſilent chronicle of paſt hours in the inanimate things amidſt which they have been ſpent, that gives us back the affections, the regrets, the ſentiments, of our former days; that gives us back their joys without tumult, their griefs without poignancy, and produces equally from both a penſive pleaſure, which men who have retired from the world, like *Umphraville*, or whom particular circumſtances have ſomewhat eſtranged from it, will be peculiarly fond of indulging. Above all others, thoſe objects which recal the years of our childhood, will have this tender effect upon the heart: They preſent to us afreſh the bliſsful illuſions of life, when Gaiety was on the wing undamped by Care, and Hope ſmiled before us unchecked by Diſappointment. The diſtance of the ſcene adds to our idea of its felicity, and increaſes the tenderneſs of its recollection: 'tis

like the view of a landscape by moon-shine; the distinctness of object is lost, but a mellow kind of dimness softens and unites the whole.

From the same sort of feeling has the idea of *Home* its attraction. For, though one's interest there will undoubtedly be heightened by the relation to persons, yet there is, exclusive of that connection altogether, a certain attachment to place and things, by which the town, the house, the room in which we live, have a powerful influence over us. He must be a very dull, or a very dissipated man, who, after a month's absence, can open his own door without emotion, even though he has no relation or friend to welcome him within. For my part, I feel this strongly; and many an evening, when I have shut the door of my little parlour, trimmed the fire, and swept the hearth, I sit down with the feelings of a friend for every chair and table in the room.

There is, perhaps, a degree of melancholy in all this; the *French*, who are a lively people, have, I think, no vocable that answers to our substantive *Home*; but it is not the melancholy of a sour unsocial being; on the the contrary, I believe, there will always be found a tone of benevolence in it, both to ourselves and others; I say ourselves, because I hold the sensation of peace and friendship with our own minds to be one of the best preparatives, as well as one of the best rewards, of virtue.

Nor has Nature given us this propensity in vain. From this the principle of patriotism has its earliest source, and some of those ties are formed, which link the inhabitants of less favoured regions to the heaths and mountains of their native land. In cultivated society, this *sentiment of Home* cherishes the useful virtues of domestic life; it opposes, to the tumultuous pleasures of dissipation and intemperance, the quiet enjoyments of sobriety, œconomy,

and

and family affection; qualities which, though not attractive of much applause or admiration, are equally conducive to the advantage of the individual, and the welfare of the community.

No. 62. SATURDAY, *December* 11, 1779

To the AUTHOR of the MIRROR.

SIR,

WHEN I was in *Languedoc*, many years ago I had an invitation to a great entertainment given by the *Intendant*. The company was very numerous; and, several foreigners happening to be present, the natives vied with each other in displaying their own importance. The conversation chanced to turn on the campaign of Marshal *de Villers* against the people of *Cévennes*; and some of the guests were old enough to remember the events of those times.

"*M. de la Tour le Colombier*, my father," said an old lady, "had connections with many of the most considerable Calvinists; and, after their defeat, he generously afforded an asylum to *M. Cavalier* and three hundred and sixty-four of his followers. They were concealed among old ruins in a large forest which lay behind my father's *Chateau*, and composed part of his domain. None of the servants of the family were let into the secret, excepting one of my own maids, a sensible, handy girl; she and I went every day, and carried provisions to the whole band, and we dressed the wounds of such of them as had been wounded in the action. We did this, day after

after day, for a fortnight, or rather, if I remember right, for near three weeks. Minute circumstances are apt to escape one's memory, after an interval of many years; but I shall never forget the gratitude of those poor people, and the ardent thanks which they bestowed on us, when they went away and dispersed themseves."

I took the liberty of observing, that the provisions necessary for so many mouths might possibly have been missed in the family, and that this might have led to a discovery. "Not at all," replied she. "*Feu M. mon Père se piquoit toujours de tenir bonne table, c'étoit sa manoëtte même* [my father, who is now gone, always made a point of living handsomely; *that* was even his hobby-horse.] But indeed I recollect," continued she, "that we were once very near being discovered. The wives of some of the fugitives had heard, I know not how, that their husbands lay concealed near my father's *Chateau*. They came and searched, and actually discovered the lurking place. Unfortunately they brought a great many children along with them; and, as we had no eatables fit for the little creatures, they began to pule and cry, which might have alarmed the neighbourhood. It happened that *M. Cavalier*, the general of the insurgents, had been a journeyman pastry-cook before the war. He presently made some prune tarts for the children, and so quieted them. This was a proof of his good-nature, as well as of his singular presence of mind in critical situations. Candour obliges me to bear so ample testimony in favour of a heretic and a rebel."

We had scarcely time to draw breath after this story, when a mean-looking elderly man said, with the affectation of modest dignity, "I had the happiness to be known to *M. de Villars*, and he was pleased greatly to over-rate my poor services. On a certain

certain occasion, he did me the honour to present me with a horse of the unmixed Arabian breed, and a wonderful animal it was :" Then addressing himself to Lady W——, "I much doubt, *mi Ledi*, whether it could have been matched in your country, so justly celebrated for fine women and horses. One evening, while I was in garrison at *Pont St. Esprit*, I took him out to exercise. Being in high spirits and excellent wind, he went off at an easy gallop, and did not stop till he brought me to the gates of *Montpelier*, [between twenty and thirty leagues distant,] and *there*, to my no small surprise, I found the Dean and whole Faculty of Medicine standing in their gowns to receive me. The Dean made a long harrangue in Latin, of which, to say the truth, I understood not one word; and then, in name of his brethren, put into my hands a diploma of Doctor of Physic, with the usual powers of curing, and so forth. He would have had me to partake of an entertainment prepared for the occasion; but I did not chuse to sleep out of garrison; so I just ordered my horse to be rubbed down, gave him a single feed, mounted again, and got back to *Pont St. Esprit*, as they were shutting the gates. Perhaps I have dwelt too long on the praises of my horse; but something must be allowed for the prejudices of education: An old horse-officer [*un ancien Capitaine de Cavalerie*] is naturally prolix, when his horse chances to be the subject of discourse."

"Pray, Captain," said one of the company, "will you give me leave to ask the name of your horse?"—The question was unexpected: "Upon my word," said he, "I do not remember his name. Oh! now I recollect; I called him *Alexander*, after *M. de Villars*, the noble donor: that *M. de Villars* was a great man." "True; but his Christian name was *Hector*." "Was it *Hector?* then depend upon

it, my horſe had the ſame Chriſtian name [*nom de Bapt me*] as *M. de Villars.*"

My curioſity led me afterwards to inquire into the hiſtory of the gentleman who "always made a point of living handſomely;" and of the old horſe-officer whom *M. de Villars* ſo much diſtinguiſhed.

The former was a perſon of honourable birth, and had *ſerved*, as the *French* expreſs it, with reputation. On his quitting the army, he retired to a ſmall paternal eſtate, and lived in a decent way, with moſt ſcrupulous œconomy. His *Chateau* had been ruined during the wars of the League, and nothing remained of it but one turret, converted into a pigeon-houſe. As that was the moſt remarkable object on his eſtate, he was generally known by the name of *M. de la Tour le Colombier.* His manſion-houſe was little better than that of a middling farmer in the ſouth of England. The *foreſt* of which his daughter ſpoke, was a copſe of three or four acres; and the ruins in which *Cavalier* and his aſſociates lay concealed, had been originally a place of worſhip of the Proteſtants; but was demoliſhed when thoſe eminent divines, *Lewis* XIV. and Madame *de Maintenon*, thought fit that all *France* ſhould be of one religion; and, as that edifice had not received conſecration from a perſon epiſcopally ordained, the owner made no ſcruple of accomodating two or three calves in it, when his cow-houſe happened to be crowded; and this is all that I could learn of *M. de la Tour le Colombier.*

As for "the old horſe officer," he had ſerved with *eclat* in the corps eſtabliſhed for repreſſing ſmugglers of tobacco. This recommended him to the notice of the Farmers General; and, by their intereſt, he obtained an office that gave him a ſeat at thoſe great tables to which all the world is invited; and he had lived ſo very long in this ſtation, that

that the meanneſs of his original ſeemed to have been forgotten by moſt people, and eſpecially by himſelf.

Thoſe ridiculous ſtories which excited mirth when I firſt heard them, afterwards afforded matter for much ſerious reflection.

It is wonderful that any one ſhould tell things impoſſible, with the hope of being credited; and yet the two perſonages, whoſe legends I have related, muſt have entertained that hope.

Neither is it leſs wonderful that invention ſhould be ſtretched to the utmoſt, in order to perſuade mere ſtrangers to think highly of the importance of the relater.

M. de la Tour le Colombier, and the old horſe-officer, had not ſeen us before, and had little chance of ever ſeeing us again. We were the acquaintance of the day, entertained without affection, and parted from without regret; and yet what pains did they take to leave on our minds the impreſſion of their conſequence!

The country where this ſcene lay is the land of the nativity of Romance; and it is probable that warm ſuns and pure ſkies enliven and fertilize the invention of its inhabitants. But romance, for I will not give it a harſher name, thrives not in the bleaker and more northern climates: *There* it is forced fruit, without that flavour which it has in its own ſoil.

We can as little rival the French in their eaſe of behaviour, and in the inexhauſtible talent of enunciating trifles with grace, as in their *Colloquial Romances*. How do I feel for my countrymen, on obſerving them toil through a romance, compoſe ſentence by ſentence as they go on, heſitate with the conſciouſneſs of doing wrong, ſtare like a criminal,

at

at once abashed and obdurate, and at length produce a story as tedious and dull as truth.

I am, &c.

EUTRAPELUS.

No. 63. TUESDAY, *December* 14, 1779.

Celebrare domestica Facta. HOR.

THE incidents attending domestic and private situations are of all others the most apt to affect the heart. Descriptions of national events are too general to be very interesting, and the calamities befalling Kings and Princes too far removed from common life to make a deep impression. With the virtues of such personages, it is nearly the same as with their sufferings; the heroic qualities which history ascribes to great and illustrious names, play around the imagination, but rarely touch the feelings, or direct the conduct; the humbler merits of ordinary life are those to which we feel a nearer relation; from which, therefore, precept is more powerfully enforced, and example more readily drawn.

Mr. *Hargrave* is one of my earliest friends. Being many years younger than he, I have ever been accustomed to regard him both as my guardian and my friend: and the reverence with which I looked on him in the one character, never took from the tender and affectionate warmth I felt for him in the other. After having been, for some time, a good deal in the world, he retired to the country, where he lived with elegance and ease. His wife, a very amiable

amiable woman, died soon after her marriage, leaving one only child, a girl, to the care of whose education Mr. *Hargrave*, after her mother's death, devoted his whole attention. Nature had done much for her; and the instruction she received from an accomplished father, gave her every grace which can adorn the female character.

Emily Hargrave was now in her twentieth year. Her father was advanced in life, and he began to feel the weaknesses of age coming fast upon him. Independent of the gratification which he used to receive from the observation of his daughter's virtues and accomplishments, he had come to feel a pleasure somewhat more selfish from the advantage which those virtues were of to himself. Her care and dutiful attention were almost become necessary to him; and the principal pleasure he received was from her company and conversation. *Emily* was sensible of this; and, though she was at pains to conceal her solicitude, it was plain that her whole care centered in him.

It was impossible that a girl so amiable as *Emily Hargrave* could fail to attract attention. Several young men of character and fortune became her professed admirers. But, though she had a sweetness which gave her a benevolent affability to all, she was of a mind too delicate to be easily satisfied in the choice of a husband. In her present circumstances, she had another objection to every change of situation. She felt too much anxiety about her father, to think of any thing which could call off her attention from him, and make it proper to place any of it elsewhere. With the greatest delicacy, therefore, and with that propriety with which her conduct was always attended, she checked every advance that was made her; while, at the same time, she was at the utmost pains to conceal from her

father

father the voluntary sacrifice which she was resolved to make on his account.

About a month ago, I paid a visit to Mr. *Hargrave*'s family. I found him more changed than I had expected; the imbecilities of age which were beginning to approach the last time I had seen him, had now made great advances. Formerly Mr. *Hargrave* used to be the delight of every company, and he never spoke without instructing or entertaining. Now he spoke little, when he did, it was with feebleness both of voice and manner. Feeling his memory declining, sensible that he was not so acute as he once was, and unable to keep up his attention to a continued discourse, though his understanding was still perfectly good, he was afraid to venture his opinion, or to take any decided measure. He was too conscious of his own infirmities; and that consciousness led him to think, that his failure was greater than it really was. In this situation, his whole dependance was upon *Emily*, and she was his only support. Never, indeed, did I see any thing more lovely, more engaging. To all her other charms, the anxious solicitude she felt for her father had stamped upon her countenance,

"That expression sweet of melancholy
Which captivates the soul."

There is something in the female character which requires support. That gentleness, that delicate softness approaching to timidity, which forms its most amiable feature, makes it stand in need of assistance. That support and assistance *Emily* had received in the completest manner from her father. What an alteration now! Instead of receiving support herself, she was obliged to give it; she was under the necessity of assisting, of counselling, and of strengthening the timid resolutions of him who had been,

been, in her earlier years, her inſtructor and her guide, and to whom, next to Heaven, ſhe had ever looked up. *Emily* felt all this; but feeling took not from her the power of acting.

Hargrave is abundantly ſenſible of his daughter's goodneſs. Her conſciouſneſs of this, and of how much importance her attentions are to her father, gives her the beſt conſolation.

While I was at his houſe, he hardly ever ſpoke of himſelf. Once, indeed, I remember he ſaid to me, "I am become a ſtrange being; even the goodneſs of that girl diſtreſſes me; it is too much for me to bear: It is," added he, in a very faint and broken voice, "like to overwhelm me."

I have often remarked, that there is a perſeverance in virtue, and a real magnanimity in the other ſex, which is ſcarcely to be equalled in ours. In the virtue of men, there are generally ſome conſiderations not altogether pure, attending it, which, though they may not detract from, muſt certainly diminiſh, our wonder at their conduct. The heroic actions of men are commonly performed upon the great theatre, and the performers have the applauſes of an attending and admiring world to animate and ſupport them. When *Regulus* ſuffered all the tortures which cruelty could invent, rather than give up his honour or his country, he was ſupported by the conſcious admiration of thoſe countrymen whom he had left, and of thoſe enemies in whoſe hands he was: When *Cato* ſtabbed himſelf rather than give up the cauſe of liberty, he felt a pride which told him, that "*Cato's would be no leſs honoured than Cæſar's ſword*;" and when the "*ſelf devoted Decii died*," independent of their love for *Rome*, they had every motive of applaſe to animate their conduct; but when *Emily Hargrave* ſacrifices every thing to filial goodneſs and filial affection, ſhe can have no

concomitant

concomitant motive, she can have no external circumstance to animate her. Her silent and secret virtue is the pure and unmingled effect of tenderness, of affection, and of duty.

No. 64. SATURDAY, *December* 18, 1779.

Populumque falsis
Dedocet
Uti vocibus. HOR.

THE science of *Manners*, for manners are a science, cannot easily be reduced to that simplicity in its elements of which others admit. Among other particulars, the *terms* employed in it are not, like *Arithmetic*, *Mathematics*, *Algebra*, or *Astronomy*, perfectly and accurately defined. Its subjects are so fleeting, and marked with shades so delicate, that, wherever a general denomination is ventured, there is the greatest hazard of its being misapplied or misunderstood.

In a former paper I endeavoured to analyse the term *A man of Fashion*; in this I am enabled by an ingenious Correspondent to trace the meaning of another phrase, to wit, *Good Company*, which, as it is nearly connected with the former, is, I believe, as doubtful in its signification. The following letter is a practical treatise on the subject; which I shall lay before my readers in the precise terms in which I received it.

To

To the AUTHOR of the MIRROR.

SIR,

I AM at that time of life when education, formerly confined to the ſtudy of books, begins to extend itſelf to the ſtudy of men. Having lately arrived in town, I was anxious to be introduced into *good company* of every rank and denomination; and, in virtue of ſome family-connections, aſſiſted by the kindneſs of ſome college-friends and acquaintance, I flattered myſelf I ſhould ſucceed in my purpoſe.

My ſtrong bent for *Letters* induced me firſt to procure an introduction into the *good company* of the learned; and I went to a dinner where ſeveral of the *literati* were to be aſſembled, full of the hopes of having my mind enlightened with knowledge, expanded with ſentiment, and charmed with the Atticiſm of elegant converſation.

During our meal, there was a more abſolute ſuſpenſion of diſcourſe, than I expected in a ſociety of ſpirits ſo refined as thoſe with whom I was aſſociated. The ordinary functions of *eating* and *drinking* made no part of my idea of a learned man; and I could obſerve in my fellow-gueſts an attention to the diſhes before them, which I thought did not quite correſpond with the dignity of that character. This, however, was but a ſmall deviation from my picture, and I paſſed it over as well as I could, in expectation of that mental feaſt with which I was to be regaled when the table ſhould be uncovered.

Accordingly, when the cloth was removed, the converſation, which I expected with ſo much impatience, began. I had too humble an opinion of myſelf to take any other part than that of a hearer;

but I very soon discovered that I was the only person in the company who had an inclination to listen. Every one seemed impatient of his neighbour's speech and eager to have an opportunity of introducing his own. You, I think, Mr. MIRROR, have compared conversation to a favourite dish at an entertainment; here it was carried on like a dinner at one of those hungry *ordinaries*, where *Quin* used wittily to call for a basket-hilted sword to help himself with: In a short time, every one, except your Correspondent, endeavoured to secure it to himself, by making it a dish which nobody else could taste. An old gentleman, at the head of the table, introduced a German treatise, written by a man whose name I could neither pronounce nor remember, which none of the rest of the company had seen. Another, taking advantage of a fit of coughing with which he was seized, brought us upon a philosophical enquiry into the properties of *heat*, and a long account of some experiments he had lately witnessed on that subject. Being unfortunately asked for his toast, and pausing a moment to deliberate on it, he was supplanted by my right-hand neighbour, who suddenly transported us into the country of *Thibet*, and seemed to have a very intimate acquaintance with the *Delai Lama*. One of the company, who sat opposite to him, thrust in, by mere dint of vociferation, *Travels through the interior parts of America*, just then published, and sailed over the *lakes* in triumph; till happening to mention a particular way in which the Indians dress a certain fish, the discourse was, at last, laid open to every body present on the subject of *cookery*; whence it naturally fell into a discussion of the comparative excellence of different wines; on which topics, the conversation rested with so much emphasis, that a stranger, who had overheard it, would have been led to imagine this

this *sympoſium*, into which I had procured admiſſion with ſo much eagerneſs, to be a ſociety of Cooks and Butlers, met to improve each other in their ſeveral callings.

I next procured an introduction into the *very beſt company*; that is, I contrived to become a gueſt at a table of high faſhion, where an entertainment was given to ſome of the greateſt men in this country. The ambition natural to my age and complexion, prompted me to deſire this honour; which, however, I purchaſed at the price of a good deal of embarraſſment and uneaſineſs. Nothing, indeed, but the high honour conferred by ſuch ſociety, could compenſate for the feelings even of that minute, in which a man, not uſed to the company of the great, aſcends from the loweſt ſtep of a wide echoing ſtair-caſe, to the door of a great man's drawing room. Through this, however, and ſeveral other little diſquietudes, did I paſs, in hopes of finding, in the diſcourſe of thoſe elevated perſons, that highly poliſhed elegance, that intereſting information, and thoſe extenſive views of polity and government, which their rank had afforded ſo many opportunities of acquiring.

Not only during the time of dinner (as in my laſt company,) but for a conſiderable time after, the ſcene was ſilent and ſolemn; this, while it added to my confuſion, increaſed my expectations. Converſation at laſt began; it was carried on in a manner exactly the reverſe of that in my former viſit. There nobody was diſpoſed to liſten; here few ſeemed inclined to ſpeak; for in this aſſembly I could perceive there were two or three *very great* men, to whom the great men were little, and the proud were mean. The laſt, therefore, hardly ſpoke at all, except to applaud the obſervations or anecdotes delivered by the very great men; in which, had they not been delivered by the very great men;

I ſhould

I ſhould have diſcovered no uncommon ſagacity or exquiſite entertainment. One, who ſeemed to be at the top of this *climax* of greatneſs, began a ſtory of a pretty old date, in which he introduced, at dinner in the houſe of the then miniſter, almoſt all the orators and wits of the time. Though from the anecdotes to which I had already liſtened, my ears were now familiarized with the ſounds of *Duke*, *Marquis*, *Earl*, and *Ambaſſador*; yet, from the hiſtory of this illuſtrious aſſemblage, I ſtill conceived very eager expectation: but, after being led through twenty epiſodes, all tending to ſhew the connection of the Noble relator with many other Right Honourable perſonages, the concluſion proved to be nothing more than a joke upon a country member of parliament, who aſked to be helped to a bit of *gooſe*, when, in fact, the diſh was a *ſwan*, which it ſeems was a favourite bird at the miniſter's table; and ſome conceit about not knowing a *ſwan* from a *gooſe*, and all the miniſter's *geeſe* being *ſwans*, was the point of the ſtory; at which all the company laughed very loud and very long; but the little men, all except myſelf, infinitely the loudeſt and the longeſt.

I began now to think that the charms of convivial and ordinary converſation were not, perhaps, to be expected among men, whoſe learning, or importance in the ſtate, made it unneceſſary for them to cultivate the leſſer accompliſhments of life; and that I muſt look for them in the company of the *gay*, whoſe minds, unbent from ſerious and important occupations, had leiſure to ſport themſelves in the regions of wit and humour, and to communicate the livelineſs of their fancy to the ſociety around them. I found it no difficult matter to be admitted to a party of this kind; I was introduced, at a public place to a gentleman, who, I was told, was a

man

man of fashion, and of the world, and was by him invited to a *petit souper*, where I understood I should meet with some of the liveliest and most entertaining companions of both sexes.

Of the conversation at this house I would give an account if I were able; but so many talked at once, so various and desultory were the subjects on which they talked, and so unintelligibly fashionable were many of the phrases which they used, that I am altogether unqualified to abridge or analyse it. I find, Sir, there is a jargon among people of fashion as well as among the schoolmen they deride, and that it requires initiation into the mysteries of the one as well as of the other, to be able to comprehend or to relish their discourse. Conversation, however, was soon put an end to by the introduction of cards, when I found a perfect equality of understanding and of importance. At length supper was announced at a very late hour, and with it entered a gentleman, who, I was informed, possessed an infinite fund of humour, and for whose appearance I had been made to look, for some time, with impatience.

The superiority of his talents for conversation seemed, indeed, to be acknowledged; for he was allowed to talk almost unceasingly, with very little interruption from any other person. After a few glasses, he was prevailed on to sing one very innocent song; a few more emboldened him to sing another a little more free, and, just before the second bottle was called for, he took off a Methodist preacher with great applause.

The ladies now retired. I had fancied that in the companies of the two former days, the want of their society had deprived us of the ease and gaiety of discourse. But here the removal of the female members of the party seemed to have a contrary effect from what my conclusion would have warrant-

ed. I discovered a smile of satisfaction in the countenances of most of the guests when the ladies were gone. Several of them, who had not uttered a syllable before, were eloquent now, though, indeed, the subject was neither abstruse nor delicate. The wit was called on for another song, and he gave us one perfectly *masculine*. This was followed by several jocular stories, and burlesque exhibitions, most of which were in perfect unison with that tone which the absence of the ladies had allowed the company to assume. The jests were not such as I can repeat; one fancy, however, I recollect, of which, I think, a better use may be made than its author intended. "Suppose," said he, "our words left their marks on the walls, like claret spilt on a smooth table, how confounded the women would look when they next entered the room!" For my part, I have so much reverence for a woman of honour, as to hold sacred even the place she has occupied, and cannot easily bear its immediate profanation by obscenity. I therefore took the first opportunity of withdrawing, which I was the more willing to do, as I found our wit possessed, in truth, only a chime of buffoonery, which, when he had rung out, he was forced to substitute the bottle in its place, the last joke he uttered being a reproof to our landlord for not pushing it about.

Now, Mr. MIRROR, I must beg of you, or some of your well-instructed Correspondents, to inform me, if in all, or any of those three societies, I was really and truly in *good company*; as I confess I have entertained some doubts of their deserving that name. These, however, are probably the effects of ignorance, and a bookish education, in which I am very willing to be corrected from proper authority.

I am, &c.

MODESTUS.

No.

No. 65. TUESDAY, *December* 21, 1779.

To the AUTHOR of the MIRROR.

SIR,

THE polite reception you have given to letters from several persons of my sex, emboldens me to address myself to you, and to lay before you a kind of distress, of which neither you, nor any of your predecessors, as far as I can recollect, have taken notice. It is, I believe, more common in this part of the united kingdom than in *England*. That circumstance may, perhaps, account for its being overlooked by the writers of both countries; in the one case, from its being almost unknown, and in the other, from its being so common, that it has ceased to make any impression.

What I allude to, will be best understood from a short account I shall take the liberty to give of myself.

My father was a gentleman of considerable fortune, and, what he valued more, was descended from a very ancient family. In the earlier part of his life he had lived much abroad, and in consequence, I believe, of an attachment to the house of *Stewart*, had served some years in the *French* army. These circumstances, perhaps, contributed to increase his veneration for noble blood and old families. Soon after he returned to his native country, he married Lady C——, only daughter of the Earl of ———, a woman who was justly deemed an ornament to her sex. She died before I had finished my sixth year, leaving one son, about two years younger than myself.

My father, a man of warm affections and strong passions, seemed to exist but in his children. But

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for us, I have often heard him say, he could not have submitted to live. To our education he dedicated the whole of his time. My brother, whom he considered as the last stay of his family, he wished to render a worthy representative of it. Nor were his pains thrown away; for never was there a more engaging youth; and every year seemed to add some new grace to his form, and some new accomplishment to his mind.

To me my father was all indulgence. He seemed to watch my wishes, in order to gratify them, before I could give them utterance. It was his chief desire to see me excel in every polite and fashionable accomplishment; and the education he gave me was proportionably elegant and expensive.

Soon after I had entered my twentieth year, my father was seized with a violent fit of illness. My brother, who was then at college was immediately called home. My father lived but to see him; all he had power to say was to recommend me to his protection. "In you, *William*," said the good old man, "*Sophia* will find a father, a brother, and a friend. Without encumbering the family-estate, I could make no suitable settlements on her; but this gives me no uneasiness, when I reflect on your virtues, and your attachment to your sister."

My brother, whose dispositions were all gentle and amiable, was much moved with this scene. After our father's death, his behaviour to me was full of attention and affection. He regretted that he was not of an age to make such settlements as would render me independent. "But why," would he add, "should I regret it? Is not my fortune yours? as such I must insist that you will ever consider it."

In a few months my brother set out on his travels. Our parting was full of tenderness, and his letters from abroad breathed the warmest sentiments of friendship and of affection. After the common tour

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of *France*, *Italy* and *Germany*, he went to *Spa*, with an intention to pass some weeks there, and then return to his native country. At *Spa* he met with the sister of Lord ——, who soon engaged his affections so completely, that he offered her his hand. The marriage was speedily concluded; and soon after my brother and his wife arrived at his seat in ——, where I had resided almost constantly ever since he had gone abroad.

The looks and appearance of the lady prepossessed me strongly in her favour. She was beautiful almost beyond any thing I had ever seen; and though, perhaps there was not in her countenance any expression strongly marked, there was, nevertheless, a gentleness and a sweetness in her whole deportment, joined with an elegance of manners, that could not fail to please every beholder. I observed, with pleasure, my brother's strong attachment to her, which, if possible, seemed daily to increase; and I could not find fault with any little want of attention to myself, when I saw that it proceeded from so amiable a motive, from affection to a lovely woman, to whom he was for ever united, and on whose happiness his own was for ever to depend.

It was my wish to live with my sister-in-law in terms of the strictest friendship; but, with all my partiality in her favour, I could not help observing, that I made little progress in obtaining any share of her confidence. Always polite and well-bred, it is true, but with a coldness that chilled every approach to openness, and every attempt to that freedom which is the truest mark of genuine friendship. For a while I thought that this might proceed from a reserved temper, sometimes to be found united with the best dispositions. But when I came to be more thoroughly acquainted with her character, I found that her mind was equally incapable of friend-

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ſhip as of love. Alive only to emotions of vanity, and the pleaſures of admiration, ſhe was dead to every other ſenſation. How often have I ſeen her prefer the applauſe of the meaneſt and moſt contemtible of mankind, whom ſhe herſelf deſpiſed, to the happineſs of a man who doated on her to diſtraction, and to whom ſhe was bound by every tie of gratitude and duty.

I was at the utmoſt pains to conceal, both from her and my brother, the alteration in my ſentiments which this diſcovery had produced; and I was not without hopes, that her natural good ſenſe (for of ſenſe ſhe was by no means deſtitute) would, in time, prevail over this childiſh vanity, which made her appear in ſo ridiculous a light. It is, however, perhaps impoſſible to live long with a perſon of whom we have conceived a mean or unfavourable opinion, without betraying it; or, what in effect is much the ſame, ſuppoſing that we have betrayed it. Whether ſhe really perceived any alteration in my opinion of her, I cannot poſitively ſay; but I thought her behaviour looked as if ſhe had, and that ſhe conſidered my preſence as a reſtraint upon her. This idea, once awakened, the moſt trivial incidents ſerved to confirm. I found my ſituation become daily more and more diſagreeable, and I had already begun to think of quitting my brother's houſe, when my ſiſter-in-law brought things to a criſis, by informing me that ſhe and Mr. *M*——— (naming my brother) intended to paſs the enſuing winter at *London*; adding with an air of the moſt finiſhed politeneſs, "that, as ſhe wiſhed to keep up a conſtant correſpondence with me during her abſence, ſhe would be glad to know how to addreſs her letters." It is not eaſy to deſcribe what paſſed in my mind on this occaſion. I took, however, my reſolution at once, and determined to quit, for ever, the family of a brother, whom,

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from my earlieſt infancy, I had been accuſtoned to love and to eſteem.

When I communicated my intentions to him, he ſeemed embarraſſed, and, with a faultering voice, muttered ſomething of his regret—of his wiſhes that I ſhould remain in his family; but it was in a manner too irreſolute to have ſhaken a purpoſe much leſs decided than mine.

It is now ten years ſince I quitted my brother's houſe, and took up my abode in a paltry lodging in this city, where the intereſt of the ſmall proviſion left me by my father, is juſt ſufficient to furniſh the neceſſaries of life to myſelf and a female domeſtic, who had lived long in my father's family, and inſiſted on attending me. As to money-matters, my brother, I am perſuaded, would have been very deſirous to make me more comfortable; but I had too high a ſpirit to communicate my wants to him. Beſides, I found that the expenſive line of life he had got into, did not leave it much in his power to indulge his feelings of generoſity.

For ſome years I found my ſituation extremely unpleaſant. Accuſtomed as I had been to a ſtate of eaſe and affluence, and to all the pleaſures of an elegant ſociety, it was not eaſy for me to ſubmit, at once, to poverty, neglect, and ſolitude. The power of habit has however at length, in ſome meaſure, reconciled me to my fate. I can now look with indifference on the pleaſures and purſuits of the world; and, notwithſtanding the chagrin that is commonly ſuppoſed to attend perſons in my condition, I have ſtill ſo much philanthropy as to wiſh that you would employ a paper in repreſenting the cruelty and injuſtice of educating a girl in luxury and elegance, and then leaving her expoſed to all the hardſhips of poverty and neglect.

I am, &c. S. M.

No.

No. 66. SATURDAY, *December*, 25, 1779.

AMIDST all my veneration for *Shakeſpeare* I have been often obliged to confeſs that there were paſſages in his works, the meanings of which I could not underſtand; and of others I have ſometimes ventured to doubt if they were ſtrictly in Nature. Of this laſt ſort is the celebrated ſcene in *Richard the Third*, where that artful uſurper firſt mollifies the reſentment, and then gains upon the affections, of the unfortunate *Lady Anne*. The following piece of criticiſm on that ſcene has been ſent me by a Correſpondent, from whom, if I miſtake not, I have formerly received ſeveral ingenious communications.

To the AUTHOR of the MIRROR.

SIR,

FEW of *Shakeſpeare*'s tragedies have obtained higher reputation than *The Life and Death of Richard the Third*. Yet, like every other performance of this wonderful poet, it contains ſeveral paſſages that can hardly admit of apology. Of this kind are the inſtances it affords us of vulgarity, and even indecency of expreſſion.

At the ſame time, in cenſuring *Shakeſpeare*, we ought to proceed with peculiar caution; for, on many occaſions, thoſe paſſages which, on a curſory view, may be reckoned blemiſhes, on a cloſer examination, will appear very different, and even lay claim to conſiderable excellence. In his imitations of Nature he is ſo very bold, and ſo different from other poets, that what is daring, is often,

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in a moment of ſlight attention, deemed improbable; and what is extraordinary, is too raſhly pronounced abſurd. Of this, in the work above mentioned, the ſtrange love-ſcene between *Richard* and *Lady Anne*, the widow of Prince *Edward Plantagenet*, affords a ſtriking example. It ſeems, indeed, altogether unnatural that *Richard*, deformed and hideous as the poet repreſents him, ſhould offer himſelf a ſuitor to the widow of an excellent young prince whom he had murdered, at the very time ſhe is attending the funeral of her father-in-law, whom he had alſo ſlain, and while ſhe is expreſſing the moſt bitter hatred againſt the author of her misfortune. But, in attending cloſely to the progreſs of the dialogue, the ſeeming extravagance of the picture will be ſoftened or removed: we ſhall find ourſelves more intereſted in the event, and more aſtoniſhed at the bold ability of *Richard*, than moved with abhorrence of his ſhameleſs effrontery, or offended with the improbability of the ſituation. When a poet, like *Shakeſpeare*, can carry us along by the power of amazement, by daring diſplays of Nature, and, by the influence of feelings altogether unuſual, but full of reſiſtleſs energy, his ſeeming departure from probability only contributes to our admiration; and the emotions excited by his extravagance, loſing the effect which, from an inferior poet, they would have cauſed, add to the general feelings of pleaſure which the ſcene produces.

In conſidering the ſcene before us, it is neceſſary that we keep in view the character of *Lady Anne*. The outlines are given us in her own converſation; but we ſee it more completely finiſhed and filled up, indirectly indeed, but not leſs diſtinctly, in the conduct of *Richard*. She is repreſented of a mind altogether frivolous, the prey of vanity, her prevailing, over-ruling paſſion; ſuſceptible, however, of

every feeling and emotion, and, while they laſt, ſincere in their expreſſion, but hardly capable of diſtinguiſhing the propriety of one more than another; or, if able to employ ſuch diſcernment, totally unaccuſtomed, and unable to obey her moral faculty as a principle of action; and thus expoſed alike to the authority of good or bad impreſſions. There are ſuch characters; perſons of great ſenſibility, of great ſincerity, but of no rational or ſteady virtue, produced or ſtrengthened by reflection, and conſequently of no conſiſtency of conduct.

Richard, in his management of *Lady Anne*, having in view the accompliſhment of his own ambitious deſigns, addreſſes her with the moſt perfect knowledge of her diſpoſition. He knows that her feelings are violent; that they have no foundation in ſteady determined principles of conduct; that violent feelings are ſoon exhauſted; and that the undecided mind, without choice or active ſenſe of propriety, is equally acceſſible to the next that occur. He knows, too, that thoſe impreſſions will be moſt fondly cheriſhed, which are moſt a-kin to the ruling paſſion; and that, in *Lady Anne*, vanity bears abſolute ſway. All that he has to do, then, is to ſuffer the violence of one emotion to paſs away, and then, as ſkilfully as poſſible, to bring another more ſuited to his deſigns, and the complexion of her character, in its place. Thus he not only diſcovers much diſcernment of human nature, but alſo great command of temper, and great dexterity of conduct.

In order, as ſoon as poſſible, to exhauſt her temporary reſentment, for ſhe expreſſes reſentment rather than grief in her lamentation for *Henry*, it is neceſſary that it be exaſperated to its fierceſt extreme. Accordingly *Richard*, breaking in abruptly upon the funeral proceſſion, inflames and provokes her anger. He perſiſts in his plan; appears cool and unconcerned

cerned at her abuſe; and thus urges her to vent the rage and vehemence of her emotion in rude invectives and imprecations.

O God, which this blood mad'ſt, revenge his death!

O Earth, which this blood drink'ſt, revenge his death! &c.

All this is general: But, before the vehemence of her wrath can be entirely removed, ſhe muſt bring home to her fancy every aggravating circumſtance, and muſt aſcertain the particular wrongs ſhe has ſuffered. After this operation of her mind, and that ſhe has expreſſed the conſequent feelings, ſhe has no longer any topics or food for anger, and the paſſions will, of courſe, ſubſide. *Richard*, for this purpoſe, pretends to juſtify or extenuate his offences; and thus, by advancing into view, inſtead of concealing his enormities, he overcomes the reſentment of *Lady Anne*. To this effect alſo, his aſſumed appearance of candour will readily contribute.

Glo. Vouchſafe, divine perfection of a woman!
Of thoſe ſuppoſed crimes, to give me leave,
By circumſtance, but to acquit myſelf, &c,

Anne. Did'ſt thou not kill this King?

Glo. I grant ye.

Anne. Doſt grant me hedgehog? Then God grant me too
Thou mayſt be damn'd for that wicked deed, &c.

Here alſo we may obſerve his application of thoſe flatteries, which, if they cannot take effect in the preſent moment, otherwiſe than to give higher provocation; yet, when her wrath ſubſides, their recollection will operate in a different tendency, and aſſiſt in working upon that vanity by which he will compaſs his deſign.

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It was not alone sufficient to provoke her anger and resentment to the utmost, in order that they might immediately subside; but by alleging plausible reasons for change of sentiment, to assist them in their decline. Though *Lady Anne* possesses no decided, determined virtue, yet her moral nature, unimproved as it appears, would discern impropriety in her suddenly acquiescing in the views of *Richard*, would suggest scruples, and produce hesitation. Now, in order to prevent the effect of these, it was necessary to aid the mind in finding subterfuge or excuse, and thus assist her in the easy business of imposing upon herself. Her seducer, accordingly, endeavours to gloss his conduct, and represents his actions as less criminal than she at first apprehended.

Glo. But, gentle Lady Anne,
To leave this keen encounter of our wits,
And fall to something of a slower method;
Is not the causer of the timeless deaths
Of these Plantagenets, Henry and Edward,
As blameful as the executioner?

Anne. Thou wast the cause, and most accurs'd effect.
Glo. Your beauty was the cause of that effect, &c.

In these lines, beside a confirmation of the foregoing remark, and an illustration of *Richard*'s persevering flattery, there are two circumstances that mark great delicacy and fineness of painting in *Shakespeare*'s execution of this excellent scene. The resentment of *Lady Anne* is so far exhausted, that her conversation, instead of impetuous, continued invective, assuming the more patient and mitigated form of dialogue, is not so expressive of violent passion, as it denotes the desire of victory in a smart dispute, and becomes merely "a keen encounter of wits." The other thing to be observed is, that *Richard*, instead of specifying her husband and father-in-law in terms denoting

denoting these relations, falls in with the subsiding state of her affections towards them; and, using expressions of great indifference, speaks to her of "those *Plantagenets*, *Henry* and *Edward*."

Lady Anne having listened to the conversation of *Richard*, after the first transport of her wrath, occasioned by the death of the *Plantagenets*, shewed, that the real force of the passion had suffered abatement; and, by listening to his exculpation, it seems entirely subdued. In all this, the art of the poet is eminent, and the skill he ascribes to *Richard* profound. Though the crafty seducer attempts to justify his conduct to *Lady Anne*, he does not seek to convince her understanding, for she had no understanding worth the pains of convincing, but to afford her some pretence and opportunity of giving vent to here motion. When this effect is produced, he proceeds to substitute some regard for himself in its place. As we have already observed, he has been taking measures for this purpose in every thing he has said; and, by soothing expressions of adulation, during the course of her anger, he was gradually preparing her mind for the more pleasing, but not less powerful, dominion of vanity. In the foregoing lines, and in what follows, he ventures a declaration of the passion he pretends to entertain for her; yet he does this indirectly, as suggested by the progress of their argument, and as a reason for those parts of his conduct that seem so heinous:

Your beauty was the cause of that effect;
Your beauty, that doth haunt me in my sleep, &c.

Richard was well aware that a declaration of love from him, would, of course, renew her indignation. He accordingly manages her mind in such a manner as to correct the violence of her anger, by suggesting the idea of his passion, when he first mentions it, in

terms more playful than ſerious; and, afterwards, when he announces it more ſeriouſly, by an indirect and ſeeming accidental declaration. Still, however, with all theſe precautions to introduce the thought in a familiar and eaſy manner, he is aware of her diſpleaſure. Here, therefore, as in the former part of the ſcene, he muſt depend on his command of temper, and, on the ſame means, of artfully irritating her emotion till it entirely ſubſides. Accordingly, perſiſting in his adulation, he incenſes her anger to its utmoſt extreme; and, finally, by varying the attitude of his flatteries, by aſſuming an humble and ſuppliant addreſs, he ſubdues her ſoul to the dominion of guilty vanity.—In the cloſe of the dialogue, we may trace diſtinctly the decline of her emotion. It follows the ſame courſe as the paſſion ſhe expreſſes at the beginning of the ſcene. She is at firſt violent; becomes more violent; her paſſion ſubſides; yet ſome ideas of propriety wandering acroſs her mind, ſhe makes an effort to recal her reſentment: the effort is feeble; it amounts to no more than to expreſs contempt in her aſpect; it is baffled by a new attitude of adulation; and, by a pretended indirect appeal to her compaſſion, ſhe is totally vanquiſhed.

Through the whole of this ſcene, our abhorrence our diſguſt and contempt excited by cruelty, falſehood, meanneſs, and inſignificance of mind, are ſo counterbalanced by the feelings that ariſe on the view of ability, ſelf-poſſeſſion, knowledge of character, and the maſterly diſplay of human nature, as that, inſtead of impairing, they rather contribute force to the general ſenſation of pleaſure. The conduct of *Richard* towards a character of more determined virtue, or of more ſtubborn paſſions, would have been abſurd towards *Lady Anne* it was natural, and attended with that ſucceſs, which it was calculated to obtain.

No.

No. 67. TUESDAY, *December* 28, 1779.

To the AUTHOR of the MIRROR.

SIR,

YOUR predeceſſor, *The Spectator*, uſed to be conſulted in caſes of difficulty. I know not if you, Mr. MIRROR, ſet up on the ſame footing. I am reſolved, however, to try; and although you ſhould refuſe to preſcribe, I ſhall at leaſt have the ſatisfaction of communicating my diſtreſs.

I am between the age of a young man, and what the ladies call an old bachelor not many years under forty, of no inconſiderable family, with an opulent fortune. I was educated like moſt other young heirs, that is, very indifferently. My teachers, it is true, were eminent in their different branches. My father obliged me to give regular attendance to their inſtructions; but another part of the family ſeemed to think the reſtraint I was kept in too ſevere. The knowledge of this encouraged my want of attention at the time, though the recollection has, of late, given me much regret. I ſucceeded to my fortune at the age of eighteen, and engaged deeply in thoſe purſuits which are ſtigmatiſed with the name of vices, by thoſe who are unable to attain them. Having run on in the uſual career, I became tired with the ſameneſs and inſipidity of the ſcenes in which I had ſo often been a ſpectator, or an actor. I began to look on my conduct as bordering on the contemptible, and wiſhed to change it for ſomething more rational and reſpectable. I wiſhed to change it while I had a ſound conſtitution, which I owed to Nature, and an unimpaired fortune, which I owed to a ſpirit of independence, inſtilled by a worthy father, from whoſe counſels

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and example I ought never to have departed. The good effects of these, if not wholly obliterated, have at least been long obscured by intemperance and dissipation.

A man who, from being idle and dissipated, becomes sober and regular in his conduct, is immediately marked out for marriage by his former companions. Mine certainly thought of it for me long before I did so for myself. Many of my relations seemed to entertain the same opinion. They had long wished me to marry, to prevent a considerable part of my fortune from going to a worthless and distant relation; and showed so much satisfaction at my supposed resolution, that I adopted it in earnest.

You, who set up for an instructor, are, I presume, better acquainted with the world than to imagine that I would first turn my views to those young ladies with whom I was most intimately acquainted, and in whose society I had passed a considerable part of my time. The giddy and frivolous pursuits in which I saw them constantly engaged, left no room for that domestic tenderness which I looked for in a wife. The gloss of fashion might suffice for the transient intercourse of gaiety; but some more intrinsic excellence was necessary to fix an attachment for life. I resolved, therefore, to pay my addresses only to young ladies who had received a less public education; and with that view I determined to cultivate an acquaintance in those families that were most remarkable for their prudence and moderation. I now began to look upon it as not one of the least misfortunes attending a young man in the fashionable world, that he is, in some degree, excluded from the opportunity of forming connections with the best and most virtuous of the other sex at an early period of life, while the warm feelings

ings of benevolence remain unblunted by those artificial manners, the consequences of which to society go near to overbalance the advantages arising from the refinements that produce them.

In the course of my researches I became acquainted with *Neriſſa*, an only daughter, who had been educated under the eye of a mother famed for her prudence and œconomy. She was at this time about twenty; though not a perfect beauty, she was agreeable, with an air of simplicity that is always engaging. Her conversation was sensible, and her ease of manner, and the facility with which she expressed herself, astonished me in one who had so little intercourse with the world; but *Neriſſa*'s conversation furnished not one generous sentiment. The tear of compassion never started in her eye at a tale of sorrow; nor did the glow of pleasure ever sparkle in her countenance at the success of merit. In the society in which I had lived, self-gratification seemed to be the study of every individual, without giving the least attention to the pleasure and enjoyment of others. It was only the outward conduct of *Neriſſa* that was different; her disposition was the same; and, as I have resolved to be attentive to the happiness of a wife, I wished not to chuse one who would be regardless of that of a husband. We were not suited to each other; the only object of *Neriſſa* were rank and fortune; she has since attained her wishes, having been lately married to a title and a settlement.

I next became acquainted in the house of Sir *George Edwin*, a man of very moderate fortune, who had lived some years in town for the education of his family. With Sir *George* I had but little intercourse, though he too was a man of the world; but he moved in an inferior sphere, his pleasures being chiefly confined to the bottle. He had three daughters,

daughters, of whom I had that ſort of acquaintance one neceſſarily requires in a narrow country like this by meeting frequently at places of public reſort, as well as at private entertainments; but, as they were always attended by their mother Lady *Edwin*, a grave matron, ſhe never permitted them to engage in thoſe familiar parties, amongſt whom, or at the tavern, I generally paſſed my evenings.

The Miſs *Edwins* were juſtly eſteemed handſome; their manners were eaſy, not elegant; their converſation was for the moſt part, confined to the occurrences of the day, and never went farther than obſervations on the laſt ball or the laſt dinner. Theſe they were ſo eager to communicate, that they commonly ſpoke all at once, each of them afraid, no doubt, leſt her ſiſter ſhould have the merit of her important diſcoveries. The only object of the mother ſeemed to be to get her girls well married. For this purpoſe ſhe had truſted entirely to the external accompliſhments of their perſons, and thoſe little arts which experienced matrons know well how to uſe, to entrap the amorous and unwary. I hope ſhe will ſucceed; the Miſs *Edwins* appear to be good ſort of girls, and will, I have no doubt, make excellent wives to ſome honeſt country ſquire, or ſome plodding man of buſineſs, who has no other idea of a wife than as a breeder or a houſekeeper. Lady *Edwin* ſays ſhe is an excellent œconomiſt, and her daughters have had the benefit of her example.

In the houſe of Sir *George Edwin* I firſt heard of *Cordelia*, and not much to her advantage. This, for cenſure will often defeat its purpoſe, gave me a ſtrong deſire to be acquainted with her. I ſoon learned that ſhe was an only daughter; that ſhe was now in her twenty-ſecond year; that her father died when ſhe was a child, leaving her a handſome fortune, which, being placed in the hands of a relation

tion in the mercantile line, was so much impaired by his failure, that her mother found it necessary to cut short her plan of a fashionable and expensive education, and to take the chief care of her daughter's instruction upon herself. They had lived together in a decent retirement for five or six years, except a few months which they passed in town every winter, with the only one of their opulent relations who received them with the same affection as in their prosperity. *Cordelia* and her mother were upon one of these annual visits when I was introduced to her. I will not pretend to describe the sensations I then felt, nor the "mind illumined face" that produced them; from that moment I was unhappy but in her company, and found in her conversation that elegance of mind, that cheerful sweetness and sensibility of temper, which was diffused upon her countenance. I rejoiced at that rank and fortune of which I was possessed, as giving me the power of making *Cordelia* happy, and of raising her to a station less unworthy her distinguished merit and accomplishments. The lady with whom she lived gave me every opportunity I could wish of cultivating a more intimate acquaintance, and shewing the sincerity of my attachment; nor did her mother seem averse to the connection, though there was, at times, an anxious solicitude in her countenance at those approaches to the familiarity which I had been accustomed to indulge, both in manner and conversation, among my female acquaintance; a habit which the sincerity of my passion for *Cordelia* could not, at all times, repress. *Cordelia* herself always received me with affability; and, though I could not pretend to discover any partiality in my favour, I attributed this to her compliance with the cautious prudence of a mother, which would be removed

moved by an open declaration of my attachment and a propoſal of marriage in form.

Deſirous to intereſt the mother in my favour, I made my firſt application to her, convinced that ſhe could not heſitate to approve of a match which was ſo favourable in point of fortune. Contrary to my hopes, ſhe at once referred me to her daughter, with an obſervation in which there was more truth than politeneſs: "That being the perſon principally intereſted, ſhe was the firſt to be applied to." Having endeavoured to make an apology for this part of my conduct, of which a better notion of female delicacy than was to be acquired among my former companions had taught me the impropriety, I was ſhewn into *Cordelia's* dreſſing-room; were, after a ſhort pauſe, I entered on the purpoſe of my viſit, and made offer of myſelf and fortune, with all the ardour which the ſtrength and ſincerity of my paſſion inſpired, and with all the attention that was due to her beauty and accompliſhments. She heard me, not without emotion; and, as ſhe ſeemed unable to give an immediate anſwer, I interpreted her ſilence favourably; and, ſeizing her hand, preſſed my ſuit with all the earneſtneſs of which I was capable. She ſoon recovered her tranquillity, and withdrawing her hand, anſwered with her uſual unaffected modeſty, but with a firmneſs I had never before obſerved, "That ſhe was obliged to me for my favourable opinion; but as our affections were not in our power, and as the mode of life to which I had been accuſtomed was little ſuited to her inclinations, or to create that reſpect for the ſex which ſhe hoped to find in a huſband, it was impoſſible I could ever be her's." In vain did I join with her in blaming my paſt conduct; in vain did I aſſure her of the ſettled purpoſe I had formed to alter my mode of life; that I had actually done ſo; that all my wiſhes were

were centered in an union with her, it ſhould be the future buſineſs of my life to promote her happineſs. She remained inflexible; ſhe doubted not, ſhe ſaid, the ſincerity of my intentions: But her reſolution was taken; and ſhe repeatedly aſſured me, that her motives made it unalterable. Some of the family coming in, I retired in a ſtate of mind which I ſhall not attempt to deſcribe.

This incident, Mr. MIRROR, has made me look into myſelf, into my paſt conduct, and into the errors or misfortunes, call them by what name you pleaſe, which have been the chief cauſe of my preſent anxiety and uneaſineſs. That I was the heir of an opulent fortune, was no fault of mine; neither can I be anſwerable for having ſucceeded to it at the early age of eighteen, when the paſſions were contending for gratification, when the means were in my power, and novelty heightened the enjoyment. The ſocieties I frequented were compoſed of the firſt names of the kingdom, both for rank and fortune; our knowledge of men was not confined to the narrow circle of our country; we were acquainted with the faces of the principal potentates of *Europe*, and with thoſe many of their miniſters; we could diſcourſe of muſic and painting in the language of a connoiſſeur, and re-echo the opinions we had heard of the moſt celebrated ſingers of *Florence*, *Naples*, and *Rome*. Was I to blame for accomodating myſelf to the eſtabliſhed manners of my country, in that rank of life to which I belonged? Even the attention that was paid to my education, before the death of an excellent father, has been a ſource of misfortune; it can only be from the impreſſions I then received, that I acquired a confuſed idea of a conduct more becoming a being who found himſelf capable of reaſoning and reflection. This idea often obtruded itſelf in the hours

of languor and inactivity, and sometimes even embittered the cup of enjoyment. Restrained, for a time, by those habits which remain after the passions that produced them are extinguished, I at last found means to break the charm, and to form plans of rational and domestic enjoyment. Disappointed in these, I feel the most poignant regret that I was not born a younger brother, and compelled to seek that distinction from merit which I enjoyed from fortune; or that my father had not allowed me to remain equally ignorant and uncultivated as the generality of my companions, whose affections centre in themselves, whose ambition consists in frequenting the *best* company, and whose knowledge is confined to the kitchen or the gaming-table. Displeased with myself, disgusted with the world, and rejected by *Cordelia*, I am preparing to sink at once into retirement and oblivion. What my occupations are to be, I know not; an hundred schemes have been formed and rejected. If it be in your power to suggest any thing I can steadily adhere to, and which will make me less contemptible in my own eyes, you will do good to one; but if you can exhibit in your MIRROR a preventative to the errors by which I have been undone, you may do good to thousands.

I am, &c.

LORENZO.

No. 68. SATURDAY, *January* 1, 1780.

I can make speeches in the Senate too, Nacky.
OTWAY'S VENICE PRESERV'D.

ONE morning, during my late visit to Mr. *Umphraville*, as that gentleman, his sister, and I,

were

were sitting at breakfast, my old friend *John* came in, and delivered a sealed card to his master. After putting on his spectacles, and reading it with attention, "Ay," said *Umphraville*, "this is one of your modern improvements. I remember the time when one neighbour could have gone to dine with another without any fuss or ceremony; but now, forsooth, you must announce your intention so many days before; and, by and by, I suppose, the intercourse between two country-gentlemen will be carried on with the same stiffness of ceremonial that prevails among your little *German* princes. Sister, you must prepare a feast on *Thursday*; Colonel *Plum* says he intends to have the honour of waiting on us." "Brother," replied Miss *Umphraville*, "you know we don't deal in giving feasts; but if Colonel *Plum* can dine on a plain dinner, without his foreign dishes and *French* sauces, I can promise him a bit of good mutton, and hearty welcome."

On the day appointed, Colonel *Plum* arrived, and, along with him, the gay, the sprightly, Sir *Bobby Button*, who had posted down to the country to enjoy two days shooting, at Colonel *Plum*'s, where he arrived just as that gentleman was setting out for Mr. *Umphraville*'s. Sir *Bobby*, always easy, and who, in every society, is the same, protested against the *Colonel*'s putting off his visit, and declared he would be happy to attend him.

Though I had but little knowledge of Sir *Bobby*, I was perfectly acquainted with his character; but to *Umphraville* he was altogether unknown, and I promised myself some amusement from the contrast of two persons so opposite in sentiments, in manner, and in opinions. When he was presented, I observed *Umphraville* somewhat shocked with his dress and figure; in both which, it must be owned, he resembled a monkey of a larger size.

Sir

Sir *Bobby*, however, did not allow him much time to contemplate his external appearance; for he immediately, without preparation or apology, began to attack the old gentleman on the bad taſte of his houſe, and of every thing about it. "Why the devil," ſaid he, "don't you enlarge your windows, and cut down thoſe damned hedges and trees that ſpoil your lawn ſo miſerably? If you would allow me, I would undertake, in a week's time, to give you a clever place. This is, for all the world, juſt ſuch a *chateau* as my friend Lord ——— (you know Lord ———, the fineſt fellow on earth) ſucceeded to laſt year by the death of an uncle, a queer old prig, who had lived locked up in his caſtle for half a century: He died damned rich though; and as ſoon as Lord ——— knew for certain that his breath was out, he and I went down to take poſſeſſion; and in a ſtrange condition, to be ſure we found things; but, in leſs than a month we turned all *topſy-turvy*, and it is now in the way of being as fine a place as any in *England*." To this *Umphraville* made no anſwer; and indeed the Baronet was ſo fond of hearing himſelf talk, and chattered away at ſuch a rate, that he neither ſeemed to deſire nor to expect an anſwer.

On Miſs *Umphraville*'s coming in, he addreſſed himſelf to her; and, after diſplaying his dreſs, and explaining ſome particulars with regard to it, he began to entertain her with an account of the gallantries in which he had been engaged the preceding winter in *London*. He talked as if no woman could reſiſt his perſuaſive addreſs and elegant figure—as if *London* were one great ſeraglio, and he himſelf the mighty maſter of it. This topic he was ſo fond of, that he enlarged upon it after Miſs *Umphraville* had retired, and uſed a *groſſiereté* of expreſſion in his deſcriptions, which of late, has been very much affected

fected by our *fine gentlemen*; but which shocked *Umphraville*, to whom it was altogether new, and who has ever entertained the highest veneration for the sex.

To put an end to this conversation, Colonel *Plum*, who seemed to be tired of it, as we were, mentioned the very singular situation this country was in when the combined fleets of *France* and *Spain* lay off *Plymouth*; and took occasion to observe, that, if our fleet should be vanquished, if our *wooden walls* should fail us, he was afraid our country, thus laid open to the invasion of those hostile powers, could not easily resist their force. *Umphraville* entertained a very different opinion. He said, that a naval force might perhaps be necessary to maintain and defend an extensive foreign commerce; but he did not see, how it was at all connected with the internal defence of a state, or why a nation might not be respectable, both at home and abroad, without any great fleet? "Were the *English*," said he, "indebted to their *wooden walls* for the victory of *Cressy*, of *Poictiers*, and of *Agincourt*? Was it by a naval force that the great *Gustavus* was enabled to take so decisive a part in the affairs of *Europe*, and to render the power of *Sweden* so respectable? Is it by ships that the brave *Swiss* have defended their liberties for so many ages? What fleets did our own country possess, while she boldly maintained her independence, for so many centuries, against the constant and unremitted attacks of *England*? Did we possess a single ship of force when the gallant *Bruce* almost annihilated the power of *England* on the field of *Bannockburn*? Believe me, gentlemen," continued he, "it is not an easy matter to subdue a free people fighting for their country. In such a cause every man would stand forth. Old as I am, I would not hesitate a moment to draw my

ſword againſt our foes, ſhould they ever be deſperate enough to make an attempt on theſe iſlands." "You may, if you pleaſe," ſaid Sir *Bobby* (who ſeemed to be awed for a time into ſilence, by the elevated tone *Umphraville* had aſſumed) "but I'll be curſed if I would. Damn it, what does it ſignify? if the *French* were to conquer us, I don't think we could loſe much by it; and, in ſome reſpects, we ſhould gain. We ſhould drink better Burgundy; and we ſhould have clothes fit for a gentleman to wear, without running the riſque of their being ſeized by theſe damned locuſts of cuſtom-houſe officers. I ſhould not like, though, to loſe my ſeat in the Houſe. If the French leave us that, they may come again when they pleaſe for me." *Umphraville*, who had not the moſt diſtant conception of his being in parliament, aſked Sir *Bobby* gravely what *ſeat*, what *houſe* he meant? "Why, damn it, our Houſe, the Houſe of Commons, to be ſure; there is no living out of parliament now; it is the *ton* for a gentleman to be in it, and it is the pleaſanteſt thing in the world. There are *Jack* ———, *Dick* ———, Lord ———, and I, are always together. At firſt, we uſed to tire confoundedly of their late nights and long debates; but now the miniſter is ſo obliging as to tell us when he thinks the queſtion will be put, and away we go to dinner, to the opera, or ſomewhere, and contrive to return juſt in time to vote, or, as Lord —— calls it, to be in at the death."

Hitherto *Umphraville*'s countenance had diſcovered no emotion but that of contempt; now he could not conceal his aſtoniſhment and indignation. Recollecting himſelf, however, he aſked the Baronet, if he never thought of his conſtituents, and of the purpoſes for which they ſent him to parliament? "As to that," ſaid he, "there is no man ſo attentive

to

to his conſtituents as I am. I ſpend ſome months among them every ſummer, where I keep open houſe for the ſavages, and make love to their wives and daughters. Beſides, I am always making little preſents to the women of ſome faſhionable trinket. The laſt time I came from *London* I brought down a parcel of *ſpring garters*, that coſt me thirty ſhillings a pair, by Gad; which I diſtributed among them, taking care, at the ſame time, to tell each of them, that nothing ſhewed a fine ankle to ſuch advantage as a ſpring garter."

In the evening, after our viſitors had left us, I found *Umphraville* ſitting in his elbow-chair, in a graver mood than uſual. "I am thinking, my friend," ſaid he, "of the ſtrange times we live in. You know I am not much of a politician; and, living retired as I do, abſtracted from the world, I have little acceſs to be acquainted with the ſprings that move the wheels of government, or the cauſes of national proſperity or adverſity. For ſome time paſt, however, I have been endeavouring, in vain, to inveſtigate the latent ſources of the ſudden and almoſt inſtantaneous decline of our empire, unexampled, I believe, in the hiſtory of nations. The ſcene you have this day witneſſed, has given me more light on that ſubject than any thing I have yet met with. If ſuch men are to conduct and to regulate the great affairs of ſtate, are we to wonder at our want of ſucceſs? If our Senate is to be filled with beings, mean as they are worthleſs, alike deſtitute of public virtue and of private honour, we may ceaſe to be ſurpriſed at any calamity that befals us. Of ſuch creatures, I preſume, the Roman ſenate was compoſed, when, by the groundleſs jealouſy of an emperor (*Gallienus*, if I miſtake not,) the ſenators were prohibited from holding any military employment: and they conſidered the exemption as a

favour

favour, not as an affront: so lost were they to every principle of honour, so void of every generous and manly feeling. But what astonishes me most is, that in times like these, when the empire is shook to its foundation, the people should be so infatuated as to trust their best, their dearest rights in such hands. Had the *Congress* been composed of *Bobby Buttons*, would *America* ever have made such a stand against us?"

How long this Phillippic might have lasted I cannot say, had not Miss *Umphraville* come in and put an end to it, by challenging me to play a game at backgammon.

No. 69. TUESDAY, *January* 4, 1780.

To the AUTHOR of the MIRROR.

SIR,

I AM a pretty constant reader of your publications; by what means, you shall know before I have finished this letter. Among other papers of your publishing, I have read one marked No. 65. written by a lady, who subscribes herself S. M. That lady is pleased to complain of her situation, and to represent herself as unfortunate. I cannot think she has the least title to do so. She was received and entertained by a kind brother; but, forsooth, she took it into her head to quarrel with him because he married, and seemed to like his wife better than her, and to be displeased with the lady, because she appeared to have more vanity than she ought to have had. Pray, what right had she to find fault with

with thoſe who ſo hoſpitably entertained her? or, how did ſhe ſhew ſuperiour ſenſe by thus quarrelling with her bread and butter?—I am, Sir, the younger brother of Sir *George Fielding*. I live comfortably and contentedly in his houſe; and yet, I could lay a wager, were Madam *S. M.* in my ſituation, ſhe would be fretful and diſcontented; but I ſhall appeal to you, Sir, if ſhe would have any reaſon for her diſcontent.

My father, Sir *Robert*, ſent me, when a young man, to the Univerſity; but, as I had no taſte for ſtudy, I ſpent moſt of my time at the billiard-table, at cards, in hunting, playing at golf, or in public diverſions. I was more gaily dreſſed than any of my companions, and I united many of the qualities of a beau and a buck. During the vacation, I reſided at my father's houſe; and the elegant and expenſive manner in which he lived, increaſed my turn for pleaſure and amuſement.

I was in my twentieth year when my father, who had ſupplied me liberally with money, died, leaving me the ſmall patrimony of one thouſand pounds. Fifty pounds a-year could not ſupport the expenſe of one who had been accuſtomed to ſpend four times that ſum. In this ſituation it was thought neceſſary that I ſhould do ſomething for myſelf. Amidſt the various ſchemes that were propoſed, it was determined that I ſhould become a merchant. My brother, Sir *George*, generouſly diſcharged all the debts I had contracted; for, notwithſtanding my father's liberality while he was living, I had contracted ſeveral; and I was bound apprentice to an eminent trader. He was a ſober, induſtrious, thriving man; but I ſoon found it impoſſible to accommodate myſelf to his frugal œconomical ideas; and my inclination for amuſement and pleaſure, which he uſed

to

to call diſſipation and idleneſs, could not give way to his habits of induſtry and attention.

Accordingly, before the term of my apprenticeſhip was elapſed, my maſter wrote to Sir *George*, informing him that I had taken up with bad company; that I had neglected my buſineſs; that I had not profited by his inſtructions; and recommending to him to try me in ſomething elſe, and, in all events, to remove me to ſome other place.

After a good deal of deliberation, it was reſolved to try to ſet me up as a farmer; and I entered upon the management of a conſiderable farm. But in this buſineſs I found I did not ſucceed any better than in my former. Notwithſtanding the good inſtructions I received at a club of very honeſt fellows, at which we met every week to talk about farming and improvements, ſomehow or other, my crops never paid for the expenſe of raiſing them; and, in a few years, I found that I had improved away every ſhilling of my capital. Sir *George* then propoſed to me that I ſhould quit all thoughts of buſineſs, and take up my reſidence in his houſe; I cheerfully accepted his propoſal, and have lived with him for fourteen years paſt.

In his houſe I find every thing provided for me, and I am perfectly contented, having nothing to care for. Sir *George*, who is beloved and reſpected by all the neighbourhood, has frequently crowds of company who reſort to his houſe; but, as he does not drink himſelf, whenever the company wiſh to drink a little more than uſual, he deputes me to act his part as a landlord. In that capacity I do not fail to puſh about the bottle; and I find myſelf in a ſituation perfectly to my wiſh. As I am a good ſhot, I ſpend great part of my time in ſhooting; and Mr. *Joſeph*, for that is the name I go by, is made a welcome gueſt at all the gentlemen's houſes in the neighbourhood;

neighbourhood; the more so, as I seldom make a visit without carrying along with me some of the game I have killed. I never fail to make one at all the sports in the neighbourhood. At a village-wedding I am a considerable personage; and there is not a country-girl who does not think it an honour to dance with Mr. *Joseph*. When Lady *Fielding* makes a visit, I generally attend her in the absence of Sir *George*. The only part of my imployment which I find disagreeable is, that sometimes, in the winter-evenings, I am set a-reading to my Lady; and, among other publications, I have read over to her most of the MIRRORS. My Lady likes them exceedingly; so do I too, but not for the same reason she does; I like them, because they are short. In the course of this employment, I read S. M.'s letter, and have already given you my reasons for being much dissatisfied with what she writes.

I can make no doubt, that, were she in my situation, she would think she had much reason to be unhappy. She would, perhaps, complain that her brother was so rich, and she so poor; she would say, that it was an employment below her to act as toast-master to her brother's drunken company; that it was despicable to be known only by the name of Mr. *Joseph*; that she could not but consider herself as in a contemptible situation, being unfit for any employment, or to act any higher part than that of a sportsman, a dancer at a country-wedding, or an humble attendant on my Lady *Fielding*. But I am of a very different opinion. I certainly neither have the fortune, nor do I meet with the same respect that my brother Sir *George* does; but what does that signify? I eat, drink, and am merry, enjoy good health and good spirits; and I have neither the trouble of managing a great estate, nor am I obliged to be circumspect in my conduct, in order that

that I may act up, as I hear my brother and some of his friends express it, to a certain dignity of character. In a word, I am happy enough, and I think Madam S. M. might have been so too, if she had had a mind.

I am, &c.

JOSEPH FIELDING.

The situation which is described in the above letter is not, I believe, altogether an uncommon one. I should be very unwilling to make Mr. *Joseph* displeased with it; on the contrary, I think his cheerfulness and good humour are to be envied. At the same time, without expressing those sentiments which, I doubt not, will occur to many of my readers upon the perusal of his letter, I cannot but observe, that I have sometimes felt regret, that, in certain circumstances, a more equal distribution of fortune were not made among the children of some great landed proprietors, or that care were not taken to moderate their education to that style of life in which their circumstances are likely to place them. A young man, who is left a small patrimony, ought not surely to be accustomed to habits of extravagance and dissipation, but ought to be early inured to œconomy, and be qualified for some business. Without this (though accident may sometimes conduct such young men to fortune or to eminence,) there must be always great danger of their proving unfit for any valuable purpose in life, of their deserving no higher appellation than that of Mr. *Joseph*.

No.

No. 70. SATURDAY, *January* 8, 1780.

Ingentes Dominos, et claræ nomina famæ
Illustrique graves nobilitate domos
Devita. SENECA.

IN an excursion I made some months ago to the county of ———, I paid a visit to *Antonio*, an old acquaintance of my father's, whom I had known from my infancy. He had been exceedingly attentive to me when a boy; and, as he was something of a sportsman, my guardians often permitted me to accompany him to the field, where, as indeed on every occasion, he treated me with the ease and freedom of a companion and an equal. This behaviour, so different from that to which boys are generally accustomed, while it flattered my self-importance, gave me so much favour and affection for *Antonio*, that I never saw him afterwards, without feeling those agreeable sensations, which accompany the recollection of that happy period of life, when we catch the pleasures of the moment, equally regardless of what is past or to come.

I had not heard of *Antonio* for many months. When I arrived at the village where he lived, I hastened to his house without any previous inquiry. The countenance of the servant made me suspect all was not well; and, when I entered his apartment, I found him in the last stage of a dropsy. The sensations that crowded on my mind at the squalid and death-like appearance of the good old man, so different from those in which I was prepared to indulge, had almost overcome me; but the growing emotion was checked by the countenance with which he beheld it. No sooner was I seated, than, taking my hand, "What a change," said he, with a look of melancholy composure, "is here, since you

laſt ſaw me!—I was two years older than your father; had he been alive, he would have been ſeventy-four next Chriſtmas."

The particulars of the converſation, though they have made a laſting impreſſion on my mind, would be unintereſting to many of my readers; but as the life of *Antonio* will afford an important leſſon to the younger part of them, I give the following ſhort account of it, as the ſubject of this and the ſubſequent paper.

"The father of *Antonio* was one of the firſt men of family in *Scotland*, who had been bred to the profeſſion of a merchant; in which he was ſo ſucceſsful, that about the beginning of this century he had acquired the ſum of twenty thouſand pounds, which was, at that time, reckoned no inconſiderable fortune. He had two children who ſurvived him; *Antonio*, and a daughter, *Leonora*, who was ſeveral years younger than her brother. As the father had received a liberal education, he was attentive to beſtow the ſame benefit upon his ſon; but, being equally ſenſible of the advantages of induſtry, he was, at the ſame time, determined, that he ſhould be educated to ſome profeſſion or employment, though he did not reſtrain him in his choice. *Antonio*, on his part, ſeconded his father's views. His genius was inferior to none of his contemporaries; allowing for ſome little exceſſes, which the livelineſs and pliancy of his diſpoſition engaged him in, he exceeded them all in the aſſiduity of his application; and, as his manners were at the ſame time mild and ſpirited, he was both beloved and reſpected by his companions.

"Being arrived at an age which made it neceſſary to regulate his ſtudies by the profeſſion he was to follow, he made choice of that of phyſic, which, including the different branches of ſcience uſually

connected

connected with it, may be said to embrace the whole study of Nature: To these he applied rather as a philosopher than as one who intended to be a practitioner in the art; he was, nevertheless, prepairng to take his degree, when the death of his father left him, at the age of twenty, possessed of a handsome fortune.

"*Antonio* continued his studies for some time with his usual assiduity; but, finding his income more than sufficient for his wants, he gave up all thoughts of engaging in practice. His house became the rendezvous of his former school-companions, many of them the sons of the first families in the kingdom, who were now entering into life (I speak of a period above fifty years ago) and who found themselves flattered by those engaging manners in the man, which had attached them to the boy.

"In consequence of these connections, *Antonio* found himself engaged in a line of life to which he had been little accustomed; but, as he had mixed the study of polite literature with science, and was master of the exercises of dancing, fencing, and riding, he soon acquired that ease in his address and conversation, which mark the gentleman, while they hide the man of learning from a common observer. His good-nature and benevolence, proceeding from an enlarged and liberal mind, prevented him from viewing, with too severe an eye, the occasional excesses of some of his companions; an elegant taste, and a sound understanding, prevented him from engaging in them too deeply.

"*Antonio*'s time was now mostly spent among the great. He made long and frequent visits at their seats in the country; he joined them in excursions from time to time to the different courts on the continent; and, when he was not abroad, he resided almost

almoſt conſtantly in *London*, or the neighbourhood; ſo that he became, in a great meaſure, a ſtranger in his own country.

"Among the companions of *Antonio* were two ſons of the Earl of *W*——, who were particularly attached to him. Their father was not more envied by the ambitious for the diſtinguiſhed rank he held in the councils of his Sovereign, than by the wiſe and moderate for being father to two of the moſt promiſing young men of the age. They had been acquainted with *Antonio* from their infancy. They had grown up at the ſame ſchools, and ſtudied under the ſame maſters. After an abſence of three years, they happened to meet at *Venice*, where *Antonio* had the good fortune to render them eſſential ſervice in extricating them from difficulties in which the impetuoſity of the beſt conditioned young men will ſometimes involve them, eſpecially in a foreign country. They returned together to *Britain*. Their father, who knew their former connection with *Antonio*, and had heard of their recent obligation to him, expreſſed his ſenſe of it in very flattering terms, and earneſtly wiſhed for an opportunity to reward it.

"I have ſeen few men who were proof againſt the attention of miniſters. Though it does not always gratify, it ſeldom fails to excite three of the moſt powerful paſſions, vanity, ambition, and avarice. *Antonio*, I am afraid, did not form an exception to the rule. Though naturally an œconomiſt, his mode of life had conſiderably impaired his fortune. He knew this; but he knew not exactly to what extent. He received gentle remonſtrances on the ſubject from ſome of his relations in *Scotland*, who remembered his virtues. In the letters of his ſiſter *Leonora* (who ſtill retained that affection and attachment to her brother which his attention to her,

both

both before and after her father's death, had impreſſed upon her mind,) he perceived an anxiety, for which he could not otherwiſe account than from her apprehenſions about the ſituation of his affairs. The patronage of the Earl of *W*—— preſented itſelf as a remedy. To him, therefore, he determined to apply. The intimacy in which he lived with his ſons, the friendly manner in which the Earl himſelf always behaved to him, made this appear an eaſy matter to *Antonio*; but he was unaccuſtomed to aſk favours even from the great. His ſpirit roſe at the conſciouſneſs of their having become neceſſary; and he ſunk in his own eſteem in being reduced to uſe the language of ſolicitation for ſomething like a pecuniary favour. After ſeveral fruitleſs attempts, he could bring himſelf no farther than to give a diſtant hint to his companions, the ſons of the Earl. It was ſufficient to them; and, at the next interview with their father, *Antonio* received the moſt friendly aſſurances of being ſoon provided for in ſome way ſuited to his taſte and diſpoſition.

"Elated with theſe hopes, he returned, after a ten years abſence, to viſit his friends in *Scotland*, and to examine into the ſituation of his affairs. Of the £20,000 left by his father, there was little more than £10,000 remaining; and the half of that ſum belonged to his ſiſter *Leonora*. The knowledge of this made no great impreſſion on his mind, as he was certain of being amply provided for; meanwhile he thought it his duty to put his ſiſter's fortune in ſafety; and by his whole behaviour to her during a nine months reſidence in *Scotland*, he confirmed that love and affection which his more early conduct had juſtly merited."

No. 71. TUESDAY, *January* 11, 1780.

"*ANTONIO* returned to *London* about the breaking out of the *Spaniſh* war in 1739. The parties in the ſtate ran high; the miniſter was attacked on all ſides, in a language ſomewhat more decent than what is in uſe among the patriots of the preſent day, though it was not, an that account, leſs poignant and ſevere. *Antonio*'s patron, the Earl of *W*——, took part with the miniſter, and both he and his ſons, who were by this time in parliament, ſeemed ſo much occupied with the affairs of the public, that *Antonio* was unwilling to diſturb them with any private application for himſelf, until the ferment was ſomewhat ſubſided. In the mean time, he continued his uſual mode of life; and, though he could not help obſerving, that many of the great men with whom he had been accuſtomed to converſe on the moſt eaſy and familiar terms, began to treat him with a forbidding ceremony, more diſguſting to a mind of ſenſibility than downright inſolence; ſtill the conſciouſneſs of his ſituation prevented him from renouncing a ſociety in which the ſecret admonitions of his heart frequently told him he could not continue, without forfeiting the ſtrongeſt ſupport of virtue and honour, *a proper reſpect for himſelf.*

Sir *Robert Walpole*, was at laſt obliged to reſign, and along with him a few of his friends who were moſt obnoxious to the leaders of the ſucceſsful party. The Earl of *W*——— was not of the number; he ſtill preſerved his place in the cabinet; and the new and the old miniſters having adjuſted their different pretenſions, a calm tranquillity ſucceeded, as the leſs powerful and diſappointed patriots, rendered ſuſpicious by the defection of their principal leaders, could not at once connect themſelves into a formidable oppoſition. *Antonio*

Antonio thought this a proper time to renew his application. That delicacy which made him formerly ſhrink at the idea of aſking a pecuniary favour, was now no more; his growing neceſſities, and the habits of ſubmiſſion they produced, had blunted the fine feelings of independence, and he could now, though unnoticed, dance attendance at the levees of the great, like one who had never felt himſelf their equal. Fortunately there ſoon happened a vacancy in an office in the department of the Earl of *W*———, which was every way ſuited to *Antonio*. He modeſtly reminded the Earl of his former promiſes; and, having made the firſt application, his requeſt was inſtantly granted. At that moment Lord *C*———, who was ſuppoſed to be Prime Miniſter, arrived to aſk the office for the ſon of a butcher in *Kent*, who was returning officer in a borough where there was a conteſted election. The Earl of *W*——— told the miniſter, that he had juſt now promiſed it to that gentleman, pointing to *Antonio*. The miniſter had frequently ſeen *Antonio*, and was not unacquainted with his character; congratulated him with much ſeeming cordiality; and, turning to the Earl of *W*———, paid him many compliments on his beſtowing the office upon one of ſo diſtinguiſhed merit:" "That conſideration," added he, "can compenſate for the diſappointment I feel in not having obtained it for the perſon I mentioned to your Lordſhip." *Antonio* was too well acquainted with the language of the court not to underſtand the tendency of all this. The Earl of *W*——— immediately obſerved, that, to oblige his Lordſhip, he had no doubt *Antonio* would readily give up the promiſe. This was inſtantly done; and theſe two noble perſons vied with each other in their offers of ſervice; he was given to underſtand, that the firſt opportunity ſhould be

taken

taken to provide for him in a manner exceeding his wishes.

Though *Antonio* was not, upon the whole, very well pleased with this incident, he endeavoured to comfort himself with reflecting, that he had now acquired a right of going directly to the minister, which was so much the more agreeable, as he plainly perceived that the sons of the Earl of *W*———, tho' they still behaved to him with more ease and attention than many others of his former companions, would, like the rest, soon be estranged from him. At school, at college, on their travels, and even for some time after their return, their pursuits were the same. Whether it was instruction or entertainment, they were mutually assisting to each other, and they found *Antonio* to be in every thing their equal, perhaps in some things their superior. The scene was now changed. In the midst of their family and relations, possessed of the adventitious, though dazzling qualities of rank and fortune, the real merit of *Antonio* was hardly perceived. They now found him to be in some things their inferior. This alone would have, in time, put an end to their intimacy, unless, like many others, he would have contented himself with acting the part of *an humble attendant*. Having once opened to their views the career of ambition, and the prospect of rising in the state, they estimated their friendships by the extent of their political influence. Virtue and merit were now out of the question, or were at best but secondary considerations. Former services, compared to the objects in which they were now engaged, sunk to nothing; at the same time, a consciousness of duty led them to behave civilly to a man they had once esteemed, and who had done nothing to forfeit their good opinion. Perhaps, even if applied to in a fortunate moment, when impelled by a sudden emanation of half-extinguished

tinguiſhed virtue, they might have exerted themſelves to ſerve him; but theſe exertions would not have been of long continuance; they would ſoon have been ſmothered by cold political prudence.

After two years ſolicitation, during which his patrons ſometimes cajoled him with promiſes, and, at others, hardly deigned to take notice of his requeſt, *Antonio* gave up all hopes of ſucceſs. His fortune was now totally gone. His friends in *Scotland* had frequently informed him of this; but he continued to ſolicit and to receive ſmall ſums of money from time to time, which he was in hopes of being ſoon able to repay. Theſe hopes being extinguiſhed, he could not aſk for more. He had alſo contracted ſeveral debts to the different tradeſmen he employed. He frankly told them his ſituation; but they remembered the liberality of his conduct and behaviour in the days of his proſperity, and would not uſe the barbarous right of impriſonment to increaſe his calamities.

"The accumulated diſtreſs to which *Antonio* was now expoſed, was more than he could bear. After combating ſome time with the agitation of his mind, he was ſeized with a ſlow fever, attended with a delirium, which made it neceſſary to acquaint his friends. His ſiſter *Leonora* haſtened to his relief. At the end of ſome weeks, his health was ſo far reeſtabliſhed, that ſhe ventured to propoſe his undertaking a journey to *Scotland*; to which he at laſt conſented, but not without reluctance.

"He learned, by degrees, that the money he received for the laſt two years he reſided in *London*, had come from *Leonora*; that ſhe had paid all his debts there, and with the ſmall remains of her fortune, had purchaſed an annuity of an hundred and fifty pounds for his and her own life. In a ſhort time they retired to a village in the county of ——, and

and not far from my father's residence, who had been an early acquaintance of *Antonio*. My father joined his endeavours to those of *Leonora* to recover him from that depression of spirits into which his misfortunes, and the reflection on his past conduct, had thrown him. They at last succeeded, and saw him, with pleasure, regain those mild and engaging manners which they had formerly admired. But his spirit and vivacity could not be restored. He seemed to engage in the usual pastimes and occupations of a country life, rather with patience than satisfaction, and to *suffer* society as a duty which he owed to a sister who had preserved him, and to those friends who shewed so much solicitude for his happiness, rather than to *enjoy* it as a source of pleasure and entainment to himself. If ever he was animated, it was in the company of a few young men who looked up to him for instruction. He entertained them, not with murmurings against the world, or complaints of the injustice or depravity of mankind. His pictures of society were flattering and agreeable, as giving the most extensive scope for the exercise of the active virtues. "My young friends," he was wont to say, "carry with you into the world, a spirit of independence, and a proper respect for yourselves. These are the guardians of virtue. No man can trust to others for his support, or forfeit his own good opinion with impunity. Extravagant desires and ill-founded hopes pave the way for disappointment, and dispose us to cover our own errors with the unjust accusation of others. Society is supported by a reciprocation of good offices; and, though virtue and humanity will *give*, justice cannot *demand*, a favour, without a recompence. Warm and generous friendships are sometimes, nay, I hope, often found in the world; but, in those changes and vicissitudes of life which open new views,

views, and form new connections, the old are apt to be weakened or forgotten. Family and domestic friendships," would he add, with a sigh, "will generally be found the most lasting and sincere; but here, my friends, you will think me prejudiced; you all know my obligations to *Leonora*."

"*Antonio* and *Leonora* are now no more; he died a few days after my last visit. His sister he had buried about a twelvemonth before; and I have often heard him mention, with a kind of melancholy satisfaction, that, to her other distresses, there had not been added the regret of being left behind him."

No. 72. SATURDAY, *January* 15, 1780.

Sunt lacrymæ rerum, et mentem mortalia tangunt.
VIRG.

THE consideration of death has been always made use of, by the moralist and the divine, as a powerful incentive to virtue and to piety. From the uncertainty of life, they have endeavoured to sink the estimation of its pleasures, and, if they could not strip the seductions of vice of their present enjoyment, at least to load them with the fear of their end.

Voluptuaries, on the other hand, have, from a similar reflection, endeavoured to enhance the value, and persuade to the enjoyment, of temporal delights. They have advised us to pluck the roses which would otherwise soon wither of themselves, to seize the moments which we could not long command, and, since time was unavoidably fleeting, to crown its flight with joy. Of

Of neither of these persuasives, whether of the moral or the licentious, the severe or the gay, have the effects been great. Life must necessarily consist of active scenes, which exclude from its general tenor the leisure of meditation, and the influence of thought. The schemes of the busy will not be checked by the uncertainty of their event, nor the amusements of the dissipated be either controlled or endeared by the shortness of their duration. Even the cell of the Anchorite, and the cloister of the Monk, have their business and their pleasures; for study may become business, and abstraction pleasure, when they engage the mind, and occupy the time. A man may even enjoy the present, and forget the future, at the very moment in which he is writing of the insignificancy of the former, and the importance of the latter.

It were easy to shew the wisdom and benignity of Providence, Providence ever wise and benign, in this particular of our constitution; but it would be trite to repeat arguments too obvious not to have been often observed, and too just not to have been always allowed.

But, though neither the situation of the world, nor the formation of our minds, allow the thoughts of futurity or death a constant or prevailing effect upon our lives, they may surely sometimes, not unseasonably, press upon our imagination; even exclusive of their moral or religious use, there is a sympathetic enjoyment which often makes it not only *better*, but more delightful *to go to the house of mourning, than to the house of feasting.*

Perhaps I felt it so, when, but a few days since, I attended the funeral of a young lady, who was torn, in the bloom of youth and beauty, from the arms of a father who doated on her, of a family by whom she was adored: I think I would not have exchanged

ed my feelings at the time, for all the mirth which gaiety could inspire, or all the pleasure which luxury could bestow.

Maria was in her twentieth year. To the beauty of her form, and excellence of her natural disposition, a parent equally indulgent and attentive had done the fullest justice. To accomplish her person, and to cultivate her mind, every endeavour had been used; and they had been attended with that success which they commonly meet with, when not prevented by mistaken fondness or untimely vanity. Few young ladies have attracted more admiration; none ever felt it less: With all the charms of beauty, and the polish of education, the plainest were not less affected, nor the most ignorant less assuming. She died when every tongue was eloquent of her virtues, when every hope was ripening to reward them.

It is by such private and domestic distresses, that the softer emotions of the heart are most strongly excited. The fall of more important personages is commonly distant from our observation; but even where it happens under our immediate notice, there is a mixture of other feelings by which our compassion is weakened. The eminently great, or extensively useful, leave behind them a train of interrupted views, and disappointed expectations, by which the distress is complicated beyond the simplicity of pity. But the death of one who, like *Maria*, was to shed the influence of her virtues over the age of a father, and the childhood of her sisters, presents to us a little view of family affliction, which every eye can perceive, and every heart can feel. On scenes of public sorrow and national regret, we gaze as upon those gallery-pictures which strike us with wonder and admiration; domestic calamity is like the miniature of a friend, which we wear in our bo-

ſoms, and keep for ſecret looks and ſolitary enjoyment.

The laſt time I ſaw *Maria* was in the midſt of a crowded aſſembly of the faſhionable and the gay, where ſhe fixed all eyes by the graceſulneſs of her motions, and the native dignity of her mien; yet ſo tempered was that ſuperiority which they conferred with gentleneſs and modeſty, that not a murmur was heard, either from the rivalſhip of beauty, or the envy of homelineſs. From that ſcene the tranſition was ſo violent to the hearſe and the pall, the grave and the ſod, that once or twice my imagination turned rebel to my ſenſes: I beheld the objects around me as the painting of a dream, and thought of *Maria* as living ſtill.

I was ſoon, however, recalled to the ſad reality. The figure of her father bending over the grave of his darling child; the ſilent ſuffering compoſure in which his countenance was fixed; the tears of his attendants, whoſe grief was light and capable of tears; theſe gave me back the truth, and reminded me that I ſhould ſee her no more. There was a flow of ſorrow with which I ſuffered myſelf to be borne along, with a melancholly kind of indulgence; but when her father dropped the cord with which he had helped to lay his *Maria* in the earth, its ſound on the coffin chilled my heart, and horror for a moment took place of pity!

It was but for a moment. He looked eagerly into the grave; made one involuntary motion to ſtop the aſſiſtants who were throwing the earth into it; then ſuddenly recollecting himſelf, claſped his hands together, threw up his eyes to heaven; and then firſt I ſaw a few tears drop from them. I gave language to all this. It ſpoke a leſſon of faith, and piety, and reſignation. I went away ſorrowful, but my ſorrow was neither ungentle nor unmanly; caſt

on

on this world a glance rather of pity than of enmity; on the next, a look of humbleneſs and hope!

Such, I am perſuaded, will commonly be the effect of ſcenes like that I have deſcribed, on minds neither frigid nor unthinking; for of feelings like theſe, the gloom of the aſcetic is as little ſuſceptible as the levity of the giddy. There needs a certain pliancy of mind, which ſociety alone can give, though its vices often deſtroy, to render us capable of that gentle melancholy which makes ſorrow pleaſant, and affliction uſeful.

It is not from a melancholy of this ſort, that men are prompted to the cold unfruitful virtues of monkiſh ſolitude. Theſe are often the effects rather of paſſion ſecluded than repreſſed, rather of temptation avoided than overcome. The *crucifix* and the *roſary*, the *death's head* and the *bones*, if cuſtom has not made them indifferent, will rather chill deſire than excite virtue! but amidſt the warmth of ſocial affection, and of ſocial ſympathy the heart will feel the weakneſs, and enjoy the duties, of humanity.

Perhaps, it will be ſaid, that ſuch ſituations, and ſuch reflections as the foregoing, will only affect minds already too tender, and be diſregarded by thoſe who need the leſſons they impart. But this, I apprehend, is to allow too much to the force of habit, and the reſiſtance of prejudice. I will not pretend to aſſert, that rooted principles, and long-eſtabliſhed conduct, are ſuddenly to be changed by the effects of ſituation, or the eloquence of ſentiment; but if it be granted that ſuch change ever took place, who ſhall determine by what imperceptible motive, or accidental impreſſion, it was firſt begun? And, even if the influence of ſuch a call to thought can only ſmother, in its birth, one allurement to evil, or confirm one wavering purpoſe to virtue, I ſhall not have unjuſtly commended that occaſional

indulgence

indulgence of penſiveneſs and ſorrow, which will thus be rendered not only one of the refinements, but one of the improvements, of life.

No. 73. TUESDAY, *January* 18, 1780.

THE Eſſay contained in this and the following Number, was ſome time ago received from a gentleman of diſtinguiſhed name in the literary world.

To the AUTHOR of the MIRROR.

SIR,

IN the courſe of his various inquires into human nature, your illuſtrious kinſman the SPECTATOR did not overlook DREAMING; on which ihe has given us many ingenious and uſeful obſervatons. Having all my life heen a great dreamer of dreams, I alſo have made ſome remarks upon that myſterious phænomenon, which, I flatter myſelf, may be acceptable to the Author of the MIRROR, as I believe ſome of them are new, and not unworthy of notice.

I ſhall not take up much of your time with the opinions of the ancients in regard to the immediate cauſe of dreaming. *Epicurus* fancied, that an infinite multitude of ſubtle images, ſome flowing from bodies, ſome formed of their own accord, and others made up of different things variouſly combineo, were continually moving up and down in the air about us; and that theſe images, being of extreme fineneſs, penetrate our bodies; and, ſtriking upon the mind, give

give rise to that mode of perception which we call Imagination, and to which he refers the origin both of our waking thoughts and of our dreams. *Aristotle* seems to think, that every object of outward sense makes upon the human soul, or upon some other part of our frame, a certain impression, which remains for some time after the object that made it is gone, and which, being afterwards recognized by the mind in sleep, gives rise to those visions that then present themselves. These opinions, if one were to examine them, would be found either to amount to nothing that can be understood, or to ascribe to human thought a sort of material nature, which is perfectly inconceivable.

Neither shall I trouble you with enumerating five different species of dreams acknowledged by some of the ancients, and particularly described by *Macrobius*. Dreams are, indeed, of different sorts and characters; but I see no reason why they may not be divided into five hundred classes, as well as into five. My own remarks I shall set down without method, and in the order in which they occur to me.

Though some of our dreams are exceedingly wild and extravagant, others are more regular, and more like real life. When the mind is at ease, and the body in health, we are apt to dream of our ordinary business. The passions too, which occupy the mind when awake, and the objects and causes of those passions, are apt to recur in sleep, though, for the most part under some disguise; accompanied with painful circumstances when we are in trouble, and with more pleasing ideas when we are happy. To this the poets attend; and, in describing the dreams of their heroes and heroines, are careful to give them a resemblance to their real fortune. *Dido*, when forsaken by *Æneas*, dreams that she is going

a long journey alone, and seeking her *Tyrians* in a desert land;

——— longam incomitata videtur
Ire viam, *Tyrioſque* desertâ quærere terrâ

Thus uniting, as it were in one image, the two passions that engrossed her through the day, love to her people, and a sense of her forlorn condition. *Eloisa*, separated for ever from her friend, dreams of being again happy in his company; but the next moment, says she,

—— Methinks we wandering go
Through dreary wastes, and weep each other's woe,
Where round some mouldering tower pale ivy creeps,
And low-brow'd rocks hang nodding o'er the deeps:
Sudden you mount, you beckon from the skies;
Clouds interpose waves roar, and winds arise.

On these occasions, the poet will not describe a dream exactly like the real circumstances of the dreamer; he makes it only a sort of dark allegorical similitude; and this we approve of, because we know that it is according to nature. For a reason to be given in the sequel, it will appear to be mercifully ordered by Providence, that our dreams should thus *differ* from our waking thoughts: And, from what we know of the influence of our passions upon the general tenor of our thinking, we need not wonder that there should be, notwithstanding, some *analogy* between them. It is this mixture of resemblance and diversity, that makes some of our dreams *allegorical*. But, when that happens, an attentive observer, who is free from superstition, will find that they allude not to what is future, but to what is present or past, unless where we have been anticipating some future event; in which case our dreams may possibly resemble our conjectures. Now, if our conjectures be right, and if our dreams resemble them,

them, it may happen that there ſhall be a likeneſs between a certain dream and a future occurrence: but in this there is nothing more ſupernatural, than that I ſhould dream to-night of what I have been employed in to-day; for this is nothing more than a particular train of thought impreſſed upon us in ſleep, by a certain *previous* train of thought into which reaſon and experience had led us when awake. For example, When I ſee a man diſſipating his fortune by debauchery, I may, with reaſon, apprehend that diſeaſe and poverty will ſoon overtake him. If this conjecture trouble me in the day-time, it may alſo recur in ſleep, accompanied with ſome viſionary circumſtances; and I ſhall dream, perhaps, that I ſee him in rags and miſery. Suppoſe this really to happen ſoon after, what opinion am I to entertain concerning my dream? Surely I have no more reaſon to conſider it as prophetical, than I have to look upon the conjecture which gave riſe to it as the effect of inſpiration.

Some of our dreams bear little or no reſemblance to any thing that ever before occured to our ſenſes, or fancy. But this is not common, except in bad health. It holds true in general, that dreams are an imitation, though often a very extravagant one, of reality.

There are people who obſerve, that one particular dream frequently returns upon them. *Socrates*, in the *Phædo* of *Plato*, tells his friend, that he had all his life been haunted with a viſion of this kind, in which one ſeemed to ſay to him, that he ought to ſtudy muſic. If this repetition of dreams be the effect of habit, which is not unlikely, we may from it learn the expediency of concealing ſuch as are diſagreeable, and baniſhing them from our thoughts as ſoon as we can. Indeed, it is a vulgar obſervation, that they who never ſpeak of dreams are not often troubled with them. Intemperance

Intemperance of every kind, in eating or drinking, in sleep or watching, in rest or exercise, tends to make dreams disagreeable; and therefore, one end of dreaming may be, to recommend sobriety and moderation. For the time we may employ in sleep bears a great proportion to the whole of human life; and, if there be any expedient for rendering that portion of our time agreeable, it is surely worth while to put it in practice. Habits of virtue and soberness, the repression of turbulent desires, and the indulgence of pious, social, and cheerful dispositions, are, for the most part, effectual in giving that lightness to the animal spirits, and that calm temperature to the blood, which promote thoughts pleasurable through the day, and sweet slumber and easy dreams by night.

The ancients thought, that morning-dreams come nearest the truth. In the morning, no doubt, the perspiration and digestion continued through the night will make the stomach, and the whole frame of the body, more composed and cool than when we go to sleep: And hence, perhaps, it is not absurd to say, that dreams may be more regular then, and more like real life. But if we have passed the earlier hours of the morning without sleep, and fall a-dozing about the time we usually rise, our dreams are seldom agreeable, and our slumber is rather stupifying than salutary; whence we may perhaps infer, that it is the intention of Nature that we should rise early, and at a stated hour.

As agreeable thoughts accompany good health; as violent passions, and even phrensy, are the attendants of certain diseases; as dullness and confusion of thought may be occasioned by a loaded stomach; and, as the swallowing of much strong liquor produces a temporary madness; as our thoughts, I say, when we are awake, are so much determined by our

our bodily habit, it is no wonder that they ſhould be ſtill more liable to ſuch influence when we are aſleep. Accordingly, certain dreams do, for the moſt part, accompany certain poſitions and ſtates of the body. When our breathing is in any degree interrupted, by our head falling awry, by the bed-clothes preſſing on our mouth and noſtrils, or by any internal diſorder, we are apt to dream of going, with great uneaſineſs, through narrow paſſages, where we are in danger of ſuffocation. When the ſtate of the ſtomach and bowels occaſions any convulſive motion in the jaws, a thing not uncommon in ſleep, and which frequently produces a ſtrong compreſſion and grinding of the teeth, we are apt to dream that the teeth are looſe, or falling out, or that our mouth is full of pins, or of ſomething very diſagreeable. In cold weather, too, when by any accident we throw aſide the bed-clothes, we ſometimes dream of going naked. Of all theſe facts I have often had experience; and, if the thing could be accurately attended to, I make no doubt but many of our dreams might be accounted for in the ſame manner: And therefore, when we have an uncommon dream, we ought not to look forward with apprehenſion, as if it were to be the forerunner of calamity; but rather backward to ſee whether we can diſcover its cauſe, and whether, from ſuch a diſcovery, we may not learn ſomething that may be profitable to our health.

In ſome conſtitutions, certain dreams do generally go before, or accompany the beginnings of certain diſeaſes. When, for example, there is any tendency to fever, we are apt to dream of performing, with great labour, ſome work, we know not preciſely what, in which we never make any progreſs. This imagination will occur in ſleep, even while one has no means of obſerving, when awake,

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any ſymptom that could lead one to ſuſpect one's health to be in danger; and, when it does occur, may it not give warning to make ſome change in the ordinary regimen, to eat or drink leſs than uſual, or have recourſe to ſome of thoſe other methods whereby acute diſtempers are prevented? In general, when one is haunted more than uſual with diſagreeable dreams, it may I think, be taken as a ſign that ſomething is wrong in the conſtitution; and therefore that temperance, faſting, or exerciſe, may be requiſite to avert the impending evil. And theſe are remedies which one may have recourſe to; and in regard to which one may venture to make a few experiments, in almoſt any circumſtances. Agreeable dreams I would take for the ſigns of health, and accordingly conſider them as good, and not evil.

If you approve of theſe remarks, you ſhall have more on the ſame ſubject, in a few days, from

Yours, &c.

INSOMNIOSUS.

No. 74. SATURDAY, *January* 22, 1780.

To the AUTHOR of the MIRROR.

SIR,

IN my laſt, I hinted that dreams may be uſeful, as phyſical admonitions. What if I ſhould go a ſtep further, and ſay, that they may be ſerviceable as means of our moral improvement? I will not affirm, however, as ſome have done, that by them we may make a more accurate diſcovery of our temper and ruling paſſions, than by obſerving what paſſes in our minds

minds when awake: For, in sleep, we are very incompetent judges of ourselves, and of every thing else; and one will dream of committing crimes with little remorse, which, if awake, one could not think of without horror. But, as many of our passions are inflamed or allayed by the temperature of the body, this, I think, may be said with truth, that, by attending to what passes in sleep, we may sometimes discern what passions are predominant, and consequently receive some useful cautions for the regulation of them. A man dreams, for example, that he is in a violent anger, and that he strikes a blow which knocks a person down, and kills him. He awakes in horror at the thought of what he has done, and of the punishment he thinks he has reason to apprehend; and while, after a moment's recollection, he rejoices to find that it is but a dream, he will also be inclinable to form resolutions against violent anger lest it should one time or other hurry him on to a real perpetration of a like nature. If we ever derive this advantage from a dream, we cannot pronounce it useless. And this, or a similar advantage, may sometimes be derived from dreaming. For why may we not in this way reap improvement from a fiction of our own fancy, as well as from a novel, or a fable of Æsop?

One of the finest moral tales I ever read, is an account of a dream in the TATLER, which, though it has every appearance of a real dream, comprehends a moral so sublime and so interesting, that I question whether any man who attends to it can ever forget it; and if he remembers, whether he can ever cease to be the better for it. ADDISON is the author of the paper; and I shall give the story in his own elegant words.

"I was once," says the TATLER, "in agonies of grief that are unutterable, and in so great a distraction

tion of mind, that I thought myself even out of the possibility of receiving comfort. The occasion was as follows: When I was a youth, in a part of the army which was then quartered at Dover, I fell in love with an agreeable young woman of a good family in those parts, and had the satisfaction of seeing my addresses kindly received, which occasioned the perplexity I am going to relate. We were, in a calm evening, diverting ourselves, on the top of a cliff, with the prospect of the sea; and trifling away the time with such little fondnesses as are most ridiculous to people in business, and most agreeable to those in love. In the midst of these our innocent endearments, she snatched a paper of verses out of my hand, and ran away with them. I was following her; when on a sudden the ground, though at a considerable distance from the verge of the precipice, sunk under her, and threw her down, from so prodigious an height, upon such a range of rocks, as would have dashed her into ten thousand pieces, had her body been made of adamant. It is much easier for my reader to imagine my state of mind upon such an occasion, than for me to express it. I said to myself, it is not in the power of heaven to relieve me—when I awaked, equally transported and astonished, to see myself drawn out of an affliction, which, the very moment before, appeared to be altogether inextricable."

What fable of Æsop, nay of Homer, or of Virgil, conveys so fine a moral! Yet most people have, if I mistake not, met with such deliverances by means of a dream. And such a deliverance will every good man meet with at last, when he is taken away from the evils of life, and awakes in the regions of everlasting light and peace; looking back upon the world, and all its troubles, with a surprise and a satisfaction, similar in kind, though incompar-

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ably higher in degree, to that which we now feel, when we escape from a terrifying dream, and open our eyes upon the sweet serenity of a summer morning. Let us not despise instruction, how mean soever the vehicle may be that brings it. Even if it be a dream, let us learn to profit by it. For, whether asleep or awake, we are equally the care of Providence; and neither a dream, nor a waking thought, can occur to us, without the permission of Him in whom we live, and move, and have our being.

Some men dream more, and others less; and some, perhaps, though these are few, none at all. This cannot be fully accounted for, from the different degrees of health which different men enjoy, nor from their different ways of life; though these, and the like peculiarities, may no doubt have some influence. Persons who think much, and take little bodily exercise, will, perhaps, be found to be the greatest dreamers; especially if their imagination be active, and their nervous system very sensible; which last is too common an infirmity among men of learning. The sleep of the labouring man is sweet and sound; and his dreams he rarely remembers: For the faculties of his mind are not much employed, his nerves are strong and the sphere of his imagination is narrow. As Nature does nothing in vain, is it not probable that, to the constitutions of some people, dreaming may be more necessary, as a mental recreation, than to those of others? To meditate continually on one set of objects is detrimental to health, and even no reason; and, when one is oppressed with low spirits, which often proceed from this very cause, the physician never fails to recommend amusements, company, travelling, sea-voyages, and other expedients, for leading the mind out of its old gloomy track, refreshing it with

new ideas, and forcing it to exert itself with unusual energy, and in a new direction.

Go, soft enthusiast, quit the cypress groves,
Nor to the rivulet's lonely moanings tune
Your sad complaint. Go, seek the cheerful haunts
Of men, and mingle with the bustling crowd.
Lay schemes for wealth, or power, or fame, the wish
Of nobler minds, and push them night and day,
Or join the caravan, in quest of scenes
New to the eye, and shifting every hour,
Beyond the Alps, beyond the Appenines.
Or, more adventurous, rush into the field
Where war grows hot, and raging through the sky
The lofty trumpet swells the maddening soul;
And in the hardy camp, and toilsome march,
Forget all softer and less manly cares.

ARMSTRONG.

Men, therefore, who think more than others, may have more need than others have, of that amusement and variety which is produced by dreaming. Certain it is, that dreams are often a relief to those who are in perplexity, or who have long been ruminating upon disagreeable objects, or upon any one set of ideas which they cannot easily get rid of. Nor is it necessary in order to effect this, that a dream should in itself be pleasing. Scenes of difficulty and even of danger, are, as we have seen, recommend to the patient oppressed with melancholy; and, if a dream shall only give a new impulse, even for a short time, to the minds of those persons of whom I now speak, it may do them an important service, however disagreeable in itself. Seldom, indeed, are they happy in their dreams, whose faculties are worn out with much thinking.

Dreams depend, in part, on the state of the air. That which has power over the passions, may reasonably

ſonably be preſumed to have power over the thoughts of men. For the thoughts that occur to a mind actuated by any paſſion, are always congenial to that paſſion, and tend to encourage it. Now, moſt people know by experience, how effectual, in producing joy and hope, are pure ſkies and ſunſhine, and that a long continuance of dark weather brings on ſolicitude and melancholy. This is particularly the caſe with thoſe perſons whoſe nervous ſyſtem has been weakened by a ſedentary life and much thinking; and they, as I hinted formerly, are moſt ſubject to troubleſome dreams. If the external air can affect the motions of ſo heavy a ſubſtance as mercury, in the tube of the barometer, we need not wonder that it ſhould affect thoſe finer liquids that circulate through the human body. And if our paſſions and thoughts, when we are awake, may be variouſly modified by the conſiſtency, defect, or redundance of theſe liquids, and by the ſtate of the tubes through which they circulate, need we wonder that the ſame thing ſhould happen in ſleep, when our ideas, diſengaged from the controul of reaſon, may be ſuppoſed to be more obſequious to material impulſe? When the air is loaded with groſs vapour dreams are generally diſagreeable to perſons of a delicate conſtitution.

If, then, our thoughts in ſleep may receive form and colour from ſo many circumſtances; from the general ſtate of our health, from the preſent ſtate of the ſtomach and fluids, from the temperature of the air, from the poſition of external objects in contact with our body, and from the tenor of our thoughts through the day;* ſhall we be ſurpriſed at the variety of our dreams? and when any uncommon or diſagreeable dream occurs, is it not more rational to refer it to one or other of theſe cauſes, than to terri-

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* *See Number 73.*

fy ourſelves with a fooliſh conceit, that it is ſupernatural, and betokens calamity? How often, during the day, do thoughts ariſe, which we cannot account for, as uncommon, perhaps, and incongruous, as thoſe which compoſe our dreams? Once, after riding thirty miles in a very high wind, I remember to have paſſed a night of dreams that were, beyond deſcription, terrible; inſomuch, that I at laſt found it expedient to keep myſelf awake, that I might no more be tormented with them. Had I been ſuperſtitious, I ſhould have thought that ſome diſaſter was impending. But it occurred to me that the tempeſtuous weather I had encountered the preceding day might be the occaſion of all thoſe horrors; and I have ſince, in ſome medical author, met with a remark to juſtify the conjecture. A very ſlight cauſe may check that inſenſible perſpiration which is ſo neceſſary to health; and when this happens, we cannot expect that our dreams ſhould be ſo eaſy as at other times. Let no one, then, be alarmed at an uncommon dream. It is probably nothing more than a ſymptom of a trifling bodily diſorder: and, if ſo, it has nothing more to do with futurity, nor is one whit more ſupernatural, than a cut-finger, or a pang of the tooth-ach.

Concerning the opinion, which ſome have entertained of our dreams being ſuggeſted by inviſible beings, I ſhall only ſay, that I think it very improbable. For firſt, I ſee no reaſon for believing that the Deity would employ "millions of ſpiritual creatures" in ſuch an office as that of ſuggeſting our ordinary dreams. Secondly, I cannot conceive how thoſe creatures ſhould be affected, in ſuch an operation, by the external air, or by the ſtate of our health, which are known to have great influence on our thoughts, both in ſleep and when we are awake. And, thirdly, from what we know of the rapidity of

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our fancy when awake, we need not suppose any foreign impulse necessary to produce the various appearances of dreaming; as the soul seems to possess in herself powers sufficient for that purpose. Madness, melancholy, and many other diseases, give an extravagance to the thoughts of waking men, equal, or even superior, to what happens in sleep. If the agency of unseen beings is not supposed to produce the first, why should we have recourse to it in order to account for the last? But it is urged, that in sleep, the soul is passive, and is haunted by visions, which she would gladly get rid of if she could. And, it may be urged in answer, for it is no less true, that persons afflicted with anxiety and melancholy, too often find, to their sad, experience, that their soul is almost equally passive when they are awake; for that they are, even then, haunted with the most tormenting thoughts, from which all their powers of reason, all the exertions of their will, and all the exhortations of their friends, cannot effectually relieve them.

To conclude: Providence certainly superintends the affairs of men; and often, we know not how often, interposes for our preservation. It would, therefore, be presumptuous to affirm, that supernatural cautions, in regard to futurity, are never communicated in dreams. The design of these remarks, is not to contradict any authentic experience, or historical fact, but only to show that dreams may proceed from a variety of causes that have nothing supernatural in them; and that, though we are not much acquainted with the nature of this wonderful mode of perception, we know enough of it to see that it is not useless or superfluous, but may, on the contrary, answer some purposes of great importance to our welfare both in soul and body.

I am yours, &c.

INSOMNIOSUS.

No. 75. TUESDAY, *January* 25, 1780.

To the AUTHOR of the MIRROR.

SIR,

I REMARK, that you meddle not with the high matters of politicks. For this, you muſt anſwer to yourſelf, being that you are able to write printed papers. I am a member of eighty-five ſocieties, all zealous for the liberty of the preſs, in conſiſtency with, and in conformity to, our eſtabliſhment; and ſo I think that you are at liberty to write of thoſe things only whereof you have underſtanding; and if ſo be, that, by reaſon of your ſilence, you abuſe, or, as one may ſay, vilipend the liberty of the preſs, judge you yourſelf; as for me, I ſay nothing.

But, although you give us no news yourſelf, perhaps you have ſomething to ſay with the gentlemen who make the news; and if ſo, I hope that you will recommend it to them ſo to write, as that they may be underſtood of men who are not book-learned.

They, being book-learned gentlemen, write in divers tongues, whereby we poor ſimple men are at a loſs, and Europe may be overthrown by compacts and aſſociations, or ever we can underſtand the danger.

Not many days ago, I read in the news, that ſome good men put up an advertiſement on a ſtatue, with with this ſuperſcription, *pro patria mori*, and that the ſuperſcription rejoiced all honeſt hearts. I enquired of our *deacon*, who received the rudiments of his education at the grammar-ſchool of *Leſmahagoe*, what was the meaning of the words? and he made

made answer, that the words were Latin, and that he thought they would be found in the Latin Dictionary; the which having got, I, on searching, discovered that *pro* signified *for the sake of*, and that *patria* signified *a man's native country*, and that *mori* signified *foolish and silly persons*.

Wherefore, by joining together the words, I conjectured, moreover, that the interpretation of *pro patria mori* was *foolish or silly persons, for the sake of their native country*; or that *they who act for their native country, are foolish and silly persons*.

Now, Sir, if so be that this is so, I moreover conjecture, that the honest men who put up the advertisement, and they who rejoiced thereat, were deceived through ignorance of the Latin tongue, and that to them there was no cause of rejoicing.

Of that tongue I think no good: it is reported among us that the mass is written in it, the which I renounce, and also abominate, &c. I am, Sir, your Honour's, to serve you at command,

TIMOTHY SHUTTLEWORTH.

P. S. Weaving performed in all its branches at reasonable rates; also, cloth taken in for the Dalquharn bleachfield.

My worthy correspondent Mr. Shuttleworth, in the after-part of his letter, intrusts me with his sentiments concerning some very momentous subjects; but I should not deserve the honour of his friendship, were I to impart to the Public what has been communicated to me in confidence.

Not knowing his direction, and not having been favoured with a cypher from him, I can only say, that "*n. p.* had no more influence in the matter of

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the *c. p.* and the *p. b.* than th— m—n of th— m—n; and of this Mr. Shuttleworth may rest assured."

With respect to the Latin words, which have been the innocent cause of so much uneasiness to him, they are taken from a Roman poet, but no Roman Catholic: in metre accommodated to the course of my friend's studies, they signify,

That for our father's land to die, it is a comely thing.

As, indeed, *I meddle not with the high matters of politics*, I shall only add, that it is to be hoped there are very few who consult *Shuttleworth*'s dictionary.

Since I have been desired to advise the *Authors* of newspapers to write intelligibly, I must say something on that subject, lest my silence should be construed into an acknowledgment of my little credit with those gentlemen.

Of their skill in the learned languages, I pretend not to give any opinion. Thus much, however, I may be allowed to say without offence, that they are the historians of the vulgar; that, in our country, the persons who pass under the name of the vulgar, are not unconcerned spectators of national events; and, "that what relates to all, ought to be understood of all."

A man may write in the native language of his readers, and yet be unintelligible. For example, when contrary propositions are positively asserted, when paragraphs encounter with paragraphs, and "jostle in the dark," what must be the state of him who sits down to spell the newspapers with the determined resolution of believing whatever he sees in print?

There is a pleasure in giving good advice, and therefore I must take this opportunity of going a little beyond my friend's commission.

A witty

A witty ſtateſman of the days of our fathers obſerved, "that *John Bull* was always in the garret, or in the cellar." John's *own* ſiſter *Margaret*, altho' not quite ſo delicate in her ſenſations, has much of the family diſpoſition. If the wind ſets in to the eaſt, then we are betrayed and abandoned, and loſt people; but on the wind coming round to the weſt, what nation ſo glorious and well-governed as ours? Our perfidious enemies ſhall know what it is to rouſe the *Lion*, to annoy the *Thiſtle*, or to put the *Harp* out of tune.

Such being the diſpoſition of readers apt to be depreſſed or elevated on every occaſion, or on no occaſion, the writers of newſpapers ought to be cautious as well in ſlackening as in overbracing the nerves of their cuſtomers; and the only method I can recommend for attaining this happy *medium*, is, "that they report nothing but what they believe to be true;" or, if *that* be to require too much of fleſh and blood, "that they report nothing which they believe to be fictitious."

"The Britannia, captain George Manly commander, is totally loſt on the coaſt of Barbary; every ſoul on board periſhed."

On board the Britannia there was the only ſon of a widow, whoſe ſingle fund of ſubſiſtence depended on that pittance of his wages which her dutiful child allotted to her. In the ſame ſhip there was a ſober and induſtrious young man, who had quitted his wife a few months after marriage, that he might provide for a young creature whom he hoped to ſee in its mother's arms at his return.

"It is confidently reported, that ſix or ſeven men of the crew of the Britannia got ſafely to ſhore, and that they were made ſlaves, unleſs, as is to be feared, they were murdered by the natives." *Here* there is a gleam of miſerable and dubious hope darting on the

the minds of thoſe who had relations on board the Britannia.

"The Britannia is ſafely arrived at Port Mahon; *ſo that* the report of her having been loſt is without foundation." The inference is moſt logical!

In the very next paragraph it is ſaid, "We have the pleaſure of informing the Public, that a capital figure-dancer will ſoon make his appearance on the ſtage."

Are not ſuch things to be found in the newſpapers of every week; and is it not a cruel ſporting with the ſenſibilities of human nature, thus to wring the ſouls of parents and wives, of the aged and the helpleſs, and *that* merely to fill up the columns of a newſpaper?

It is of high national importance that the very earlieſt notice ſhould be given of the near appearance of a figure-dancer; but, ſurely, there was no neceſſity of ſaying any thing of the Britannia, in whoſe fate the fate of ſo many little families were involved, until it ſhould have been certainly known whether ſhe was wrecked, or had ſafely arrived in port.

Of late years there has a practice crept in, of making the newſpapers not only the vehicle of *public* intelligence, but alſo of the misfortunes, real or imaginary, of private families. For example, "We hear that Mrs. Gadabout was lately detected in an illicit commerce with her huſband's poſtillion, and that a proceſs of divorce will be brought, &c."

Invention immediately buſies itſelf in accounting for this incident. After the firſt ceremonies of ſurpriſe and deep regret, the education of the lady is ſcrutinized; it was too ſtrict, or it was too looſe: the character of the huſband is laid before the inqueſt of goſſips: he was moroſe and ſullen, or he ſet an example of extravagance and libertiniſm,

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which *poor* Mrs. Gadabout inconsiderately followed. Then some one, more expert in tracing effects to their cause, recollects having heard, that something of a like nature befel the family many years ago; and that the grand-aunt of Mrs. Gadabout's father, if common fame lie not, stept aside with the Duke of Buckingham, when he attended Charles II. into Scotland.

In this state of uncertainty things remain for a week or two, when fresh intelligence is communicated to the Public. "The report of Mrs. Gadabout's affair is premature. The former article was copied from another paper. We hope that all concerned will accept of this apology." Doubtless a most satisfying apology to all concerned!

The writers of newspapers are the historians of the day, but I see no cause why they should be the historians of the lie of the day.

No. 76. SATURDAY, *January* 29, 1780.

REFINEMENT and delicacy of mind are not more observable in our serious occupations, than in the style of our amusements. Of those who possess them, the most vacant hours will generally be informed by taste, or enlivened by imagination; but with men destitute of that sentiment which they inspire, pleasure will commonly degenerate into grossness, sociality into intemperance, and mirth into riot.

Mr. *Melfort* is one of my friend Mr. *Umphraville*'s early acquaintance, who continues to reside in this city, and of whom he still retains some resemblance.

That

That gentleman in his youth, had applied to the ſtudy of the law, and was admitted to the bar; but having ſoon after ſucceeded to a tolerable fortune, he derives no other benefit from his profeſſion than an apology for reſiding part of the year in town, and ſuch a general acquaintance there, as enables him to ſpend his time in that ſociety which is ſuited to his diſpoſition. He is often, indeed, to be ſeen in court; but he comes there only as he does to the coffee-houſe, to enquire after the news of the day, or to form a party for ſome of thoſe dinners which he uſually gives.

In my friend's laſt viſit to town, he met with this gentleman, and came under an engagement to dine with him. I was aſked to be of the party, and attended him accordingly.

The company was a large one. Beſides Mrs. *Melfort* and her two daughters, there were three other young ladies who appeared to be intimate in the family. The male part of the company was ſtill more numerous. It conſiſted, beſide our landlord, Mr. *Umphraville*, and myſelf, of two lawyers, a phyſician, a jolly-looking man in the uniform of a ſea-officer, and a gentleman advanced in life, who had ſomewhat of the air and manner of a foreigner, and, I afterwards learned, had left this country at an early age, and lived chiefly abroad ever ſince.

Mr. *Umphraville*, who was ſeated next Mrs. *Melfort*, ſeemed not leſs pleaſed with the converſation than with the manners of that lady, who is indeed perfectly well-bred and accompliſhed; and the ſtranger, whoſe name was *Melville*, appeared equally to reliſh the ſpirit which diſtinguiſhed the diſcourſe of Mr. *Umphraville*. I had early obſerved him to mark my old friend, as a member of the company not the leaſt worthy of his attention.

They

The dinner was succeeded by a round of toasts, during which the ladies received scarce any other mark of attention from the company, Mr. *Umphraville*, Mr. *Melville*, and myself, excepted, than that of Mr. *Melfort*'s calling for their toasts, which he always distinguished, by desiring us to fill a bumper.

Immediately after this ceremony was ended, they withdrew; a circumstance which seemed nowise disagreeable to the company they left, the greatest part of whom had hitherto sat mute, and plainly felt the presence of the ladies a restraint on the freedom and jollity of conversation.

They had no sooner retired, than Mr. *Melfort*, raising himself in his chair, announced a bumper to the ladies who had left us; an order which was readily complied with, and seemed to spread an air of satisfaction around the table. The sea-captain said, he was glad the frigates had sheered off; "and now," added he, "if you please, Mr. *Melfort*, as the signal is given, we may clear the decks and form the line of battle."

The Captain's joke was applauded with a loud laugh; during which honest *Umphraville*, whose face is no hypocrite, cast to my side of the table, a look of displeasure and contempt, which I was at no loss to interpret. Meantime the servants removed one half of the table, that we might sit sociably, as Mr. *Melfort* termed it, round the other, which was immediately furnished with a set of fresh glasses, and cleared of every incumbrance that might retard the circulation of the bottle.

Our friends, who had been so silent during the presence of the ladies, now began to take their revenge, and enlarge their share of the conversation in proportion to the number of bumpers they swallowed: They vied with each other in the number of their stories and their jokes; all of which seemed

to be equally reliſhed; and not the leſs ſo, that they now became ſomewhat looſe and licentious.

Mr. *Melville* had at firſt endeavoured, though in a very eaſy and polite manner, to give ſomewhat of a more refined turn to the converſation; but his endeavours, though ſupported by a good deal of wit and vivacity, could not long withſtand the general diſpoſition of the company. He now found himſelf as little able to reliſh their merriment as Mr. *Umphraville*, next whom he was ſeated; and they had begun to enter into converſation of a very different kind, when *Umphraville* received a ſlap on the ſhoulder from one of the company, who at the ſame time reminded him that he was *hunted*.

My friend was at firſt ſtartled with a familiarity to which he was little accuſtomed; having recovered his compoſure, however, he thanked the gentleman, though with an air rather formal and reſerved, for his attention, and drank off his bumper. But having, it ſeems, left a little more than was proper in the bottom of his glaſs, he was ſaluted with a call of "*No heeltops!*" from another corner of the table. This enigmatical advice being explained to him, he complied with it alſo, ſaying, however, with his natural firmneſs of tone and manner, "That it was his rule to fill and drink his glaſs when and how he pleaſed; and that, as he had already gone greater lengths than uſual, Mr. *Melfort* muſt excuſe him if he did not now depart from it."

I ſaw that Mr. *Umphraville* was now heartily tired of the company, and was not ſorry when, a little after this incident, both he and Mr. *Melville* withdrew. Having remained long enough to witneſs ſome jocular remarks to which this gave occaſion, I followed them to the drawing-room, where I found they were much more agreeably employed in drinking coffee with Mrs. *Melfort*, while one of her daughters

daughters obliged my old friend by playing some Scots airs upon the harpsichord, which the other accompanied with a voice equally sweet and expressive.

The conversation which succeeded was supported in an easy agreeable manner, by Mr. *Melville* and the ladies, with that mixture of serious remark which made it not unpleasing to Mr. *Umphraville*; nor did he suffer in their opinion by the part he occasionally took in it. The silent approbation of his countenance, during the performance of the young ladies, and the observations which it gave him an opportunity of making on the character of our native music, had already made the old gentleman a favourite; nor were the rest of the company displeased with the turn of his sentiments, when he complained, that the drawing-rooms, where, in his younger days, the ladies and gentlemen were accustomed to the company of each other, were now almost totally deserted; and that, as far as he could observe amidst the boasted refinement of modern manners, the gentlemen paid less attention to the ladies, both in public places and in private society, than they had done fifty years ago.

After some time passed in this manner, the noise of laughter and of vociferation on the stairs announced the approach of Mr. *Melfort* and his company. The physician, and one of the lawyers, were indeed the only members of it who had chosen to attend him to the drawing-room; both of whom were prodigiously flustered; and yet, to my astonishment, they contrived to put a decent face upon it, and fell into fewer improprieties than could have been expected. A drawing-room, however, was not their element; and, after swallowing a little coffee, they withdrew, leaving honest *Melfort* fast asleep in a corner of the settee.

Mr.

Mr. *Umphraville* and I took our leave. We were scarce out of the house when he exclaimed,

"*O rus! quando ego te aspiciam?*"

And, after a little pause, "Good God!" said he, "*Charles*, can such scenes be common at poor *Melfort*'s? To what a degree must he have lost all respect for himself, and all taste for true happiness, who, for such society as we have this day witnessed, can forego the agreeable conversation of his own family, or who can allow the elegance of their amusements to be disturbed by the intrusion of his loose and riotous companions?"

I represented to my friend that he saw the matter in too strong a light. I observed that the excess on this occasion had probably been greater than usual; Mr. *Melfort* was nowise singular in the manner of entertaining his friends; that, in this country, the general opinion justified the observation of the poet, "*Fecundi calices quem non fecere disertum*;" that wine was supposed necessary to remove the natural reserve of our manner, and give a proper degree of ease and spirit to our conversation. As to the appearance of *Melfort* and his friends in the drawing room, I observed, that a little habit made the occasional intrusion of a drunken company be considered as a sort of interlude, which ladies could bear without uneasiness; and, at any rate, as it was an equal chance that their future husbands would give such dinners, and receive such guests, as their father did, it might not be improper to accustom them, in their earlier days, to a species of conversation and behaviour which they must afterwards be obliged to endure.

"Ay," says he, "*Charles*, this is your way; the follies of mankind are familiar to you, and you are always ready to find an apology for them; but I,

who,

who, for many years, have only heard of them cannot be ſuppoſed to bear their defects with as much patience. I am ſick of this town of yours; and, though I could have as much pleaſure as any man in witneſſing ſuch elegant manners, and partaking in ſuch agreeable converſation, as we ſaw and enjoyed during a part of this evening; if I muſt purchaſe it by ſharing in the intemperance, the noiſe, and the folly which ſucceeded it, ſhould you wonder if I long to return to my books and my ſolitude?"

No. 77. TUESDAY, *February* 1, 1780.

All impediments in fancy's courſe,
Are motives of more fancy.

SHAKESPEARE.

AMIDST the variety of objects around us, philoſophers have frequently been employed in pointing out and diſtinguiſhing thoſe which are the ſources of pleaſure, and thoſe which are productive of pain; they have endeavoured alſo to inveſtigate the cauſes and the qualities in the different objects by which their effects are produced. I ſuſpect that, in many caſes, we muſt be obliged to have recourſe to the original conſtitution of our frame, and that the moſt penetrating philoſophical inquiries can often go no farther than to ſay, *Thus Nature has made us.*

But whatever may be the original ſources of our pleaſure and pain, it is certain that there are various circumſtances which may be pointed out, as adding to, or diminiſhing, both the one and the other; cir-

cumſtances by which the warmth of expectation may be heightened or allayed, and the pangs of diſappointment increaſed or mitigated.

It is a common obſervation, the juſtice of which, I believe, will not be diſputed, that every paſſion increaſes according to the difficulty there is in its gratification. When once a deſire for a certain object is raiſed, every oppoſition which occurs to the attainment of it, provided it be not ſuch as cuts off all hopes of ſucceeding, and every perplexity and embarraſſment thrown in the way, when the mind is engaged in the purſuit, enflames the deſire; the object becomes heightened and exaggerated in our ideas, the mind grows more attached to it, and the expectation of enjoyment from the poſſeſſion is increaſed.

To account for this appearance in our nature, it may be obſerved, that nothing is ſo apt to make an object figure in the imagination, as to have our attention long and earneſtly fixed upon it. This makes it appear in ſtronger and more lively colours. If it be an object of deſire, it appears more and more calculated to give pleaſure; if an object of averſion, it appears more and more calculated to produce pain. Every time we view it there is an addition made to the impreſſion we have received. The ſenſations it has already given us ſtill continue, and the paſſion it has created receives additional force. If the object be pleaſant, the mind dwells upon its good, if diſagreeable, upon its bad qualities: it broods over them, it amplifies, it exaggerates them.

Now, no circumſtance is ſo much calculated to fix the attention upon any particular object, as thoſe difficulties which ariſe in our purſuit of it. The mind, unwilling to be overcome, cannot think of ſubmitting to a defeat, or of giving up thoſe expectations of enjoyment which it has formed. Every

ery little opposition, therefore, that is met with, every obstruction thrown in the way, calls forth a fresh consideration of the object. We take a view of it in its every form, to try if we can get the better of those difficulties, and remove those obstructions. The object itself, meanwhile, gains complete possession of the soul. It swells and heightens in our imagination, and is no longer seen as it is by other men, nor as it would be by the same person, were other objects allowed to have place in his mind, or to divide his attention.

From this circumstance in our nature, that fixing our attention upon any one object, or set of objects, is apt to increase or heighten them in our imagination, a variety of remarks might be made, tending to illustrate the history of the human heart. It is owing to this circumstance, that a general lover seldom forms an attachment to any particular object. It is from the same cause, that the gentleman, who follows no particular profession, seldom exaggerates the advantages of any one. It is the merchant, who limits his views solely to commerce, that sees in too strong a light the advantages of trade; it is the man of learning, who is shut up within the walls of a college, that exaggerates the advantages of literature; it is the scholar, who confines himself to one branch of science, that is the complete pedant. The moral philosopher, wonders how any man can be occupied by the dry, unpleasant study of the mathematics, while the curious fabric of the human mind remains unexplored. The mathematician is equally surprized that any man should compare the certainty of mathematical evidence to the vague inquiries of the moral philosopher. The geometrician, who, by the intreaty of his friends, was prevailed with to read the *Cid* of *Corneille*, wondered that any body should admire a thing in which nothing was proved. And

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the learned *Budæus*, when he was writing his treatise concerning the Roman *as*, being interrupted by his maid-servant, who told him the house was on fire, bade her go tell his wife, for that he did not mind family-matters. "What a pity is it," says a learned foreign Professor, in writing to his Correspondent in this country, "what a pity is it, that the illustrious Dr. *Franklin*, the discoverer of electricity, and the author of so many inventions in the sciences, should descend from the sublime heights of philosophy, to employ his time and study in directing the trifling and unimportant contentions of nations!"

It would far exceed the bounds of this paper to exhaust this subject, or to take notice of the different remarks which may be drawn from it, either with regard to human sentiments and conduct, or in relation to the fine arts.* I shall therefore confine myself to one other observation, on a point which has been treated of by Mr. *Addison*, In the 40th Number of *The Spectator*, where he justifies, against the ruling opinion at that time, the practice of those writers of tragedy, who disregard what are called the rules of *poetical justice*. To his defence of that practice, I think we may add one argument, which seems to have escaped him, drawn from the effect of the opposition above mentioned, to heighten our passion for a particular object.

There is implanted in the mind of every man a desire that virtue should be followed by reward, and vice by punishment. But this desire, like every other, gathers new strength by opposition, and rises upon resistance. When, therefore, a virtuous man, amidst all his virtue, is represented as unhappy, that anxiety which we feel for his happiness becomes so much the greater; the more undeserved calamities he

* See *Elements of Criticism*.

he meets with, the higher is that principle raiſed, by which we deſire that he ſhould attain an adequate reward; the more he is environed and perplexed with difficulties, the more earneſtly do we wiſh that he may be delivered from them all; and, even when he is cut off by premature death, we follow his memory with the greater admiration; and our reſpect and reverence for his conduct are increaſed ſo much the more, as all our prayers for his happineſs in this life are diſappointed.

On the other hand, with regard to the vicious, nothing excites ſo ſtrongly our indignation againſt vice, or our deſire that it ſhould be puniſhed, as our beholding the vicious ſucceſsful, and, in the midſt of his crimes, enjoying proſperity. Were we always to ſee the vicious man meeting with a proper puniſhment for his guilt, wretched and unhappy, our eagerneſs for his puniſhment would ſubſide, and our hatred againſt him would be converted into pity; his guilt would be forgotten, and his misfortunes only would affect us. Before the trial of an atrocious criminal, the unanimous voice of the Public is, that he ſhould be led out to puniſhment. Suppoſe him condemned, how altered is that voice! His fate is now univerſally pitied and deplored; and, did not the ſafety of thouſands depend on his ſuffering, hardly, in any caſe ſhould we ſee the laws of juſtice finally put in execution.

There can be no good reaſon, therefore, for obſerving the rules of what is called *poetical juſtice*. The effect which a departure from theſe rules produces, affords the higheſt poſſible teſtimony in favour of virtue. It ſhews that, where virtue meets with calamities and diſappointments, this, inſtead of leſſening it in our eſtimation, only attaches us ſo much the more warmly to its intereſts; and that, where vice is ſucceſsful, inſtead of creating a feeling

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in its favour, this only increaſes our indignation againſt it. Were virtue always fortunate, were vice always unproſperous, that principle would be enfeebled, by which we deſire the reward of the one, and the puniſhment of the other.

No. 78. SATURDAY, *February* 5, 1780.

To the AUTHOR of the MIRROR.

SIR,

THE praiſes of *friendſhip*, and deſcriptions of the happineſs ariſing from it, I remember to have met with in almoſt every book and poem ſince firſt I could read. I was never much addicted to reading: And, in this inſtance, I think, I have little reaſon to put confidence in authors. How it may be in their experience, I know not; but, in mine this ſame virtue of *friendſhip* has tended very little to my happineſs; on the contrary, Sir, when I tell you my ſituation, you will find that I am almoſt ruined by my friends.

From my earlieſt days I was reckonrd one of the beſt-natured fellows in the world; and, at ſchool, though I muſt confeſs I did not acquire ſo much learning as many of my companions; yet even there, I was remarkable for the acquiſition of *friends*. Even there, too, I acquired them at ſome expenſe; I was flogged, I dare ſay, an hundred times, for the faults of others, but was too generous ever to *peach*; my companions were generous fellows too; but

but it always happened, I don't know how, that my generosity was on the losing side of the adventure.

I had not been above three years at college, when the death of an uncle put me in possession of a very considerable estate. As I was not violently inclined towards literature, I soon took the opportunity, which this presented me, of leaving the university, and entering upon the world. I put myself under the tuition of one of my companions who generally spent the *vacations*, and indeeed some of the *terms* too, in *London*; and took up my residence in that city. There I needed not that propensity which I have told you, I always possessed, to acquire a multitude of *friends*; I found myself surrounded by them in every tavern and coffee-house about town. But I soon experienced, that though the commodity was plenty, the price was high. Besides a considerable mortgage on my estate, of which one of my best friends contrived to possess himself, I was obliged to expose my life in a couple of duels, and had very near lost it by disease, in that course of friendship which I underwent in the metropolis. All this was more a social sacrifice to others than a gratification to myself. Naturally rather of a sober disposition, I found more frequently disgust than pleasure amidst those scenes of dissipation in which I was engaged. I was often obliged to roar out a *catch* expressive of our happiness, at the head of a long table in a tavern, though I would almost have exchanged my place for the bench of a galley-slave; and to bellow for a *bumper*, when I would as soon have swallowed the bitterest drug in the shop of my apothecary.

From this sort of bondage I contrived to emancipate myself by matrimony. I married the sister of one of my friends, a girl good-natured and thoughtless like myself, with whom I soon after retired into the

the country, and set out upon what we thought a sober, well-regulated plan. The situation was so distant, as to be quite out of the reach of my former town-companions; provisions were cheap, and servants faithful: in short, every thing so circumstanced, that we made no doubt of living considerably within our income. Our manner of life, however, was to be as happy as prudent. By the improvement of my estate, I was to be equally amused and enriched; my skill in sportmanship) for I had acquired that science to great perfection at the university) was to procure vigour to my constitution, and dainties to my table; and against the long nights of winter, we were provided with an excellent *neighbourhood.*

The last-mentioned article is the only one which we have found come entirely up to our expectations. My talent for *friend-making* has indeed extended the limits of a *neighbourhood* a good deal farther than the word is commonly understood to reach. The parish, which is not a small one—the county, which is proportionally extensive, comes all within the denomination of neighbourhood with us; and my neighbour *Goostry*, who pays me an annual sporting visit of several weeks, lives at least fifty miles off.

Some of those *neighbours*, who always become *friends* at my house, have endeavoured to pay me for their entertainment with their advice as to the cultivation of my farm, or the management of my estate; but I have generally found their counsel, like other friendly exertions, put me out of pocket in the end. Their theories of agriculture failed in my practice of them; and the ingenious men they recommended to me for tenants, seldom paid their rent by their ingenuity. One gentleman, in particular, was so much penetrated by my kindness and hospitality, that he

he generously communicated to me a project he had formed, which he shewed me to be infallible, for acquiring a great fortune in a very short time, and offered me an equal share in the profits, upon my advancing the sum of five hundred pounds, to enable him to put his plan more speedily into execution. But, about a twelvemonth after, I was informed that his project had miscarried, and that my five hundred pounds were lost in the wreck of it. This gentleman is almost the only one of my *friends*, who, after having been once at my house, does not chuse to frequent it again.

My wife is not a whit less happy in acquiring *friends* than myself. Besides all her relations, of whom (for I chose a woman of family) she has a very great number, every lady she meets at visits, at church, or at the yearly races in our country-town, is so instantaneously charmed with her manners and conversation, that she finds it impossible to leave our part of the country without doing herself the pleasure of waiting on Mrs. *Hearty* at her own house. Mrs. *Hearty*'s friends are kind enough to give advice too, as well as mine. After such visits, I generally find some improvement in the furniture of my house, the dress of my wife, or the livery of my servants.

The attentions of our friends are sometimes carried farther than mere words or visits of compliment; yet, even then, unfortunately, their favours are just so many taxes upon us. When I receive a present of a delicate *salmon*, or a nice *haunch of venison*, it is but a signal for all my good neighbours to come and eat at my expense; and some time ago, when a nephew of my wife, settled abroad, sent me an hogshead of excellent claret, it cost me in entertainments for the honour of the liquor, what might have purchased a ton from the wine-merchant.

After so many instances in which my *friendships* were hurtful to my fortune, I wished to hit on the way of making some of them beneficial to it. For this purpose, my wife and I have, for a good while past, been employed in looking out for some snug office, or reversion, to which my interest with several powerful friends might recommend me. But somehow or other, our expectations have been always disappointed; not from any want of inclination in our friends to serve us, as we have been repeatedly assured, but from various unforeseen accidents, to which expectations of that sort are particularly liable. In the course of these solicitations, I was led to engage in the political interests of a gentleman, on whose influence I built the strongest hopes of success in my own schemes; and I flattered myself, that, from the friendly footing on which I stood with my neighbours, I might be of considerable service to him. This, indeed, he is extremely ready to acknowledge, though he has never yet found an opportunity of returning the favour; but, in the mean time, it kept my table open to all his *friends*, as well as my own, and cost me, besides, a head-ache twice a week during the whole period of the canvas.

In short, Mr. MIRROR, I can afford to keep myself in friends no longer. I mean to give them warning of this my resolution as speedily as possible. Be so good, therefore, as to inform such of them as read your paper, that I have shut my gates, locked my cellar, turned off my cook, disposed of my dogs, forgot my acquaintance, and am resolved henceforward, let people say of me what they will, to be *no one's friend but my own.*

I am, &c.

JOHN HEARTY.

No. 79. TUESDAY, *February* 8, 1780.

——*Tanto major famæ ſitis eſt quam virtutis.*
JUVENAL, Sat. 10.

To the AUTHOR of the MIRROR.

SIR,

THERE is, perhaps, no character in the world more frequent than that of your negatively good men; people who ſtrictly conform to the laws of decency and good order in ſociety, whoſe conduct is ſquared to the rules of honeſty and morality, and yet who never did one virtuous or laudable action from the day of their birth. Men of this ſort ſeem to conſider life as a journey through a barbarous country, occupied by ſavages, and overſpread with dangers in every quarter. Their only wiſh is to ſteer the ſafeſt courſe, to eſcape any hidden ſnares or precipices, and to avoid exaſperating the enemy; but to win them by offices of kindneſs, or attach them by real ſevices, they conſider as a fruitleſs waſte of time, a needleſs expenſe, and often a dangerous experiment.

Is it not a little ſurpriſing, that theſe *good ſort of men* ſhould, by the decency of their exterior deportment, ſo far impoſe upon the world, as to glide on with eaſe and ſafety, to arrive often at riches and eminence, and, from being free of the cenſure of every ſpecies of open vice, to obtain, not unfrequently, the reſpect which is due to virtue.

You, Mr. MIRROR, like ſome other rigid moraliſts, ſeem, from the general ſtrain of your writings, to require ſomething more towards the formation of a *good man* than the mere abſence of evil or the mere

mere *livery* of goodneſs. It muſt be allowed, however, that by a ſcrupulous obſervance of certain rules of decorum, and a timely uſe of the vocables of virtue, the exterior and viſible part of the character is to be attained, which, for moſt of the uſeful purpoſes of life, ſeems to be quite ſufficient. But as there are ſtill a few who go a little deeper, and are ſcrupulous enough to require a purity of heart as well as of manners, it is pity that thoſe ſincere good people ſhould loſe all recompence for the ſacrifice they make of many comfortable gratifications, while they ſee the rewards of virtue as certainly attained at a much ſmaller expenſe.

From my concern for the few I have mentioned, I have been conſidering, whether it were not poſſible to deviſe ſome means of unmaſking thoſe of the former character, ſome ſtandard by which the two claſſes might be compared, or ſtatical balance which ſhould ſhew the difference of weight and ſolidity of ſuch objects as have a ſimilar appearance. I think, Sir, I have been ſucceſsful, and ſhall now propoſe to you my plan.

Imprimis, I lay it down as a rule, that men ſhall not be judged of by the actions they perform, but by ſuch as they do not perform. Now, Sir, as thoſe uſeful chronicles of facts, called *newſpapers*, have hitherto been only the records of what men have been daily a-doing, I propoſe to publiſh a newſpaper of a different kind, which ſhall contain the daily intelligence of all ſuch things as are not done.

For the benefit of ſuch as chuſe to encourage my undertaking, I ſend you a ſpecimen of the work, which I can ſafely promiſe, and hereby engage, ſhall contain more in quantity than any other periodical regiſter whatever.

"Saturday

"Saturday last, being the festival of Christmas, a day which the late worthy Sir Thomas W——— used to commemorate by giving a warm dinner to all the poor of the parish, the same was celebrated by his son, the present Sir Thomas, with no solemnity whatever."

"Yesterday George B———, Esq. who, by the death of an uncle, succeeded lately to an estate of £.4000 *per annum*, gave no answer to five charity-letters from the natural children of his deceased relation, and their mother, who works hard for their maintenance."

"In the course of last week four poor people died in the streets—owing to the great *inclemency* of the season."

"On Friday the 24th ult. the Duke of ——— visited the Royal Infirmary of this city, and, after perusing the list of contributions to that humane and useful foundation, was pleased to give a——pinch of snuff to the gentleman that stood next him."

"It was confidently reported some days ago, that C—— W———, Esq. had paid his father's debts; but this, we are assured, is without foundation."

"In the action lately brought by E. L. a *pauper*, against her son-in-law Lord ——, for an alimony, several eminent counsel being applied to in behalf of the plaintiff, refused to take any concern in so shameful a prosecution."

"W. P. Esq. who lately sustained a considerable loss by play, has not, as was asserted, sold his hunters and pack of harriers. He has only dismissed his chaplain, and cut off the allowance of some superannuated domestics, on whom his father bestowed annual pensions."

"Whereas it has been reported, that R. V. Esq. who some time ago made a composition with his

creditors of five shillings in the pound, has of late given several entertainments of three courses, we are desired to inform the public, from the best authority, viz. his butler, that the said gentleman never gives more than two courses and a dessert."

"Last night, between the hours of nine and ten, a fire broke out in the kitchen of R. H. Esq. which, after burning with some violence, for two hours, was happily extinguished. It did no farther damage than the consuming of about 20lb. of coals. It is surprising how very few *such accidents* have happened of late years."

Such, Mr. MIRROR, is the nature of the paper which I propose shall daily give intelligence of whatever is omitted to be done in this city and its environs. Besides the recommendation of novelty, its general usefulness must be so apparent, that I can have very little doubt of its extensive circulation.

I am, SIR,
Your most obedient servant,
INTEGER.

I have been favoured, by an ingenious Correspondent, with the following observations on Pastoral Poetry.

NO species of poetry has given occasion to more observation and criticism than what is called *pastoral*; though I am still inclined to suspect that the nature of this composition has not, after all, been properly ascertained. The critics have prescribed a great number of rules upon that subject, but without attempting to point out any principle in nature upon

upon which they are founded; expecting, perhaps, that, like receipts, they should be implicitly followed upon the mere authority of the persons by whom they are delivered. Thus we are informed that an *eclogue*, or *pastoral*, is an imitation of the action of a shepherd, or of one considered under that character: and that those who have introduced *reapers*, or *fishermen*, into this sort of composition, have acted improperly. Although an eclogue, however, ought to represent the manners of a shepherd, we are told that those manners should be painted, not as they are found in nature, but according to an ideal standard of perfection in what is called the *golden age*, where mankind live a life of simplicity untainted by vice, and maintain a serenity and tranquillity of mind undisturbed by avarice or ambition. In short, the actions of a shepherd, exhibited in this sort of writing, ought to have little resemblance to such as exist at present among that class of people, or probably ever did exist in any period of the world.

Is there not something mighty whimsical and arbitrary in these critical tenets? May we not be permitted to ask why a species of poetry should be appropriated to one particular profession or occupation, in contradistinction to all others? What is there in the life of a shepherd to distinguish it from that of the other inhabitants of a country, and to mark the peculiar style and character of those verses which are employed in describing it?

A *pastoral* ought, in my opinion, to be distinguished from any other poem, not so much by the class of people whom it proposes to exhibit, as by the kind of sentiments which it is designed to express. Love and friendship give rise to sentiments which are apt to engross the whole imagination, and to have an extensive influence upon the disposition

sition and temper. The sensibility and delicacy produced in a mind where these affections are prevalent, is liable to be disgusted with the ordinary commerce of society, to feel an aversion to the cares and bustle of an active life, and a high relish for the ease and indolent enjoyments connected with rural retirement.

And Wisdom's self
Oft seeks the sweet retired solitude,
Where, with her best nurse Contemplation,
She plumes her feathers, and lets grow her wings,
That, in the bustling hurry of resort,
Were all too ruffled, and sometimes impair'd.

As these dispositions and sentiments have a peculiar tone and character, that poety in which they are expressed is, with propriety, considered as distinct from every other; being obviously different from that which is employed in describing great and heroic actions, or from that which is intended to call forth sympathy by scenes of distress, or from that which is calculated to excite laughter by exhibiting objects of folly and ridicule.

In a poem expressive of tender sentiments, it seems necessary that the scene should be laid at a distance from places of business and public resort, and should be filled with a description of rural objects and amusements. Shepherds, therefore, being the earliest inhabitants of the country, enjoying ease and happiness, were naturally pitched upon as the only persons who could, with probability, be represented in compositions of this nature. Hence it seems to have arisen, that the readers of such poems, and even critics, attending more to the sensible objects that were exhibited, than to the end which the poet had in his view, have considered that as primary which was merely an accidental circumstance; and have regarded the employment of tending flocks as

essential

eſſential in the perſons repreſented. It is in conſequence of this that the name of *paſtoral* is now commonly appropriated to that ſort of compoſition, which has been ſubſtituted in place of *Eclogues*, *Idyllia*, *Sylvæ*, and ſeveral others uſed by ancient authors. No reaſon, however, occurs for adhering to thoſe early ideas in the preſent ſtate of the world, where the ſituation of things is totally changed. Many people at preſent may, with probability, be ſuppoſed to live in the country, whoſe ſituation in life has no connection with that of ſhepherds, and yet whoſe character is equally ſuitable to the ſentiments which ought to prevail in that ſpecies of writing.

It may even be doubted, whether the repreſentation of ſentiments belonging to the *real* inhabitants of the country, who are ſtrangers to all refinement, or thoſe entertained by a perſon of an elegant and cultivated mind, who, from choice, retires into the country, with a view of enjoying thoſe pleaſures which it affords, is calculated to produce a more intereſting picture. If the former is recommended by its *naïveté* and ſimplicity, it may be expected that the latter ſhould have the preference in point of beauty and variety.

Two of the greateſt poets of antiquity have deſcribed the pleaſures of a country life in theſe two different aſpects. The former view is exhibited, with great propriety and elegance, in one of the moſt beautiful poems of *Horace*.

Quod ſi pudica mulier in partem juvans
Domum, atque dulces liberos;
(Sabina qualis, aut peruſta ſolibus
Pernicis uxor Appuli)
Sacrum vetuſtis exſtraut lignis focum
Laſſi ſub adventum viri:

Claudenſque

Claudenſque textis cratibus lætum pecus
Diſtenta ſiccet ubera ;
Et horna dulci vina promens dolio
Dapes inemptas apparet. Epod. 2.

But if a chaſte and virtuous wife
Aſſiſt him in the tender care,
Of ſun-burnt charms, but honeſt fame,
(Such as the Sabine or Apulian dame ;)
Fatigued when homeward he returns,
The ſacred fire with cheerful luſtre burns ;
Or if ſhe milk her ſwelling kine
Or in their folds his happy flock confine ;
While unbought dainties crown the feaſt,
And luſcious wines from this year's vintage preſt.
FRANCIS.

The more elevated *Virgil* has given a picture of the latter kind no leſs delightful, in that paſſage at the end of the ſecond book of the *Georgics*, beginning,

O fortunatos nimium ſua ſi bona nôrint
Agricolas.———

O happy if he knew his happy ſtate
The ſwain.———

The enlargement of the field of paſtoral poetry, which is here ſuggeſted, would ſurely be of advantage, conſidering how much the common topics of that ſpecies of writing are already exhauſted. We are become weary of the ordinary ſentiments of ſhepherds, which have been ſo often repeated, and which have uſually nothing but the variety of expreſſion to recommend them. The greater part of the productions which have appeared under the name of paſtorals are, accordingly, ſo inſipid, as to have excited little attention ; which is the more remarkable, becauſe the ſubjects which they treat of naturally intereſt the affections, and are eaſily painted

in

in such delusive colours as tend to sooth the imagination by romantic dreams of happiness.

M. *de Fontenelle* has attempted to write pastorals, upon the extensive plan above mentioned; but, tho' this author writes with very great elegance in prose, his poetical talents seem rather below mediocrity; so that it is not likely he will be regarded, by succeeding poets, as a model for imitation.

No. 80. SATURDAY, *February* 12, 1780.

——— *Ex fumo dare lucem*
Cogitat, ut speciosa, dehinc miracula promat.
HOR.

AUTHORS have been divided into two classes, the instructive and the entertaining; to which has been added a third, who mix, according to *Horace*, the "*utile dulci*," and are, in his opinion, intitled to the highest degree of applause.

Readers complain, that in none of these departments is there, in modern writing, much pretension to originality. In science, they say, so much has been already discovered, that all a modern writer has left, is, to explain and enforce the systems of our predecessors; and, in literature, our fathers have so exhausted the acuteness of reasoning, the flashes of wit, the luxuriance of description, and the invention of incident, that an author now-a-days can only give new form, not matter, to his argument; a new turn, not thought, to his epigram new attitudes, not object to his picture; new language, not situation, to his story.

However

However true this complaint may be in the main, there is one class of writers to whom the charge of triteness, does, I apprehend, very little apply. They are generally of the first species mentioned above, who publish useful information to mankind; yet in the last quarter of the 18th century, their information is often as new as if they had written in the infancy of art and of science, when every field was open to the researches of industry, and the invention of genius. The writers I allude to are the authors of those little essays which appear in the learned world under the title of ADVERTISEMENTS.

The necessary and ornamental arts of life are equally the objects of the class of authors whom I describe. In both, I will venture to assert, that the novelty of their productions is equal to their usefulness.

It was formerly imagined, that disease was an evil which mankind had inherited as a punishment for the lapse of their progenitor. *Milton* has given, in his Paradise Lost, a catalogue of some of those tormenting maladies which were to be felt by the race of fallen *Adam*. So has Dr. *Dominiceti* in an advertisement, which is now lying before me; but, with the most extraordinary force of original discovery, has informed us, that, in his treatment of those disorders, there is no evil, no pain, but, on the contrary, much pleasure, and even luxury. "*I engage*," says the doctor, "*with* pleasure *and even* luxury, *to the patient, to increase or diminish the vital heat, and the circulatory, secretory, and excretory functions; to soften and relax the too hard and dry muscular and nervous fibres, and contracted ligaments; and to harden and make compact, and give the proper tone and elasticity to the too moist and flabby muscular and nervous fibres and relaxed sinews,*

and

and provide and eſtabliſh an equilibrium between the fluids and veſſels ; to ſweeten acrid, corroſſive, and ſaline humours ; and to cure the dropſy, aſthma, conſumptions, colic, gravel, rheumatiſm, palſy, pleuriſy, and fevers, ſtone and gout, ſcurvy and leproſy ; to mollify and deſtroy inveterate calloſities, to deterge and cure obſtinate ulcers, &c.

Theſe are not the repreſentations of a Quack's bill ; I deteſt the arts of quackery as much as any man living. I deal not in the noſtrums or myſteries, or magic, or expedient to captivate :

"Non ſibi, ſed toto genitum ſecred ere mundo."

If he who invented one new pleaſure was formerly thought entitled to imperial munificence, what reward does the Doctor deſerve, who has added as many luxuries to the liſt, as there are diſeaſes in the catalogues of noſology ?

Scotland, tho' not remarkable in this department of literature, has the honour of producing an author, who in an advertiſement publiſhed not long ago, has added to the ſtores of *natural hiſtory* the following very curious facts, with regard to the properties of air and heat. Mr. *Fair*, maſon, oppoſite to the White Hart Inn, Graſs-market, Edinburgh, thus delivers himſelf on the ſubject of *pneumatics* : "*Air and ſmoke*," ſays he, "*are two elaſtic fluids, capable of being condenſed and expanded. Heat, or the fire in the grate, expands the air. Being expanded, it becomes lighter. And, as it is in nature for light matter to ſwim to the top of heavier, it riſes up the vent, carrying the ſmoke along with it. This is the principle by which fire burns, and ſmoke aſcends. Now, that the particles of air may be brought above the fire, that they may be heated to expand and carry off the ſmoke, ſhould be the chief care of a maſon in finiſhing of the fire-places. On the contrary it is the cauſe of ſmoke.*

The other cauſe of ſmoke is the wind. Wind is a current of the air always ruſhing into voids. At the ſame time it goes forward, by the law of gravity, it has a tendency to preſs downwards. Now, when it blows over any one object higher than the chimney-top, gravity brings it downward, preſſing the ſmoke before it."

It will be obſerved, that, like many other great theoriſts, Mr. *Fair* uſes a language in ſome places a little obſcure; and that in others, as where he mentions the tendency of wind to preſs downwards, his expreſſion borders on the jocular; a liberty in which ſome of the greateſt philoſophers have frequently indulged.

Theſe diſcoveries, however new and aſtoniſhing, are not ſupernatural. But I have juſt now read an advertiſement, which carries its information *beyond the bounds of ſpace and time*; and, though the modeſty of its author allows that ſhe has borrowed ſomething from the *Eaſtern Magi*, may fairly be deemed an original. "*Mrs. Corbyn, at* No. 41, *Stanhope-ſtreet, Clare-market, London, by the genuine rules of the real aſtronomical arcana, for which the wiſe men of the Eaſt were ſo noted, undertakes to anſwer all legal aſtrological queſtions, in a moſt ſurpriſing manner. Continues to give the moſt amazing accounts of perſons by ſea and land. Gives attendance at the warehouſe every day from ten in the morning to eight at night.*" The wiſe men of the Eaſt, and ſome other aſtrologers, might perhaps *retail* ſome predictions; but the idea of a *warehouſe* of prophecy was, I am perſuaded, reſerved for Mrs. *Corbyn*, of *Clare-market*.

In the *ornamental* department of ſcience, has there been any thing, ſince the days of *Medea*, that could ſo effectually give beauty to homelineſs, or reſtore youth to age, as the *Circaſſian Waſh*, or the *Venetian Flower-*

Flower-water? or has the cunning of art ever rivalled the productions of nature more successfully than in the *Elastic Cushion* and *Spring Curls*, "*which*," says the advertisement, "*are as natural and becoming, nay, by many thought more so, than the natural hair itself?*"

Nor is the merit of those gentlemen much inferior, where they apply arts already discovered, to purposes which their inventors never dreamed of. *Socrates* was said to have brought down philosophy from heaven to dwell with men. I think the same eulogium may be fairly bestowed on the very ingenious artist, who has informed us in an advertisement, "*That he makes* leather-breeches *by the rules of* trigonometry."

Having thus done justice to the merit of those authors in point of substance, I proceed to shew their excellence in the composition and style of their productions. Amidst a variety of instances, I shall make choice of one, merely because it strikes my view in the last night's Public Advertiser. It is the production of a very voluminous writer in this department, Mr. *Norton*, of *Golden-square*.

"*E. S. Gent. of Tenterden in Kent, was long afflicted with an inveterate scorbutic disorder. It first broke out in hot pimples and dry scales all over his face; then appeared in great blotches on various parts of his body, and œdematous swellings in his legs, which terminated in dreadful excoriations and fœtid ulcers. All this was attended with a total loss of appetite, and, at last, with such extreme langour and debility, that the poor gentleman was utterly despaired of by several of the most eminent of the faculty who attended him; till, at last, by the providential discovery in the newspapers of the efficacy of* Maredant's drops, *by taking a few bottles of them, all the above terrible symptoms began gradually to disappear, his*

his appetite returned, his complexion regained its priſtine bloom, his ſkin became as ſmooth as that of a new-born babe, and his fleſh recovered the ſoundneſs and elaſticity of the moſt vigorous habit. He has ever ſince been perfectly ſtout, hale, and active, and has had three children born to him, all thriving and healthy."

This may be conſidered as a ſort of tragi-comic recital, and, if examined by the rules of Ariſtotle, will be found to contain all the requiſites of the beſt dramatic compoſition. Here is a beginning, a middle, and an end. The beginning, the breaking out of Mr. S.'s diſorder: the middle, the progreſs of the diſeaſe; the end, its perfect cure. Here too, in ſome ſort, is the Αγνωρισις, and here evidently the Περιπετεια, the two great beauties of a perfect drama; the Αγνωρισις, the providential diſcovery of Maredant's drops; the Περιπετεια, the change of ſituation from pimples and ſcales to a blooming complexion, from blotches and ulcers to ſmoothneſs of ſkin and ſoundneſs of fleſh, from extreme debility and langour, to being the father of healthy children.

Nor is this claſs of writers leſs remarkable for adaptation of ſtyle than for correctneſs of compoſition. The advertiſement above recited of Dr. *Dominiceti*, and the daily performances of Meſſ. *Chriſtie* and *Anſell*, ſhew to what *elevation* they can raiſe it, when the ſubject requires elevation. On the other hand, where ſhall we find more truly characteriſtic ſimplicity than in the following notice from a gentleman-tailor? "*Wanted, by a ſingle gentleman-tailor, a ſervant-maid, to act as houſekeeper and cook, where a girl is kept to attend and wait upon the maſter. None need apply who will pretend to manage the kitchen fire without his directions, as he underſtands the management of coal-fires, which few ſervants*

ſervants in this town do. As he commonly dines out of a Sunday, he expects his ſervants to go to church, inſtead of cooking dainties to themſelves, ſuch as ſhoulders of veal ſtuff'd, &c.; *as, though he is a ſingle man, he is very well inſtructed by a neighbour how to manage his family.——Apply next door to the ſteps, Panton-Square.*"

Other writers, often equally poor and proud, may perhaps object to the claſs of authors whom I commemorate, that they write not from the love of ſcience, or the deſire of fame, but from motives merely intereſted and ſelfiſh. But a little acquaintance with many of their productions will effectually remove this reproach. Is it not benevolence alone that forces Mr. *Speediman*, in ſpite of his natural modeſty, to addreſs the Public in an advertiſement? "Mr. Speediman *would be unjuſt to the Public if he any longer delayed acquainting them of the virtues of his* ſtomach pills." Are there not daily advertiſements of ſales "*far below prime coſt*," which continue for ſeveral years, to the evident anvantage of the Public, and loſs of the advertiſer? and does not Mr. *Moleſworth* preſs adventurers in the lottery to purchaſe his tickets and ſhares, though he knows, by certain calculation, that they are to be drawn *prizes?*

To ſuch men, may not the above quoted motto of the illuſtrious Dr. *Dominiceti* be moſt deſervedly applied?

"Non ſibi, ſed toto genitum ſe credere mundo;"

which however, as malice is always ready to detract from merit, I heard a wicked wag of my acquaintance tranſlate t'other day to a company of ladies, That the Doctor's fumigations "were to make himſelf live, and to kill all the world beſide."

No. 81. TUESDAY, *February* 15, 1780.

To the AUTHOR of the MIRROR.

SIR,

SOME time ago you inſerted in your paper a letter from a lady who ſubſcribed herſelf *S. M.* giving an account of the hardſhips ſhe has ſuffered as the daughter of a man of fortune, educated in the midſt of affluence, and then left to the ſupport of a very ſlender proviſion. I own the ſituation to be a hard one; but it may, perhaps, afford her ſome conſolation to be told, that there are others, ſeemingly enviable, which are yet as diſtreſsful, that derive their diſtreſſes from circumſtances exactly the reverſe of thoſe in which Miſs *S. M.* is placed.

I loſt my father, a gentleman of conſiderable fortune, at an age ſo early, that his death has ſcarce left any traces on my mind. I can only recollect, that there was ſomething of buſtle, as well as of ſorrow, all over the houſe; that my coloured *ſaſh* was changed for a black one; and that I was not allowed to drink papa's health after dinner, which, before, I had been taught regularly to do. Soon after, I can remember my mamma being ſick, and that there was a little brother born who was much more attended to than I. As we grew up, I can remember his getting finer play-things, and being oftener the ſubject of diſcourſe among our viſitors; and that ſometimes, when there were little quarrels in the nurſery, *Billy*'s maid would tell mine, that Miſs muſt wait till her betters were ſerved.

A ſuperiority to which I was ſo early accuſtomed it gave me little uneaſineſs to bear. The vivacity natural to children, which in me was ſupported by uninterrupted

uninterrupted good health, left me no leiſure to complain of a preference, by which, though my brother was diſtinguiſhed, he was ſeldom or never made happier. The notice, indeed, to which his birthright entitled him, was often more a hardſhip than a privilege. He was frequently kept in the drawing-room with mamma, when he would have much rather been with me in the garden; he was made to repeat his leſſon to the company, that they might admire his parts and his progreſs, while I was ſuffered to be playing blindman's-buff below ſtairs; he was ſet at dinner with the old folks, helped to light things that would not hurt him, obliged to drink toaſt and water, and to behave himſelf like a gentleman, while I was allowed to devour apple-dumplin, gulp down ſmall-beer, and play monkey-tricks at the ſide table.

That care, however, which watched his health, was not repaid with ſucceſs; he was always more delicate, and more ſubject to little diſorders than I; and at laſt, after completing his ſeventh year, was ſeized with a fever, which, in a few days, put an end to his life, and transferred to me the inheritance of my anceſtors.

After the firſt tranſports of my mother's grief were ſubſided, ſhe began to apply herſelf to the care of her ſurviving child. I was now become inheriteſs of her anxiety, as well as of my father's fortune; a remarkable change was made in every department of my education, my company, and my amuſements. Inſtead of going along with a ſet of other girls of my own age to a claſs for learning *French*, and a public *writing-ſchool*, teachers were brought into the houſe to inſtruct me privately; and, though I ſtill went to a *dancing-ſchool* three days in the week to practiſe the leſſons which I received from an eminent maſter at home, yet I was always

attended

attended by my mother, my governeſs, or ſomebody, by whoſe ſide I was ſtuck up before and after the dance, to the great vexation of myſelf, and the ridicule of my former companions. Of companions, indeed, I was now altogether deprived. I was too conſiderable a perſon to aſſociate with thoſe in whoſe ſports and amuſements I had formerly been ſo happy to ſhare; if at any time I ventured to mention a wiſh for their ſociety, I was immediately checked by an obſervation of my mamma, that ſhe believed they were very good girls, but not fit company for me.

To prevent the ſolitude in which my ſuperiority would have thus placed me, a little girl, an orphan niece of my mother's maid, was taken into the houſe, whoſe office it was to attend me during all my hours of ſtudy or amuſement, to hold the pincuſhion while my maid was dreſſing me, to get leſſons along with me, and be chid if I neglected them; to play games at *Draughts*, which ſhe was never to win, and to lift the *Shuttlecock*, which I commonly let fall; in ſhort, ſhe was to ſerve me for the practice of all that inſolence which the precepts of others had taught me I had a right to aſſume. I feel, at this moment, Mr. MIRROR, the moſt ſincere compunction for the hardſhips which this poor girl ſuffered while ſhe was with me; hardſhips, from which, at laſt, ſhe freed herſelf, by running off with a recruiting ſerjeant; yet I was taught, at the time, to call her ſubſiſtence a bounty, and to account myſelf generous when I beſtowed any trifle beyond it.

While my mind was thus encouraged in perverſion, the culture of my body was little leſs prepoſterous. The freedom and exerciſe which formerly beſtowed health and vigour, I now exchanged for the conſtraints of faſhion, and the lazineſs of pride. Every ſhackle of dreſs which the daughters of any great

great man were underſtood to wear, I was immediately provided with, becauſe I could afford it as well as they. I was never allowed the uſe of my limbs, becauſe I could *afford* a coach; and when attacked by the ſlighteſt diſorder, immediate recourſe was had to the phyſician, becauſe I could *afford* a fee. The conſequeuce was natural; I loſt all my former ſpirits, as well as my former bloom; and, when I firſt put on the womanly garb, I was a fine lady complete, with cheeks as pale, and nerves as weak, as the fineſt.

I was now arrived at a period when attention and anxiety were to be pointed almoſt ſolely to one object, the diſpoſal of my perſon in marriage. With regard to this event, I was equally the ſlave of my mother's hopes and fears. I was dreſſed and redreſſed, ſqueezed and pinched, that I might catch a fine gentleman who had lately returned from his travels. I was often hurried ſeveral miles in the dark to a ball at our country-town, to diſplay myſelf to a Lord, who was to be of the party there; I was walked over hedge and ditch, in order to captivate a country 'ſquire of a very large eſtate in our neighbourhood; and I was once obliged to hazard my neck, that I might go out a-hunting with a Duke. On the other hand, I was in perfect durance when any improper man has been ſeen to look at me. I was forced to leave the pariſh-church, upon information received of a young gentleman having bribed the beadle with a ſhilling, to admit him into the next pew; my dancing-maſter was changed, becauſe his wife died while he was attending me; and my drawing-maſter, an old bachelor of threeſcore, was diſmiſſed becauſe he happened to put his hand on mine in ſhewing me how to manage my *Crayons*. The only poor man with whom I was allowed to aſſociate was the clergyman of our pariſh,

parish, a very old gentleman of the most irreproachable character. To this indulgence, however, I was more indebted than my mother was aware, or I had any reason to hope. Possessed of excellent sense and great learning, the good man was at pains to teach me the use of the first, and the value of the latter. By his assistance, my mind, which before had always been either uncultivated or misled, was informed with knowledge more useful than the extent of my fortune, or the privileges of my birth. He shewed me the folly of pride, and the meanness of insolence; he taught me the respect due to merit, the tenderness to poverty, the reverence to misfortune; from him I first learned the dignity of condescension, the pleasures of civility, the luxury of beneficence. He died, alas! before I could receive the full benefit of his instructions, before he was able to eradicate the effects of early perversion and habitual indulgence; and left me rather in a condition to feel the weakness of my mind, than to recover its strength.

My mother did not long survive him. I had been forced to see the errors of her judgment, though I could never doubt the warmth of her affection. I was unfortunate enough to lose her assistance, when her assistance would have been more useful, and her indulgence less prejudicial. In the management of my fortune, which has now devolved on me, I am perplexed with business which I do not understand, and harrassed by applications which I know not how to answer. I am sometimes puzzled with schemes for improving my estate, sometimes frightened with dangers that threaten to diminish it; I am vexed with the complaints of poor tenants, and plagued with the litigiousness of rich ones. I never open a letter from my steward in the country without uneasiness; and a visit from my agent in town is to me

me like that of a bailiff. Amidſt all theſe difficulties, I have no relation whom I can truſt, and no friend to whom I can lean; the intereſt which people have in deceiving me deprives me of confidence in advice, or pleaſure in approbation. In ſhort, it is my ſingular misfortune to poſſeſs wealth with all the embarraſſment of poverty, and power with all the dependance of meanneſs.

I am, &c. OLIVIA.

No. 82. SATURDAY, *February* 19, 1780.

THE paper of to-day was received from an unknown hand ſeveral weeks ago. The publication of it may, perhaps, appear rather unſeaſonable, after the laſt Gazette. There is ſtill, however, much truth in my Correſpondent's obſervations, who, I dare ſay, will not regret that Sir *George Rodney's* ſucceſs has ſomewhat leſſened their force.

For the MIRROR.

Romulus et Liber pater, et cum Caſtore Pollux,
Poſt ignentia facta, Deorum in templa recepti.
HOR. EP.

MEN, who either poſſeſs a natural ſourneſs of temper, or who have been unfortunate in the world from accident or imprudenee, or perhaps think they have been ſo, from over-rating their own deſerts, are apt to aſcribe to human nature a variety

of

of vices and imperfections. They consider these as the chief ingredients of the composition of mankind, and that their virtues and good qualities are only exceptions from the general rule, like accidental strokes of genius, or colouring in the works of a painter, whose performances, on the whole, are coarse and irregular.

Nothing can be more groundless and unjust than this accusation. I am convinced that, upon a thorough examination, though we might discover many vicious and profligate individuals, we should find, in general, that human nature is virtuous and well-disposed, and little merits the abuse that peevish or unfortunate men are inclined to bestow upon it.

One charge, much insisted upon against mankind, is public ingratitude. With what justice or truth this is urged, we may judge, by examining the behaviour of men from the earliest period to the present times; and, in doing so, I flatter myself we shall be able to discover that the reverse is true, and that a strong spirit of gratitude has appeared on all occasions where it was due, though in different ages and countries it has been expressed in a different manner.

In Egypt and ancient Greece, the tribute paid by the public voice to the benefactors of mankind, was to consider them as objects of divine worship, and for that purpose to inroll them among the gods. Such was *Ceres*, for the invention of corn; *Bacchus*, for the discovery of wine; and a variety of others, with whom every school-boy is acquainted. If a man of superior strength and valour happened to repel an invader, destroy a monster, or perform any notable deed of public service, he was revered while living, and, after his death, his memory was respected, and a species of inferior worship was paid to him, as a hero, or a demi-god.

In

In later times, in the Grecian ſtates, the general who fought a ſucceſsful battle, or deſtroyed an enemy's fleet, had ſtatues erected to him by the public voice, and at the expenſe of the public. The Romans did not think of honouring their active or fortunate commanders with ſtatues; but they had their triumphs and ovations beſtowed by the public, and ſupported by the voluntary applauſe and attendance of a grateful populace.

I ſhould be extremely ſorry if the moderns yielded in the article of public gratitude either to the Greeks or Romans. I ſhall not enter upon the practice or manners of other European nations; but I can venture to aſſert, with ſome degree of confidence, that the people of Great Britain poſſeſs a degree of public gratitude unexampled in any other age or country.

In making this aſſertion, I do not allude to public monuments, hereditary penſions, or thanks of parliament, which, though of a public, and ſeemingly of a general nature, may nevertheleſs proceed from a very limited cauſe. I allude to that univerſal effuſion of honeſt gratitude which the good people of England frequently beſtow on ſucceſsful commanders, by putting up their pictures as *ſigns* for their taverns and ale-houſes, and frequenting theſe more than any other, till the reputation of the original begins to be obſcured by the riſing glory of ſome new favourite.

I muſt, at the ſame time, obſerve, that great ſtateſmen have ſeldom experienced this mark of public applauſe. The late Mr. *Pitt* was, indeed, an exception from the remark; but he was, in fact, a miniſter of war only, and never meddled with finance. A firſt Lord of the Treaſury, let him be as wiſe as *Ximenes*, and as moderate as *Fleury*, cannot expect to be revered on the ſign-poſt of an ale-houſe;

every article of conſumpt there has felt the weight of his hand; and whether the company get drunk in wine or punch, or enjoy the cool collations of tea and coffee, ſtill the reckoning recals ideas that lead to execrations on the whole ſyſtem of finance and taxation, from the department of the firſt miniſter to the walk of the loweſt exciſeman; and, by an eaſy tranſition, the diſlike of the ſyſtem and the offices paſſes in ſome degree, to the perſons of thoſe who fill them.

But as the ſame cauſe of unmerited obloquy does not exiſt with reſpect to our admirals and generals, they have been often and much the objects of this ſpecies of public gratitude. It is needleſs to go far back. In the year 1739, Admiral *Vernon* took *Porto-Bello, with ſix ſhips only*. The public gratitude to him was boundleſs. He was ſung in ballads. At the enſuing general election in 1741, he was returned from three different corporations; but, above all, his portrait filled every ſign poſt; and he may be figuratively ſaid to have ſold the ale, beer, porter and purl of England for ſix years.

Towards the cloſe of that period, the Admiral's favour began to fade apace with the colours of his uniform; and the battle of Culloden was total annihilation to him. When the news of that victory reached England, a new object preſented itſelf to the public favour; and the honeſt Admiral, in every ſign poſt, made way for the more portly figure of the *glorious Duke of Cumberland*.

The Duke kept poſſeſſion of the ſign-poſts a long time. In the beginning of laſt war, our Admiral in the Mediterranean, and our Generals in North America, did nothing that could tend, in the leaſt degree, to move his Royal Highneſs from his place; but the doubtful battle of *Hamellan*, followed by the unfortunate convention of *Stade*, and the riſing glories

glories of the *King of Prussia*, obliterated the glorious Duke of Cumberland as effectually as his Royal Highness and the battle of Culloden had effaced the figure, the memory, and the renown of Admiral Vernon.

The Duke was so totally displaced by his Prussian Majesty, that I have some doubts whether he met with fair play. One circumstance, indeed was much against him; his figure being marked by a hat with the *Kevenhuller* cock, a military uniform, and a fierce look, a very slight touch of the painter converted him into the King of Prussia; but what crowned the success of his Prussian majesty, was the title bestowed upon him by the brothers of the brush, "*The glorious Protestant hero*;" words which added splendour to every sign-post, and which no British subject could read, without peculiar sensations of veneration and of thirst.

For two years *the glorious Protestant Hero* was unrivalled; but the French being beat at Minden upon the 1st of August, 1759, by the army under *Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick*, the King of Prussia began to give place a little to two popular favourites, who started at the same time, I mean *Prince Ferdinand*, and the *Marquis of Granby*. *Prince Ferdinand* was supported altogether by his good conduct at Minden, and his high reputation over Europe as a general; the *Marquis of Granby* behaved with spirit and personal courage every where; but his success in the sign-posts of England was much owing to a comparison generally made between him and another British general of higher rank, but who was supposed not to have behaved so well. Perhaps too, he was a good deal indebted to another circumstance, to wit, the *baldness* of his head.

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The next who figured in the sign-post way was the celebrated *John Wilkes*, Esq. This public honor conferred on him was also an effusion of gratitude; for he was supposed to have written the Earl of *Bute*, who was both a Scotchman and a favourite, out of power, and to have resisted and explained the illegality of general warrants. Besides he fought a bloodless duel with E. *Talbot*, and was shot in the cause of liberty by Mr. *Martin* of the treasury. All these were great weights in the scale of popularity; and, though Mr. *Wilkes* never attained the glory either of *Admiral Vernon* or the *Duke of Cumberland*, yet his visage has filled many a sign-post, and much ale and gin has been sold under his auspices.

These are the last whom the people of Great Britain have thought worthy of being so honoured; and though the thing itself may seem ludicrous, yet the tale has a moral, by no means flattering to the well-wishers of this country. We have been now for five years employed in attempting to reduce our rebellious colonies; we have been two years at war with France, and one with Spain; many troops have been raised, many millions have been expended; expeditions without number have been planned and supported, and the most powerful fleets have been fitted out that the coasts and dock-yards of England ever beheld; yet, during this long period, with so many opportunities, and so much force, we have not an admiral whose head would sell a single can of slip, nor a general whose full length would procure custom for an additional pot of porter.

That this expression of public gratitude may be sometimes misplaced, I will by no means deny; but still this tribute paid by the people is more likely, than any other circumstance, to be a sure proof of real merit. The Sovereign may be misinformed as

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to the deſervings of thoſe whom he is pleaſed to honour; and although, in the preſent reign, no ſubſtantial mark of unmerited favour has been conferred, yet every body remembers the late *General Blakeney* who gave up Minorca, made a lord for defending it, merely to ſupport a ſinking adminiſtration. What reliance can be had on the thanks of parliament as a proof of public merit, may be learned from the anſwer of a gallant ſea-officer, (not an admiral,) who, upon being told the Houſe of Commons meant to give him thanks for his intrepid and ſucceſsful conduct on the coaſt of France, ſwore, if they did, he would inſtantly reſign his commiſſion.

Perhaps at that time, ſome recent inſtance of party injuſtice and partiality had brought the thanks of parliament into diſrepute; but, be that as it may, I ſhall never think our affairs, either by ſea or land, in a proſperous condition, till I ſee the ſign-poſts of England filled with freſh figures of generals and admirals. When that happens, it will be a ſure proof that our affairs have taken a favourable turn, and that ſome of our commanders have, at laſt, acted in a manner ſuitable to the troops and treaſure with which, from the beginning of this war, they have all been ſo liberally ſupplied.

No. 83. TUESDAY, *February* 22, 1780.

IN a paper publiſhed at *Edinburgh*, it would be improper to enter into any compariſon of the writers of this country with thoſe on the other ſide of the *Tweed*; but, whatever be the comparative rank of *Scotiſh* and *Engliſh* authors, it muſt ſurely

be allowed, that, of late, there have been writers in this country, upon different subjects, who are poſſeſſed of very conſiderable merit. In one ſpecies of writing, however, in works and compoſitions of *humour*, there can be no ſort of doubt that the *Engliſh* ſtand perfectly unrivalled by their northern neighbours. The *Engliſh* excel in comedy; ſeveral of their romances are replete with the moſt humourous repreſentations of life and character, and many of their other works are full of excellent ridicule. But, in *Scotland*, we have hardly any book which aims at humour, and, of the very few which do, ſtill fewer have any degree of merit. Though we have tragedies written by *Scots* authors, we have no comedy, excepting *Ramſay's Gentle Shepherd*; and though we have tender novels, we have none of humour, excepting thoſe of *Smollet*, who, from his long reſidence in *England*, can hardly be ſaid to have acquired in this country his talent for writing; nor can we, for the ſame reaſon, lay a perfect claim to *Arbuthnot*, who is ſtill a more illuſtrious exception to my general remark. There muſt be ſomething in the national genius of the two people which makes this remarkable difference in their writings, though it may be difficult to diſcover from what cauſe it ariſes.

I am inclined to ſuſpect, that there is ſomething in the ſituation and preſent government of *Scotland*, which may, in part, account for this difference in the genius of the two countries. *Scotland*, before the union of the two kingdoms, was a ſeparate ſtate, with a parliament and conſtitution of its own. Now the ſeat of government is removed, and its conſtitution is involved in that of *England*. At the time the two nations came to be ſo intimately connected, its great men were leſs affluent than thoſe of *England*, its agriculture was little advanced, and its manufactures

ufactures were in their infancy. A *Scotſman* was, therefore, in this ſituation, obliged to exert every nerve, that he might be able to hold his place.

If preferment, or offices in public life, were his object, he was obliged to remove from home to a city, which, though now the metropolis of the united kingdoms, had formerly been to him a ſort of foreign capital. If wealth was the object of his purſuit, he could only acquire it at home by great induſtry and perſeverance; and if he found he could not eaſily ſucceed in his own country, he repaired to other countries, where he expected to be able to amaſs a fortune. Hence it has been remarked, that there are more natives of *Scotland* to be found abroad than of any other country.

People in this ſituation are not apt to indulge themſelves in humour; and few humourous characters will appear. It is only in countries where men wanton in the extravagancies of wealth, that ſome are led to indulge a particular vein of character, and that others are induced to delineate and expreſs it in writing. Beſides, where men are in a ſituation which makes it neceſſary for them to puſh their way in the world, more particularly if they are obliged to do ſo among ſtrangers, though this may give them a firmneſs and a reſoluteneſs in their conduct, it will naturally produce a modeſt caution and reſerve in their deportment, which muſt chill every approach to humour. Hence, though the *Scots* are allowed to be brave and undaunted in dangerous ſituations; yet baſhfulneſs, reſerve, and even timidity of manner, unleſs when they are called forth to action, are juſtly conſidered as making part of their character. Men of this diſpoſition are not apt to have humour; it is the open, the careleſs, the indifferent, and the forward, who indulge in it; it is the man who does not think of intereſt, and who

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sets himself above attending to the proprieties of conduct. But he who has objects of interest in view, who attends with circumspection to his conduct, and finds it necessary to do so, is generally grave and silent, and seldom makes any attempt at humour.

These circumstances may have had a considerable influence upon the genius and temper of the people in *Scotland*; and if they have given a particular formation to the genius of the people in general, they would naturally have a similar effect upon its authors: The genius of an author commonly takes its direction from that of his countrymen.

To these causes, arising from the present situation and government of our country, may be added another circumstance, that of there being no court or seat of the Monarch in *Scotland*. It is only where the court is, that the standard of manners can be fixed; and, of consequence, it is only in the neighbourhood of the court that a deviation from that standard can be exactly ascertained, or a departure from it be easily made the object of ridicule. Where there is no court, it becomes of little importance what dress the people wear, what hours they observe, what language they express themselves in, or what is their general deportment. Men living at a distance from the court become also unacquainted with the rules of fashion which it establishes, and are unable to mark or point them out. But the great subject for wit and ludicrous representation arises from men's having a thorough knowledge of what is the fashionable standard of manners, and being able to seize upon, and hold out a departure from it, in an humourous point of view. In *Scotland*, therefore, which, since the removal of the court, has become, in a certain degree, a provincial country, there being no fixed standard of manners

ners within the country itself, one great source of ridicule is cut off, and an author is not led to attempt humourous composition; or, if he does, has little chance of succeeding.

There is another particular which may have had a very considerable effect upon the genius of the *Scots* writers, and that is, the nature of the language in which they write. The old *Scottish* dialect is now banished from our books, and the *English* is substituted in its place. But though our books be written in *English*, our conversation is in *Scotch*. Of our language it may be said, as we are told of the wit of *Sir Hudibras*, that we have a suit for holidays and another for working-days. The *Scottish* dialect is our ordinary suit; the *English* is used only on solemn occasions. When a *Scotsman* therefore writes, he does it generally in trammels. His own native original language, which he hears spoken around him, he does not make use of; but he expresses himself in a language in some respects foreign to him, and which he has acquired by study and observation. When a celebrated *Scottish* writer, after the publication of his *History of Scotland*, was first introduced to *Lord Chesterfield*, his Lordship, with that happy talent of compliment for which he was so remarkable, addressed him, at parting, in these words: "I am happy, Sir, to have met with you—happy to have passed a day with you—and extremely happy to find that you speak *Scotch*. It would be too much, were you to *speak*, as well as *write* our langnage, better than we do ourselves."

This circumstance of a *Scottish* author not writing his own natural dialect, must have a considerable influence upon the nature of his literary productions. When he is employed in any grave dignified composition, when he writes history, politics, or poetry, the pains he must take to write, in a manner

ner different from that in which he speaks, will not much affect his productions; the language of such compositions is, in every case, raised above that of common life; and, therefore, the deviation which a *Scottish* author is obliged to make from the common language of the country, can be of little prejudice to him. But if a writer is to descend to common and ludicrous pictures of life; if, in short, he is to deal in humorous composition, his language must be, as nearly as possible, that of common life, that of the bulk of the people: but a *Scotsman* who wishes to write *English* cannot easily do this. He neither speaks the *English* dialect, nor is it spoken by those around him: any knowledge he has acquired of the language is got from books, not from conversation. Hence *Scottish* authors may have been prevented from attempting to write books of humour; and, when they have tried it, we may be able, in some measure, to account for their failure.

In conformation of these remarks, it may be observed, that almost the only works of humour which we have in this country, are in the *Scottish* dialect, and most of them were written before the union of the kingdoms, when the *Scotch* was the written, as well as the spoken language of the country. The *Gentle Shepherd*, which is full of natural and ludicrous representations of low life, is written in broad *Scotch*. Many of our ancient *Scottish* ballads are full of humour. If there have been lately any publications of humour in this country, written in good *English*, they have been mostly of the graver sort, called *irony*. In this species of writing, where the author himself never appears to laugh, a more dignified composition is admissable; and, in that case, the disadvantage of writing in a language different from that in which the author speaks, or those around him converse, is not so sensibly felt.

No.

No. 84. SATURDAY, *February* 26, 1780.

Clamant periiſſe pudorem
Cuncti pene patres. HOR.

TO diſpute the right of *Faſhion*, to enlarge, to vary, or to change the ideas, both of man and woman kind, were a want of good breeding, of which the author of a periodical paper, who throws himſelf, as it were, from day to day, on the protection of the polite world, cannot be ſuppoſed capable. I pay, therefore, very little regard to the obſervations of ſome antiquated Correſpondents, who pretend to ſet up what they call the invariable notions of things, againſt the opinions and practice of people of condition. At the ſame time, I muſt obſerve, that, as there is a *College* in *Phyſic*, and a *Faculty* (as it is called in *Scotland*) in *Law*; ſo, in *Faſhion*, there is a ſelect body, who enjoy many privileges and immunities, to which pretenders, or inferior practitioners in the art, are by no means entitled. There is a certain grace in the rudeneſs, and wit in the folly of a perſon of faſhion, to which one of a lower rank has no manner of pretenſion.

I am afraid that our city (talking like a man who has travelled) is but a ſort of mimic metropolis, and cannot fairly pretend to the ſame licence of making a fool of itſelf, as *London* or *Paris*. The circle, therefore, taking them in the *groſs*, of our faſhionable people here, have ſeldom ventured on the ſame beautiful irregularity in dreſs, in behaviour, or in manners, that is frequently practiſed by the leaders of the *ton* in the capitals of *France* or *England*.

With individuals, the ſame rule of ſubordination is to be obſerved, which, however, perſons of extraordinary

traordinary parts, of genius above their condition, are sometimes apt to overlook. I perceive, in the pit of the play-house, some young men, who have got fuddled in *punch*, as noisy and as witty as the gentlemen in the boxes, who have been drinking *Burgundy*; and others, who have come sober from the counter, or the writing-desk, give almost as little attention to the play as the men of £3000 a-year. My old school-acquaintance, *Jack Wou'dbe*, t'other morning, had a neckcloth as dirty as a Lord's, and picked his teeth after dinner, for a quarter of an hour, by the assistance of the little *mirror* in the lid of his *tooth-pick case*. I take the first opportunity of giving him a friendly hint, that this practice is elegant only in a man who has made the tour of *Europe*.

Nature and *Fashion* are two opposite powers, that have long been at variance with one another. The first is allowed to preside over the bulk of the people known by the denomination of the *vulgar*; the last is peculiar to the higher orders of the state and by her honours they have a title to be distinguished. Attention to interesting scenes, civility, to those we ought to oblige, and propriety in public behaviour, belong to Nature, and are therefore the property of the people. It is a direct infringement on the rights of *Fashion*, if the inferior members of the community shall laugh where they should cry, be noisy where they should be silent, rude where they should be civil, or dirty where they should be cleanly. These are the badges of greatness, and, like certain *coats armorial*, are only to be borne by illustrious personages.

These are matters in which, I think, I may venture to interpose my advice or animadversion. But, as to some more delicate subjects, I am very doubtful whether they come within the limits of my jurisdiction,

risdiction, or how far it would be prudent in me to exercise it, if they did. I mean this as a general apology for not inserting a variety of letters from unknown Correspondents, giving me information of certain irregularities in the manners and deportment of the fashionable world, which they desire may be taken immediate notice of in the MIRROR. One who writes under the signature of *Rusticus*, tells me that *painting* is now become so common a practice among our fine ladies, that he has oftener than once been introduced to a lady in the morning, from whom, till he informed himself of her name, he was surprised to receive a curtsey at the play or the concert. Another, who subscribes himself *Modestus*, desires me to imitate the example of the *Tatler*, by animadverting, not on the large, but the small size of the *petticoat*, which, he says, has so shrunk up this winter, that there is more of the — *ankle* seen than he can find countenance to look at.

To the first of these Correspondents I must answer, that I think the ladies (whose number I am inclined to believe is small) who choose to dress their faces in *rouge* or *carmine*, are exempted from all censure; they certainly do it to please themselves, as they know how much it is detested by the men. Or, perhaps, they are of that icy order of females who have made vows of perpetual celibacy, and thus varnish over their beauty, as *virtuosi* do certain delicate natural productions, which are meant to be looked at, but never to be touched. As to the complaint of *Modestus*, I can only account for the present shortness of the petticoat, from the attention of the ladies being so much engrossed about their *heads*, as to leave them no leisure to take care of the other extremity; as generals, who are anxious to cover one part of their works, are apt to leave an opposite quarter defenceless.

But the moſt ſerious complaint I have received, is a letter ſubſcribed *Cenſor*, arraigning, with true *Juvenalian* ſeverity, the conduct of a certain *Club*, which, in the words of my Correſpondent, "continues, in defiance of decency and good manners, to inſult the public in *Large Characters*, in the front of every newſpaper in town. This (he adds) moves my indignation the more, when I conſider that ſeveral of its principal members are arrived at a period of life which ſhould teach decorum, at leaſt, if it does not extinguiſh vice."

In anſwer to this angry Correſpondent, I will tell him the following ſtory: Some years ago, I happened to be in *York* at the time of the *aſſizes*. Dining one day in a tavern with ſome gentlemen of that city and its neighbourhood, we were violently diſturbed by the noiſe of ſomebody below, who hooted and halloo'd, ſmacked his whip, and made his ſervants ſound their *French* horns; in ſhort, rehearſed, during the whole time of our dinner, all "the glorious tumult of the chaſe." Some of the company, after ſeveral ineffectual meſſages by the waiter, began to be angry, and to think of a very ſerious remonſtrance with the ſportſman below. But an elderly perſon, who ſat oppoſite to me, pacified their reſentment: "I know the gentleman who diſturbs you," ſaid he; "his head-piece was never one of the beſt; but now, poor man! I believe we muſt let him alone—Since he is paſt running down the fox in the field, he muſt e'en be allowed to hunt him in the parlour."

No. 85. TUESDAY, *February* 29, 1780.

Possum oblivisci qui fuerim? Non sentire qui sim? Quo caream honore? Quâ gloriâ? Quibus liberis? Quibus fortunis? CIC. add ATT.

A PERIODICAL publication, such as the MIRROR, is from its nature confined chiefly to prose compositions. My illustrious predecessor, the SPECTATOR, has, however, sometimes inserted a little poem among his other essays; and his example has been imitated by most of his successors. Perhaps it may be from this cause, that, among the variety of communications I have lately received, many of them consist of poetical compositions. I must observe in general to these Correspondents, that though the insertion of a poem now and then may not be altogether improper for a work of this kind, yet it is not every poetical composition that is fit for it. A poem may be possessed of very considerable merit, and may be entitled to applause, when published in a poetical collection, though, from its subject, its length, or the manner in which it is written, it may not be suited to the MIRROR. I hope my poetical Correspondents, therefore, will receive this as an apology for their poems not being inserted, and will by no means consider their exclusion as proceeding from their being thought destitute of merit.

Among the poetical presents I have received, there is, however, one, which seems very well suited to a work of this kind. The gentleman from whom I received it says, he has been informed that it was founded on the following inscription) probably written from real feeling) on the window of an inn, situated in the *Highlands* of *Scotland*.

"Of

"Of all the ills unhappy mortals know,
A life of wandering is the greateſt woe;
On all their weary ways wait Care and Pain,
And Pine and Penury, a meagre train,
A wretched *Exile* to his country ſend,
Long worn with griefs, and long without a friend."

This poem contains a deſcription of the ſituation of a *Scotch* gentleman who had been obliged to leave his country for rebellion againſt our preſent happy government. It points out the fatal conſequences of ſuch treaſonable attempts, and repreſents the diſtreſs of the perſon deſcribed, in a very intereſting and pathetic manner.

THE EXILE. AN ELEGY.

WHERE, 'midſt the ruins of a fallen ſtate,
The once fam'd *Tiber* rolls his ſcanty wave,
Where half a column now derides the great,
Where half a ſtatue yet records the brave:

With trembling ſteps an *Exile* wander'd near,
In *Scottiſh* weeds his ſhrivell'd limbs array'd;
His furrow'd cheek was croſs'd with many a tear,
And frequent ſighs his wounded ſoul betray'd.

Oh! wretch! he cry'd, that like ſome troubled ghoſt
Art doom'd to wander round this world of woe,
While memory ſpeaks of joy for ever loſt,
Of peace! of comfort, thou haſt ceas'd to know!

Theſe are the ſcenes, with fancy'd charms endow'd,
Where happier Britons, caſting pearls away,
The fools of ſound, of empty trifles proud,
Far from the land of bliſs and freedom ſtray.

Wou'd that for yonder dome, theſe eyes could ſee
The wither'd oak that crowns my native hill!

Theſe

These urns let ruin waste; but give to me
The tuft that trembles o'er its lonely rill.

Oh! sacred haunts! and is the hillock green
That saw our infant-sports beguile the day?
Still are our seats of fairy fashion seen?
Or is my little throne of moss away?

Had but Ambition, in this torturd breast,
Ne'er sought to rule beyond the humble plain,
Where mild Dependance holds the vassal blest,
Where faith and friendship fix the chieftain's reign;

Thus had I liv'd the life my fathers led;
Their name, their family had not ceas'd to be;
And thou, *Monimia!* on thy earthly bed;—
My name, my family, what were these to thee!—

Three little moons had seen our growing love,
Since first *Monimia* join'd her hand to mine;
Three little moons had seen us blest above
All that enthusiast hope could e'er divine.

Urg'd by the brave, by fancy'd glory warm'd,
In treason honest, it 'twas treason here;
For rights suppos'd, my native band I arm'd,
And join'd the standard *Charles* had dar'd to rear.

Fated we fought, my gallant vassals fell,
But sav'd their master in the bloody strife;
Their coward master, who cou'd live to tell
He saw them fall, yet tamely suffer'd life.

Let me not think;—but, ah! the thought will rise,
Still in my whirling brain its horrors dwell,
When pale and trembling, with uplifted eyes,
Monimia faintly breath'd—a last farewel!

"They come," she said; "fly, fly these ruthless foes,
And save a life, in which *Monimia* lives;
Believe me, *Henry*, light are all her woes,
Except what *Henry*'s dreaded purpose gives!

And would'ſt thou die, and leave me thus forlorn,
And blaſt a life the moſt inhuman ſpare?
Oh! live in pity to the babe unborn
That ſtirs within me to aſſiſt my prayer?"

What could I do? Contending paſſion ſtrove,
And preſs'd my boſom with alternate weight,
Unyielding honour, ſoft perſuaſive love—
I fled and left her—left her to her fate!

Faſt came the ruffian band; no melting charm,
That e'er to ſuffering beauty Nature gave,
The ruthleſs rage of party can diſarm;
Thy tears, *Monimia*, wanted power to ſave!

She, and the remnant of her weeping train,
Whoſe faithful love ſtill link'd them to her ſide,
Torn from their dwelling, trode the deſert plain,
No hut to ſhelter, and no hand to guide.

Thick drove its ſnow before the wintry wind,
And midnight darkneſs wrapp'd the heath they paſt,
Save one ſad gleam, that blazing far behind,
The ancient manſion of my fathers caſt.

Calmly ſhe ſaw the ſmouldering ruins glare;
"'Tis paſt, all-righteous God! 'tis paſt," ſhe cry'd!
"But for my *Henry* hear my lateſt pray'r!"—
Big was her burſting heart;—ſhe groan'd, and died!——

Still, in my dreams, I ſee her form confeſs'd,
Sailing in robes of light, the troubled ſky!—
And ſoon ſhe whiſpers, ſhall my *Henry* reſt—
And, dimly ſmiling, points my place to die!

I hear that voice, I ſee that pale hand wave!
I come once more to view my native ſhore;
Stretch'd on *Monimia*'s long-neglected grave
To claſp the ſod and feel my woes no more!

No. 86. SATURDAY, *March* 4, 1780.

To the AUTHOR of the MIRROR.

SIR,

MANY ineſtimable medicines, as well for preſerving health as for curing diſeaſes, are overlooked by our modern practitioners. An attempt to revive ſome of thoſe obſolete remedies, though it may appear better ſuited to a *medical* performance, yet does not ſeem altogether foreign to the MIRROR; ſince a *ſound mind*, according to the well-known apophthegm, is in natural alliance with a *ſound body*, the ſame publication which is calculated for the improvement of the one, may not improperly be made ſubſervient to the health of the other.

I. The firſt that I ſhall mention is of ſovereign efficacy in reſtoring debilitated ſtomachs to their proper tone. It renders the body vigorous, and it prolongs the days of man even unto extreme old age. Of it *Tulpius*, an eminent phyſician of *Amſterdam*, treats in his *Obſervationes Medicinales*.

In ſome languages it is called *Cha*, in others, *Tzai*; but with us it has received the appellation of *Tea*.

II. There is another ſimple of a ſingular kind; according to the great traveller *Pietro della Valle*, it is cooling in ſummer, and warms in winter, without, however, changing its qualities.

It expelled a gout of thirty years ſtanding, from the toes of the Reverend *Alexander d'Albertus*, a bare-footed friar of *Marſeilles*, aged ſeventy.

For a long time *Madame de Laufun* could not walk without the aid of a crutch; and no wonder; for

for the good lady "had numbered the frosts of fourscore and two winters." She was seized with what my author calls a *tertian quartan* ague, which undoubtedly is a very bad thing, though I do not find it in my dictionary: but she tried father *Alexander's* remedy; her youth was renewed, as one might say [*comme rajeunie,*] and she threw away her crutch.

The wife of M. *Morin*, physician at *Grenoble*, was reduced to the last extremity by a confirmed *Pthysic*, of no less than sixteen years endurance: at length the Doctor found out a method of laying the disease that had so obstinately haunted his bed. By way of experiment he administered the remedy to his *chere moitie* (dear half,) which is *French* for a wife. She recovered of her Pthysic, and afterwards, by using the same remedy, of another disease with a horrible *Greek* name, a *Peripneumony*.

I might add many and various effects of this medicine still more wonderful. *That* of the public speaker, who was seized with a fit of modesty, is most remarkable. By taking a single dose, he felt himself restored to his wonted composure of mind; and he declared that he could, with ease, have spoken out another hour.

For this and other authenticated cures, the inquisitive reader is referred to the treatise of *Philip Sylvester du Tour*, concerning the virtues of *Coffee*.

III. There is a certain weed, "which, taken a while after meat, helps digestion; it voids rheum, &c. A little of it being steeped over night in a little white wine, is a vomit that never fails in its operation. It cannot endure a spider, or a flea, or such like vermin: it is good to fortify and preserve the sight, being let in round about the balls of the eyes once a-week, and frees them from all rheums, driving them back by way of repercussion: taken into the stomach it will heal and cleanse it; for my Lord

Lord Sunderland, president of York, taking it downwards into his stomach, it cured him of an impostume, which had been for a long time engendering out of a bruise he had received at foot-ball, and so preserved his life for many years."

These are the words of *Howel*, in his letters, where he enlarges on the praise of *Tobacco*.

IV. But there is still another medicine of astonishing virtues, which have been circumstantially related by *Matthiolus*, an Italian physician of the sixteenth century: it is "a liquid, which, when skilfully prepared, proves a powerful antiseptic [an opposer of corruption] to every thing steeped in it; and so, by removing all tendency to corruption, it is a comforter and a restorative, and preserves and prolongs the lives of those who use it. It not only cherishes the natural heat, and preserves it in its full vigour, but it likewise renovates as it were, and vivifies the animal spirits, gives an agreeable warmth to the stomach, sharpens the apprehension and understanding, clears the eye-sight, and repairs the memory: it is more peculiarly beneficial to those who are of too cold a temperament, and who are subject to crudities of the stomach, and other disorders proceeding from cold affections. It therefore affords a sovereign relief to all who are tormented with pains in the stomach or bowels, proceeding from wind or indigestion; as also to those who are subject to giddiness, the falling sickness, a relaxation of the nervous system, inveterate melancholy, hypochondriacal disorders, palpitations of the heart, tremors, and fainting fits."

Matthiolus subjoins the method of using this medicine:

℞. *Once a day a table-spoonful of* Aquavitæ *distilled from the best wine.* But, with all deference to his authority, *Aquavitæ*, distilled even from the best

beſt wine, is not ſuperior in any of its virtues to our great ſtaple, *Whiſky*: for, from the reſearches of our own patriotic philoſophers, theſe two concluſions may be deduced; *1ſt*, That *Whiſky* is a liquor pleaſant to the taſte; and, *2dly*, That it is a *wholeſome ſpirit*.

V. I ſhall conclude with a receipt which might have been conſidered as of general importance in the ſeventeenth century, and may prove of no leſs importance in the nineteenth.

Bartholomeus Carrichters, in his *Secret*, b. 2. c. 12. publiſhed a *recipe* which is mightily commended by *Hector Schlands*, in an epiſtle to his learned friend *Gregorius Horſtius*; ſee *Horſtii* Epiſt. Medic. i. § 7. 1612. "℞. Dogs' greaſe, well diſſolved and cleanſed, 4 ounces. Bears' greaſe, 8 ounces. Capons' greaſe, 24 ounces. Three trunks of the miſletœ of hazle, while green; cut it in pieces and pound it ſmall, till it becomes moiſt: bruiſe it together and mix all in a phial. After you have expoſed it to the ſun for *nine* weeks, you ſhall extract a green ointment, wherewith if you anoint the bodies of the *bewitched*, eſpecially the *parts moſt affected*, and the joints, they will certainly be cured."

This *recipe* was tried with amazing ſucceſs in the caſe of a young girl, whoſe condition was truly deplorable; for "ſhe vomited feathers, bundles of ſtraw, and *a row of pins ſtuck in blue paper, as freſh and new as any in the pedlar's ſtall*, pieces of glaſs windows, and nails of a cart-wheel; as may be ſeen in *The Wonderful and true Relation of the bewitching a young Girl in Ireland*, 1669," by Daniel Higgs.

It is with the utmoſt diffidence that I give my own ſentiments in the *Materia Medica*, eſpecially on a ſubject which has been expreſsly treated by ſuch men as Dr. Bartholomeus Carrichters, and Dr. Hector Schlands. May I then be permitted humbly

ly to propose this *quere*, Is there not some reason to conjecture, that the *recipe*, so effectual in the case of *bewitching*, would answer equally well in the case of *childblains*?

I am, &c.

ANTIQUARIUS.

No. 87. TUESDAY, *March* 7, 1780.

Men fear death as children fear to go in the dark; and as that natural fear in children is increased with tales, so is the other. BACON.

THERE is in the mind of man a fund of superstition, which, in all nations, in all ages, and in all religions, has been attended with effects powerful and extraordinary. In this respect, no one people seem entitled to boast of any superiority over the rest of mankind. All seem, at one time or other, to have been alike the slaves of a weak, a childish, or a gloomy superstition. When we behold the Romans, wise and great as they were, regulating their conduct, in their most important affairs, by the accidental flight of birds; or when threatened by some national calamity, creating a dictator for the sole purpose of driving a nail into a door, in order to avert the impending judgment of heaven, we are apt, according to the humour we are in, to smile at the folly, or to lament the weakness of human nature.

A little reflection, however, is sufficient to shew, that, with all our advantages, we ourselves are, in this particular, equally weak and absurd. The modern citizen of Rome, who thinks he can appease an offended

offended Deity, by creeping on his knees up the steps of St. *Peter's* so many times a day; or the pious Neapolitan, who imagines that carrying forth the relics of St. *Januarius*, is sufficient to stop an eruption of mount Vesuvius; are equal objects of pity with the good Roman, who devoutly assisted at driving the nail into the temple of *Jupiter Capitolinus*.

It is amusing to observe the conduct of our first reformers in this particular. Their penetration led them to discover the gross errors and manifold superstitions of the church of Rome; and their spirit and strength of mind, aided by fortunate circumstances, enabled them to set themselves free from those shackles in which Europe had been held for so many ages. But no sooner had they done so, than they and their followers adopted another mode of superstition, in the place of that which it had cost them so much pains to pull down. To *masses* and *crucifixes*, and *images*, were substituted a *precise severity of manner*, and *long sermons*, and a certain mode of *sanctifying the Sabbath*, which were inculcated as constituting the *sum* of virtue, and as comprehending the whole duty of a Christian. So ingenious are men in finding out something to put in the place of true piety and virtue!—Neither is this confined to one religion or to one sect. To the same cause must be attributed, the broad brim and plain coat of the *Quaker*, the ablutions of the *Gentoo*, the pilgrimages of the *Mahometan*, the severe fasts observed in the *Greek church*, with numberless other instances that might be mentioned.

There is a species of superstition, which, perhaps, might be traced back to a similar origin, that often lays strong hold of the imagination, and fills the mind with terrors and apprehensions, which reason and philosophy have not power to eradicate, when once they have fairly got hold of us. Of this sort is the dread

dread of apparitions, of ſpirits, and of witches. Mr. Addiſon, in an excellent paper in the *Spectator*, has ſhewn the folly of thoſe apprehenſions, and has cautioned parents to be particularly careful to preſerve their children from thoſe little horrors of imagination, which they are apt to contract when they are young, and are not able to ſhake off when they grow up. He juſtly obſerves, that next to a clear judgment and a good conſcience, a ſound imagination is the greateſt bleſſing of life. Perhaps it might be going too far to attribute to this eſſay of Mr. Addiſon the reformation ſo ſtrongly recommended by him. It is, however, certain, that all theſe apprehenſions, formerly productive of ſo much real uneaſineſs, are now, in a great meaſure, unknown. We have ſo far ſucceeded in *plucking the old woman out of our hearts*; and we no longer ſee a brave ſoldier afraid to walk through a dark paſſage, or an intrepid ſailor ſhrink with horror at the thought of paſſing the night in a ſolitary apartment.

There is, however, another weakneſs ſomewhat a-kin to this, that, I am afraid, ſtill prevails among us, which my fondneſs for children, and the pleaſure I find in prattling with them, give me frequent opportunities of obſerving. I mean, a cuſtom of terrifying children, and filling their young minds with gloomy apprehenſions of death. This is one of the moſt common methods employed by ignorant nurſery-maids, and fooliſh parents, to frighten infants into obedience. But nothing can be more abſurd, or attended with more pernicious conſequences. Were a perſon of a timid frame of mind under a neceſſity of croſſing the ocean, would it be the part of a friend to magnify the danger, and to amuſe him, all the way to the port where he was to embark, with accounts of ſtorms and tempeſts, and with a fearful picture of the many and various hazards to which he muſt be expoſed on the voyage?

A wife parent, attentive to the future happineſs of his children, ought to follow a very different rule of conduct. From their earlieſt infancy, he ought to make the idea of death familiar to them; he ought to accuſtom them to look upon it, not only without fear, but with the ſame indifference as on any other unavoidable occurrence to which they are daily expoſed. By this means they will, as they advance in life, be led to conſider it as a friend rather than an enemy; they will perceive that, but for death, this world would be a priſon more dreadful than any the moſt cruel tyrant ever invented; they will look forward to it as the only period to the cares of this life, as a happy paſſage to that better world, where only they can expect a complete reward for a faithful diſcharge of their duty in this.

However abſurd a dread of witches and apparitions may be, the conſequences attending it are not ſo bad as thoſe that flow from the fear of death. The one, it is true, fills the mind with many diſagreeable apprehenſions, and cauſes many uneaſy moments; but the other unfits a man for diſcharging his duty in ſociety, and too often expoſes him to infamy and diſgrace. Courage is a quality that depends, in ſome meaſure, on the conſtitution of the body; and it has been obſerved, that the ſame individual is not, at all times, and upon all occaſions, equally brave. I cannot help being of opinion, however, that if a boy, from his earlieſt infancy, were taught to view death in a juſt light, he would imperceptibly acquire a ſtrength of mind, that would enable him to face danger, and to do his duty, on all occaſions, without being obliged to ſummon up his reſolution, and to call reaſon to his aid, upon every trying emergence.

I have heard it ſaid, that if men were accuſtomed to deſpiſe death, they would be apt, through a

ſort

ſort of fool-hardineſs, to throw away their lives on every ſlight occaſion or idle quarrel. But, for my own part, I entertain a very different opinion; that fool-hardineſs is ſeldom to be met with in a man of a calm, firm, determined mind, who knows how to eſtimate the true value of life. In general, it proceeds from a ſecret conſciouſneſs, that leads a man to put too high a value on the quality of courage, and to indulge his vanity by a diſplay of it; as we often ſee men moſt deſirous to be thought to poſſeſs thoſe virtues and thoſe talents, to which, in reality, they have the leaſt pretenſions.

I was much pleaſed with a converſation I had on this ſubject, on a viſit I lately paid to Lady ———, the wife of my much valued friend General ———, who is now abroad fighting the battles of his country. I found her in her dreſſing-room, ſurrounded by a group of the moſt lovely children. After they retired, ſhe began to complain, that, with all the attention a parent could beſtow, it was often impoſſible to prevent children from receiving bad and improper impreſſions from ſervants and attendants. "It was but juſt now," ſaid ſhe, "your favourite, little Charles, told his brother, that if he was a bad boy, he would be put into a black box, carried to the church-yard, thrown into a hole, and covered over with earth." After ſome obſervations on the bad tendency of repreſenting death in frightful colours, ſhe ſaid, ſhe had often been diſpoſed to think the poets to blame in this particular, who, by dwelling on all the circumſtances attending our diſſolution, and preſenting them to the imagination in ſtrong and lively colours, often leave an impreſſion, which reaſon is not able entirely to wear off. She inſtanced the well-known lines of Shakeſpeare:

"Ay, but to die, and go we know not where;
To lie in cold obſtruction, and to rot;

This

This ſenſible warm motion to become
A kneaded clod; and the dilated ſpirit
To bathe in fiery floods, or to reſide
In thrilling regions of thick-ribb'd ice;
To be impriſon'd in the viewleſs winds,
And blown with reſtleſs violence round about
The pendent world; or to be worſe than worſt
Of thoſe that lawleſs and uncertain thought
Imagine howling;—'tis too horrible!
The wearieſt and moſt loathed worldly life,
That age, ache, penury, impriſonment
Can lay on nature, is a paradiſe
To what we fear of death."—

"It is impoſſible," ſaid ſhe, "to read thoſe lines without being affected by them. Yet, were I to judge from my own feelings, I ſhould think the ſentiment unjuſt. If to me," continued ſhe, ſtealing a glance at the picture of my friend, while an involuntary tear half ſtarted in her eye, "If to me there be any thing terrible in death, it proceeds from the thoughts of what I ſhould leave, not from the dread of what I ſhould meet with."

No. 88. SATURDAY, *March* 11, 1780.

To the AUTHOR of the MIRROR.

SIR,

MY father was a farmer in a tolerably reputable ſituation. I was his eldeſt ſon; and, at the age of ſix years, I was ſent to the pariſh ſchool, to be taught reading and writing. My father naturally made enquiries concerning my progreſs,

and

and the ſchoolmaſter gave him the moſt flattering accounts. After I had ſpent the uſual time in learning to read and write, my maſter ſaid, it would be a pity to cut ſhort a boy of my genius, and adviſed my father to allow me to remain a year or two longer at his ſchool, that I might get a little Latin. This flattered my father's vanity, as it put his ſon in a ſituation to appear ſomewhat above that of the children of the neighbouring farmers. I was allowed to ſit on the ſame bench at ſchool with our landlord's ſon, and I had ſometimes the honour to be whipped for his faults. In ſtudying *Latin* I ſpent three years. The account which my father received of my progreſs in that language, led him to follow my teacher's ſuggeſtion, to give me a little *Greek*. Having gone thus far, the tranſition was eaſy; it would be a pity, ſaid our ſanguine adviſers, to loſe all the knowledge I had got; with my application, and my genius, if I proſecuted my ſtudies, I might become a very learned, and a very great man. If I ſtudied divinity (which was propoſed,) I might, in time, preach in the pulpit of the very pariſh in which my father lived; nay, I might riſe to be a Profeſſor in the Univerſity, or become *Moderator* of the *General Aſſembly* of the church of Scotland.

I was accordingly entered a ſtudent in the univerſity. My father conſidered my fortune as now made; and my expectations were not inferior to his. But I ſoon found my ſituation at the univerſity a very hard and uneaſy one. My father had been able to ſupply me tolerably with neceſſaries at the pariſh-ſchool; but to do this at the univerſity, ſituated in a great and expenſive town, was above his power. I was obliged to walk about, therefore, with a ſhabby coat, and with an empty purſe. I could not attend all the lectures I wiſhed, for want of money to purchaſe admiſſion, or to procure the

neceſſary books. I now likewiſe found, that, far from being more knowing than my college companions, as my country ſchoolmaſter flattered me would be the caſe, moſt of them knew more than I did; they had been better taught, and had profited accordingly. Poverty, want of books, of friends, and of the other conveniencies of life, were not circumſtances very well ſuited for the ſtudy of the beauties of *Homer* and *Virgil*, nor for making a progreſs in the abſtract ſciences; but, with all theſe difficulties, I gave ſuch cloſe and intenſe application, that I was able to pick up a good deal of learning, and my diligence drew the attention of ſome of the profeſſors. By their intereſt I was recommended to Mr. *M*———, a gentleman of conſiderable fortune, who reſided in the town where the univerſity is ſituated, to be tutor to his children; and accordingly he was pleaſed to engage me at the ſalary of £20 a-year, with the additional advantage of living in his houſe. I now thought the world was all before me; and every thing ſeemed to flatter me with preſent happineſs and future exaltation. Out of my ſalary I hoped to afford to be better dreſſed, to buy more books, and to attend more lectures. I expected, from the knowledge I had acquired, to be able to make a figure in the company which reſorted to Mr. M.'s. I doubted not that they would ſingle me out as a prodigy of learning and genius; that, by their favour, I might be recommended to ſome lucrative or honourable place; or, at leaſt, that I ſhould by Mr. M.'s intereſt, be ſettled as a miniſter in ſome church, after having pleaſantly ſpent a year or two in his family in attending to my pupils, from whoſe progreſs and improvement I expected equal pleaſure and reputation. How theſe hopes have been anſwered I proceed to inform you.

When I entered into Mr. M.'s family, I found it was expected that I ſhould not only attend to the

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ſtudies of the eldeſt ſon, a lad of about fourteen, but that I was likewiſe to take care of all the younger children, conſiſting of no fewer than ſix. Some of theſe were to be taught to read; others, who were too young for that, I was to look after, and walk out with them when they went abroad, to keep them out of harm's way, to prevent them from falling into a ditch, or being run down by a carriage. This I ſaw muſt occupy my whole time; and every thought of reading for my own improvement was to be laid aſide. But though, in this manner, a temporary ſtop was to be put to my learning, I ſtill flattered myſelf I ſhould make it up by the improvement and knowledge of the world I ſhould acquire from the ſociety and converſation at Mr. M.'s But this expectation was as vain as the former. When there were ſtrangers of diſtinction at the houſe, I was not allowed to ſit at table, but was placed in a corner of the room with the younger children, where my province was to attend to what they eat, and to cut their meat for them. When the family were alone, or the gueſts were ſuch as Mr. M. did not think neceſſary to treat with much ceremony, I was permitted to ſit at table; but I ſoon found, even when this was the caſe, that I was not to be permitted to talk there. Seldom, indeed, was there any converſation which was worth joining in; but when any occurred in which I ventured to join, what I ſaid was received in ſuch a manner, that I was obliged to reſolve to be ſilent. If I threw in an obſervation which ſtarted a doubt of the juſtice of any thing that was ſaid, I was conſidered as an impertinent conceited fellow, who had no right to expreſs his doubts; if I endeavoured to ſupport any opinion, I ſaw I was deemed officious and troubleſome. Mr. M. who, to the credit the world juſtly gave him for a great fortune, wiſhed alſo to add the reputation,

reputation, though without any pretentions, of learning, was afraid, when I opened my mouth, leſt people ſhould think that his ſon's tutor was more knowing than he; and, therefore, took care always to contradict me flatly, and with an air of ſuperiority; and, ſometimes, even made a joke of that awkwardneſs of manner, which it was impoſſible one in my ſituation could have eſcaped. You may judge what effect this treatment muſt have upon one who can reliſh the beauties of the claſſics, and has read many of the moſt eminent *French* and *Engliſh* authors. Poor, helpleſs, and dependant as I am, ſomething within tells me that I am ſuperior—but I have no title to be proud.

For ſome time, the only pleaſant moments which I had in Mr. M.'s family, were thoſe employed in reading with my eldeſt pupil. But this continued a very ſhort time. The young gentleman ſoon began to deſpiſe one, whom he ſaw his father and his father's friends treat with ſo much diſreſpect; and, inſtead of following my directions, took care to do the very reverſe of whatever I deſired him. I perceived alſo he made me the ſubject of jeſt with his companions. In vain did I endeavour to repreſent this in the gentleſt manner to Mr. M. I was the worſe uſed for my complaints; he aſcribed his ſon's little progreſs to my remiſſneſs; not to any fault in the boy, who, I ſoon found had much more influence with his father, in regard to his education, than I had.

Such, Mr. MIRROR, is my ſituation with the upper members of the family. With thoſe of an inferior rank, it is not a whit more agreeable. John, the footman, receives a ſalary nearly equal to mine, and he wears a better coat. He, therefore, looks upon himſelf as a finer gentleman than me; and, as I am but little reſpected by thoſe whom he conſid-

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ers as his betters, he does not think himself bound to respect me at all. At dinner, he seldom hears when I call; and when he does, I often get fish-sauce to my pudding, and pepper instead of sugar to my pancakes. Nor is John to be blamed for this; for he sees his master give me port or punch, while he and his guests drink claret. For some time, indeed, after I came to reside in the family, I received much complaisance from Mrs. *Deborah Hitchcock*, the housekeeper. Mrs. Deborah is now considerably past her fortieth year; in her person thick and squabby, with a mouth a little awry, and eyes a little asquint. Mrs. Deborah frequently sends her compliments, and asks me to drink tea with her, or invites me to evening entertainments with her gossiping companions. She is sometimes also so kind as to visit me in my own apartment, says, she wonders I do not tire when alone; that she and I, from our situation in the family, should be companions to each other; and she has several times hinted, that, by her long residence in Mr. M.'s, she has acquired a sum which might be of use to a young man like me.

Thus, Sir, I have given you a view of my situation in Mr. M.'s family for more than two years past that I have resided in it. My pupil is doing no good under my care. I am not respected in the family; the servants insult me; and my farther progress in learning is stopped. I have often resolved to give up my place; but what will become of me if I do? Others will not enter into my motives; they will attribute my conduct to folly or ill temper; and I shall be thrown upon the wide world without a friend, without money, and with a mind ill calculated to struggle with poverty and misfortunes. It has occurred to me, that, if you print this letter, and Mr. M. chance to see it, it may produce some change in my situation; or, if it has no other

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effect it may at least serve as a justification of my conduct in leaving his family.

I am, &c. K. B.

The case of Mr. K. B. may perhaps be exaggerated; but I suspect his situation is not altogether uncommon. Indeed, I have been often surprised to see men of excellent sense in every other particular, and fond of their children, so inattentive to those who have the care of them. It should not, methinks, require much reflection to convince them, that there is a good deal of respect due to those on whom so important a trust as the education of their children is devolved; it should require but little observation to satisfy them, that, unless the parents regard the tutor, it is impossible the children can; that, unless the instructor be honoured, his precepts will be contemned. Even, independent of these considerations, something is due to a young man of education and of learning, who, though his situation may make it necessary for him to receive a salary for his labours, may, from that learning which he has received, and that taste which it has given him, have a mind as independent as the wealthiest, and as delicate as the highest born.

But, while I venture to suggest those hints to such gentlemen as may be in a situation to afford tutors for their children, I would recommend the perusal of Mr. B.'s letter to persons in that condition from which he has sprung. I have of late remarked with regret, in this country, a disposition in many, who, from their station and circumstances, ought to have been bred farmers or manufacturers,

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to become ſcholars, and men of learned profeſſions. Let ſuch perſons and their parents be aſſured, that though there may be a few ſingular inſtances to the contrary, there is no purſuit which requires a competency, in point of fortune, more than that of a man of learning. A young man who has not enough to make him eaſy, and to bear the expenſe requiſite for carrying on his education, can hardly be expected to riſe to any eminence. The meanneſs of his ſituation will humble and depreſs him, and render him unfit for any thing elegant or great; or, if this ſhould not be the caſe, there is much danger of his becoming a prey to anxiety and chagrin, and perhaps paſſing a neglected and a miſerable life. K. B. ſeems to have ſuffered much; he may ſtill have much to ſuffer; had he followed his father's profeſſion, he might have been both happy and uſeful.

No. 89. TUESDAY, *March* 14, 1780.

To the AUTHOR of the MIRROR.

SIR,

I WAS lately one of a pretty numerous company of both ſexes, when a lady then going to be married was the ſubject of converſation, and was mentioned, by a gentleman preſent, as a very *accompliſhed woman*, to which the company in general aſſented. One lady remarked, ſhe had often heard that phraſe made uſe of, without being able preciſely to underſtand what was meant by it; that ſhe doubted not it was beſtowed with propriety on Miſs ——; but, as ſhe was not of her acquaintance, ſhe

she wished to know, whether, when one was said to be an accomplished woman, we were to understand such accomplishments as music, dancing, French, &c. which a boarding-school affords; or those higher attainments which the mind is supposed to acquire by reading and reflection? "Reading and reflection!" repeated, with an ironical sneer, a very fine gentleman, who sat opposite to her; "I wonder how any one can fill girls heads with such ridiculous nonsense. I am sure I never saw a woman's learning have any other effect than to make her conceited of herself, and a plague to her neighbours. Were I to enter the *shackles*, I have too much regard to my own ease to chuse a lady of *reflection*; and, had I any daughters, I should probably have plague enough with them, without their being *readers*." Another lady, without taking the smallest notice of what the gentleman had said, observed, that she did not wonder young ladies were discouraged from taking much pains in improving their minds, as whatever a girl's understanding or mental accomplishments might be, they were universally neglected, at least by the gentlemen; and the company of any fool, provided she was handsome, preferred to theirs. But, as this lady was rather homely, I durst not rely on her opinion. An elderly gentleman then said, he did not see that reading could do a woman any harm, provided they confined themselves to books fit for them, and did not meddle with subjects they could not understand—such as religion and politics. As to the first, he said, that if a woman went regularly to church, said her prayers, read her Bible, and did as she was bid, he thought it all that was necessary; and as for politics, it was a subject far beyond the reach of any female capacity. This gentleman had a little before given a very circumstantial (and I am sure I thought a very tiresome) account

count of the method of making votes for the next general election, to which the company seemed to pay very little attention; and if that was what he meant by *politics*, he was certainly in the right; for I acknowledge I did not understand one word of it; nor did any of the ladies present, as I afterwards found, comprehend it more than myself.

A young gentleman, who, from his correct manner of speaking, I supposed practised the law, and who had hitherto listened with great attention, then took upon him to be our sex's advocate, and was proceeding to shew (in a very sensible manner, as I thought) the little danger that was to be feared, and the great advantage that might be reaped, from a young lady's appropriating a considerable part of her time to reading, provided her studies were properly directed; when the arrival of some ceremonious visitors put an end to the conversation; and the company sat down to cards.

When I came home, I could not help reflecting with a good deal of uneasiness, on what I had heard. For if there is really no such thing as mental accomplishments rendering a young lady more amiable, or if reading is to be of no real service to us, I have certainly employed a great part of my past life to very little purpose. I was brought up in the country, where reading was not only my greatest amusement, but I was always told, that by that, and making proper reflections on what I read, I should become contented with myself, and be beloved and respected by all who knew me; and by these improvements alone could hope to equal my sister, who is a great deal handsomer than I, but who could seldom be persuaded to open a book.

But the conversation above mentioned, which happened very soon after I came to town, has raised many doubts in my mind as to the real importance

of my former ſtudies. I have mentioned my uneaſineſs to ſeveral of my female companions, who are all (eſpecially ſuch as are not handſome) very much intereſted in it, and would be very happy to ſee a MIRROR on this ſubject, though they were much ſurpriſed at my courage in propoſing to write to you; which, indeed, I never could have done, had I been able to find any other way to communicate my diſtreſs.

If you think this letter worthy your attention, I intreat you to give us, as ſoon as poſſible, your opinion as to what ſort of accompliſhments a young lady ought to be moſt anxious to acquire, and whether there is not ſome real advantage to be derived from reading; for I would fain think the young gentleman was in the right; though I am ſorry I have never ſeen him ſince, to hear what he had further to ſay on the ſubject.

But if, on the contrary, you convince me, that I either cannot, or need not, aim at any mental accompliſhments, I ſhall lay by my book, and proceed to finiſh ſome ornamental pieces of work which have hitherto advanced very ſlowly; as I was always more ſolicitous to improve my mind, than to adorn my perſon.

I am, SIR,

Your conſtant reader and admirer,

EMILIA.

It were hard, indeed, if the word *accompliſhment*, when applied to a woman, excluded the idea of ſuch mental embelliſhments at *Emilia* ſeems particularly to have ſtudied. In the Author of the MIRROR,

ROR, she has chosen a partial umpire; for he will fairly own, that he addresses many of his papers chiefly to the ladies, and feels a high degree of pleasure when he is told that any one of them has been lucky enough to interest or to please the fair part of his readers. Such a paper he sets down as one *à bonnes fortunes*, and grows vain upon it accordingly.

It must, however, be confessed, on the other hand, that the lesser order of *accomplishments*, mentioned by *Emilia*, are very necessary attendants on that higher sort, which *reading* and *reflection* confer. They are necessary even to the men; for without them learning grows pedantry, and wit becomes rudeness. But, in *women*, a certain softness of address and grace of manner are so indispensable, that no talents or acquirements can possibly please without them. To give that softness, to confer that grace, reading and reflection will not suffice alone; to impart them in the highest degree, no other accomplishments will suffice, without reading and reflection. *Emilia*'s harpsichord will settle the matter. Let us take *treble* for the first sort of accomplishments, and *bass* for the latter; strike with the right hand—'tis music, but without strength; with the left—'tis harsh, and wants softness; touch it with both hands, and the instrument is quite as it should be.

It is not from the possession of knowledge, but from the display of it, that a woman ceases to be feminine. To lecture with authority, to argue with violence, to dispute with obstinacy, are qualifications purely masculine. It were too much to say that to be in the right, is a male quality; but to feel one's self in the right, or rather to shew that feeling, is not delicately female. The musical department will furnish us with another illustration,

Emilia

Emilia has heard of that ſort of ſinging below the full powers of the performer's voice, which the Italians call ſinging *ſotto-voce*; now, let a woman's underſtanding be ever ſo ſtrong, let her mind be ever ſo accompliſhed, it ſhould always be delivered *ſotto-voce*.

To the AUTHOR of the MIRROR.

SIR,

I AM juſt going to commence buſineſs as a *Milliner*, and am reſolved to beſtow more than common pains in furniſhing out as elegant a ſhop-liſt as poſſible; being of opinion, that much of the employment a ſhopkeeper gets, is owing to the attraction of a happy-fancied ſign, advertiſement, or ſhop-bill. In executing this intention, I have met with ſeveral difficulties; and therefore am induced to trouble you for a ſolution of them. A friend of mine, whom I conſulted (becauſe, as he was often reading, I imagined him to be a wiſe and learned man) adviſed me to look into a book called *Johnſon's Dictionary*, which he ſaid would ſpell, explain, and deſcribe to me, any thing I was at a loſs about. Accordingly, after ſome difficulty, I procured a ſight of this book from a relation, who was acquainted with a bookſeller. But as this ſame Johnſon explains his words in a foreign language, I am as much at a loſs as ever; becauſe I am totally ignorant what language it is, and, therefore, cannot judge, whether what he ſays be ſuch a deſcription of my commodities as will bring me cuſtomers. Upon my looking, for inſtance, at his explanation

of

of *net-work*, I find it to be, "any thing reticulated or decuſſated with interſtices betwixt the interſections." Now, Mr. MIRROR, I beg the favour of you to tell me what language this is. You certainly can eaſily do it, when you have obtained ſuch a character in town for wiſdom and learning. If it ſhould be French, be ſo good as to tranſlate it to me; and if it proves to be ſuch a deſcription as I think ſuits the net-work I have on hand, I ſhall moſt gladly inſert it in my bill. But if it ſhould turn out to be Latin, Greek, Hebrew, or Dutch, or any other Heathen language, I would not meddle with it for all the world; for no perſon then would come near my ſhop. I am adviſed by all my friends to put as much French into my bills and advertiſements as poſſible; and, indeed, I believe the advice is good; for I have a relation, a *Perruquier*, as he calls himſelf, who has told me, that he believed he owed almoſt all his buſineſs (and a great deal he had) to an advertiſement in the newſpapers interlarded with French words. It began thus, for I copied it letter for letter: "*Perruques au dernier gout*, made to fit the head, *avec une air bien degagé*, to be had, &c. This wigmaker informed me, that there was ſcarcely a young beau in town who wore a wig that could reſiſt his advertiſement.

I ſhould beg pardon for the freedom I am uſing, in thus taking up your time about a matter which muſt appear ſo trifling to you; but if you are a benevolent man (and ſuch I have heard you are,) it will readily occur to you, that, though my requeſt appears of a trivial nature, yet it treats of an affair of very great conſequence to me. This conſideration has emboldened me to apply to you; and, if you take the trouble to give me your aſſiſtance on this occaſion, I promiſe you to take in your MIRROR to my ſhop for the amuſement of my cuſtom-

ers; though, upon second thoughts, I am doubtful whether it may not rather hurt my business. A mirror is as necessary to a milliner's shop, as the goods that are in it; but then it must be a mirror for the body. Now yours is one for the mind; and my best customers, in all probability, will consist of a set of ladies who seldom or never look into their minds at all: for those ladies, Mr. MIRROR, who decorate their persons in the highest extravagance of the fashion, and who, of consequence, are the best customers to the milliners, are generally such, I am told, as have their minds worst dressed and least ornamented. Besides, the ladies generally find something in the bodily mirror which pleases them; but your mental looking-glass is one of such just reflection, that, if my ladies should view themselves in it, I am afraid they would be so dissatisfied and displeased with seeing their minds so unadorned as they really are, that they would go away in very bad humour, and without laying out a sixpence in ornaments for their persons.

I must therefore, before I venture upon this step, consider further of it, and have the opinion of my friends on the matter. I have a good mind, Sir, to consult yourself upon it. I think so highly of you, that I scruple not to abide by your determination. Be so good, therefore, as to tell me in your answer, whether you think I ought to venture to take in your MIRROR to lie on my counter.

I am, SIR,

Your very humble servant,

LETITIA LAPPET.

No. 90. SATURDAY, *March* 18, 1780.

Verum etiam amicum qui intuetur tanquam exemplar aliquod intuetur ſui. Quocirca et abſentes abſunt, et egentes abundant, et imbecilles valent, et, quod difficilius dictu eſt, mortui vivunt; tantus eos honos, memoria, deſiderium proſequitur amicorum. Ex quo illorum beata mors videtur, horum vita laudabilis. CICERO.

"LIFE," ſays Sir *William Temple*, "is like wine; who would drink it pure, muſt not draw it to the dregs." Such, I confeſs, has ever been my opinion, although, in reckoning up the good things of this world, long life is commonly eſtimated as one of its chief bleſſings.

I am ready to allow, that an old man, looking back on a well-ſpent life, in which he finds nothing to regret, and nothing to be aſhamed of, and waiting with dignity for that event which is to put a period to his exiſtence, is one of the moſt venerable and reſpectable of all objects. The idea that he is ſoon to quit the buſy ſcenes of life, throws a tenderneſs around him ſimilar to that we feel in bidding adieu to a friend who is to leave us for a long time.

There is, however, ſomething wonderfully unpleaſant in the decay of the powers of mind and body, the neceſſary conſequence of extreme old age. To thoſe around them, particularly to thoſe with whom they are more nearly connected, the imbecility which almoſt always attends perſons in a very advanced period of life, affords one of the moſt affecting ſpectacles that can well be conceived. It is a ſituation truly intereſting; and, while it teaches us to make every allowance for the weakneſs of age, it diſpoſes us,

us, by every attention, by every mark of obſervance, to ſmooth the ſteps of the aged, and to remove, as much as poſſible, thoſe clouds that hang on the evening of life.

It muſt, at the ſame time, be admitted, that there are men who live to a very great age, in the full poſſeſſion of their faculties, and what is ſtill more, with all the affections of the mind alive and unabated. Yet, even where this is the caſe, I cannot, for my part, conſider long life as an object much to be deſired.

There is one circumſtance, which with me is alone ſufficient to decide the queſtion. If there be any thing which can compenſate the unavoidable evils with which this life is attended, and the numberleſs calamities to which mankind are ſubject, it is the pleaſure ariſing from the ſociety of thoſe we love and eſteem. Friendſhip is the cordial of life. Without it, who would wiſh to exiſt an hour? But every one who arrives at extreme old age, muſt make his account with ſurviving the greater part, perhaps the whole, of his friends. He muſt ſee them fall from him by degrees, while he is left alone, ſingle and unſupported, like a leafleſs trunk, expoſed to every ſtorm, and ſhrinking from every blaſt.

I have been led to theſe reflections by a loſs I lately ſuſtained, in the ſudden and unlooked-for death of a friend, to whom, from my earlieſt youth, I had been attached by every tie of the moſt tender affection. Such was the confidence that ſubſiſted between us, that, in his boſom, I was wont to repoſe every thought of my mind, and every weakneſs of my heart. In framing him, nature ſeemed to have thrown together a variety of oppoſite qualities, which, happily tempering each other, formed one of the moſt engaging characters I have ever known.

An

An elevation of mind, a manly firmneſs, a *Caſtilian* ſenſe of honour, accompanied with a bewitching ſweetneſs, proceeding from the moſt delicate attention to the ſituation and the feelings of others. In his manners ſimple and unaſſuming; in the company of ſtrangers modeſt to a degree of baſhfulneſs; yet poſſeſſing a fund of knowledge, and an extent of ability, which might have adorned the moſt exalted ſtation. But it was in the ſocial circle of his friends that he appeared to the higheſt advantage; there the native benignity of his ſoul diffuſed, as it were, a kindly influence on all around him, while his converſation never failed at once to amuſe and to inſtruct.

Not many months ago I paid him a viſit at his ſeat in a remote part of the kingdom. I found him engaged in embelliſhing a place, of which I have often heard him talk with rapture, and the beauties of which I found his partiality had not exaggerated. He ſhewed me all the improvements he had made, and pointed out thoſe he meant to make. He told me all his ſchemes and all his projects. And, while I live, I muſt ever retain a warm remembrance of the pleaſure I then enjoyed in his ſociety.

The day I meant to ſet out on my return, he was ſeized with a ſlight indiſpoſition, which he ſeemed to think ſomewhat ſerious; and, indeed, if he had a weakneſs, it conſiſted in rather too great anxiety with regard to his health. I remained with him till he thought himſelf almoſt perfectly recovered; and, in order to avoid the unpleaſant ceremony of taking leave, I reſolved to ſteal away early in the morning, before any of the family ſhould be aſtir. About day-break I got up and let myſelf out. At the door I found an old and favourite dog of my friend, who immediately came and fawned upon me. He walked with me through the park. At the gate he ſtopped,

and

and looked up wiſhfully in my face; and, though I do not well know how to account for it, I felt, at that moment when I parted with the faithful animal, a degree of tenderneſs, joined with a melancholy ſo pleaſing, that I had no inclination to check it. In that frame of mind I walked on (for I had ordered my horſes to wait me at the firſt ſtage) till I reached the ſummit of a hill, which I knew commanded the laſt view I ſhould have of the habitation of my friend. I turned to look back on the delighful ſcene. As I looked, the idea of the owner came full into my mind; and while I contemplated his many virtues and numberleſs amiable qualities, a ſuggeſtion aroſe, if he ſhould be cut off, what an irreparable loſs it would be to his family, to his friends, and to ſociety. In vain I endeavoured to combat this melancholy foreboding, by reflecting on the uncommon vigour of his conſtitution, and the fair proſpect it afforded of his enjoying many days. The impreſſion ſtill recurred, and it was ſome conſiderable time before I had ſtrength of mind ſufficient to conquer it.

I had not been long at home when I received accounts of his being attacked by a violent diſtemper, and in a few days after I learned that it had put an end to his life.

This blow for a time, unmanned me quite. Even now, the chief conſolation I find, is in the ſociety of a few choſen friends. Should they alſo be torn from me, the world would to me be as a deſert; and, though I ſhould ſtill endeavour to diſcharge my duty in that ſtation which Providence has aſſigned me in life, I ſhould never ceaſe to look forward, not without impatience, to thoſe peaceful manſions where the weary are at reſt, and where only we can hope to meet again with thoſe from whom we have been parted by the inexorable hand of death.

No.

No. 91. TUESDAY, *March* 21, 1780.

Non quia, Mæcenas, Lydorum quidquid Etruſcos
Incoluit fines, nemo generoſior eſt te ;
Nec quod avus tibi maternus fuit atque paternus
Olim qui magnis legionibus imperitârint,
Ut plerique ſolent, naſo ſuſpendis adunco
Ignotos. HOR.

IN eſtimating the conduct of men, we naturally take into account not only the merit or blame of their actions, abſtractedly conſidered, but alſo that portion of either which thoſe actions derive from the ſituation of the perſons performing them. Beſides the great moral laws by which every man is bound, particular ranks and circumſtances have their peculiar obligations ; and he who attains elevation of place, or extent of fortune, increaſes not only the pleaſure he has to enjoy, but the duties he has to perform. This, however, moraliſts have always complained, is apt to be forgotten ; the great are ever ready to exerciſe power, and the rich to purchaſe pleaſure : but the firſt are not always mindful of benignity, nor the latter of beneficence.

In the lighter duties of life the ſame rule takes place, and is, in the ſame manner, but little attended to. In theſe, indeed, it is more liable to be diſregarded from an idea of its unimportance. Yet, to the little and the poor, the behaviour of the great or the rich is often as eſſential as their conduct. There may be tyranny and injuſtice in the one as well as in the other ; nay, I have known many men who could forgive the oppreſſion of the powerful, and the encroachments of the wealthy, in more material inſtances, who never could pardon the haughtineſs of their demeanour, and the faſtidiouſneſs of their air.

It

It is ſtrange, methinks, that the deſire of depreſſing the humble, and overawing the modeſt, ſhould be ſo common as it is among thoſe on whom birth or ſtation has conferred ſuperiority. One might wonder how it ſhould ever happen, that people ſhould prefer being feared to being loved, to ſpread around them the chillneſs of unſocial grandeur, rather than the warmth of reciprocal attachment. Yet, from the pride of folly, or of education, we find this is often the caſe; there is ſcarce any one who cannot recollect inſtances of perſons who ſeem to have exchanged all the pleaſures of ſociety, all intercourſe of the affections, for the cold pre-eminence of ſtate and place.

But, in the ideas of their power, it is proper to inform ſuch perſons, they are frequently miſtaken. It muſt be on a mind very contemptible indeed, that mere greatneſs can have the effects they are apt to aſcribe to it. They cannot blaſt with a frown, or elevate with a ſmile, from rank or ſtation alone, without ſome other qualities attending them. 'Tis with rank and ſtation, as an acquaintance of mine, ſomewhat of a coxcomb, though a better thing from nature, obſerved to me of dreſs: "Every man," ſaid he, looking at himſelf in a mirror, "every man can put on a fine coat: but it is not every man who can wear one."

It is by no means ſo eaſy to do the honours of a high ſtation, as many who attain high ſtations are apt to imagine. The importance of a man to himſelf is a feeling common to all; to ſettle with propriety the claims of others, as well as of ourſelves, requires no inconſiderable degree of diſcernment; and the jealouſy of inferior ſtations in this matter, will criticiſe with the utmoſt nicety the determinations of their ſuperiors. In proportion as the great claim reſpect or adulation, the ſpirit of thoſe beneath them

them will commonly refuse it. We see daily examples of men, who go on arrogating dignity, and procuring contempt; who meet with slights where they demand respect, and are refused even the attention to which they are intitled, because they would impose attention rather than receive it.

But it is not always by haughtiness of demeanour that people shew themselves most haughty. There is a claim of superiority, amidst the condescension of some men, infinitely more disgusting than the distant dignity of ordinary pride. Somebody has called the part which the inferiors of such people play, "holding the lower end of familiarity." *Orgilius* keeps a *pack* of these end-holders constantly about him. He calls them by their names, as he does his hounds; they open at his jests, follow the scent of every observation he makes, and runs down every character he attacks. For all this he rewards them exactly as he does his favourite dogs, by allowing them to dirty his parlour, and feed at his table; and, like the master of many a pack, he is despised by all his neighbours who have understanding, and hated by all those who want it.

Nothing is more difficult than the art of a *patron*; the power of patronising is but one ingredient in its composition. A patron must be able to read mankind, and to conciliate their affections; he must be so deserving of praise as to be independent of it; yet receive it as if he had no claim, and give it value where it is just, by resisting adulation. He must have that dignity of demeanour which may keep his place in the circle; yet that gentleness which may not overpower the most timid, or overawe the meanest. If he patronises the arts, he must know and feel them; yet he must speak to the learned as a learner, and often submit the correctness of his

taſte to the errors of genius. With ſo many qualifications requiſite for a patron, it is not wonderful that ſo few ſhould ariſe; or that the bunglers whom we ſee attempt the part, ſhould ſo frequently make enemies by offices of friendſhip, and purchaſe a lampoon at the price of a panegyric.

There is a ſort of female patronage, of which I cannot forbear taking notice, though it be ſomewhat out of place here. It is conſidered as of little importance, though I am apt to believe, its conſequences are ſometimes of a very ſerious nature. In ſome great houſes, *my Lady*, as well as my Lord, has a train of followers, who contend for that honour which her intimacy is held to confer, and emulate thoſe manners which her rank and faſhion are ſuppoſed to ſanctify. Let the humanity of ſuch a patroneſs lead her to beware, leſt her patronage be fatal to her favourites. If the glare of grandeur, or the luxuries of wealth, deprive them of the reliſh of ſober enjoyments; if the eaſe of faſhionable behaviour ſeduce them from the ſimplicity of purer manners; they will have dearly purchaſed the friendſhip which they court, or the notice which they envy. Let ſuch noble perſons conſider, that, to the young ladies they are pleaſed to call their friends, thoſe ſober pleaſures, thoſe untainted manners, are to be the ſupport of celibacy, the dower of marriage, the comfort and happineſs of a future life. It were cruel, indeed, if, by any infringement of thoſe manners, any contempt for thoſe pleaſures (too eaſily copied by their inferiors,) they ſhould render the little tranſient diſtinctions which they beſtow in kindneſs, a ſource of laſting miſery to thoſe who receive them.

To the behaviour of the rich, the above obſervations may apply; wealth, in a commercial country

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like ours, conferring, in a great measure, the dignity of title or of birth. There are, however, some particular errors, into which the possessors of suddenly acquired fortunes are apt to fall, that defeat the ends at which they aim, that disgust where they meant to dazzle, and only create envy where they wish to excite admiration. When *Lucullus*, at a dinner to which he has invited half a dozen of his old acquaintance, shews his sideboard loaded with plate, and brings in seven or eight laced servants to wait at table, I do not reckon the dinner given, but sold. I am expected to pay my reckoning as much as in a tavern; only here I am to give my admiration, and there my money; and it is certain that many men, and some very narrow ones too, will sooner part with the last than with the former. I have sometimes seen a high-spirited poor man at *Lucullus*'s table, affronted by the production of *Burgundy*, and refuse *Champaigne*, because it had the *borachio* of our landlord's fourscore thousand pounds on't. This was honest, and *Lucullus* had not much title to complain; but he knows not how often his Burgundy and Champaigne are drank by fellows who tell all the world, next day, of their former dinners with him at a shilling ordinary, with sixpenny-worth of punch, by way of regale, upon holidays.

There is an obligation to complacency, I had almost said humility of manners, which the acquisition of wealth or station lays on every man, though it has often, especially on weak minds, a directly opposite effect. A certain degree of inattention, or even rudeness, which from an equal we may easily pardon, from a superior becomes a serious injury. When my school companion *Marcus* was a plain fellow like myself, I could have

have waited for him half an hour after the time of appointment, and laughed at his want of an apology when we met. But now that he is become a great man, I count the minutes of my attendance with impatience, and, when he ſwaggers up to his elbow-chair without an acknowledgment, I hate him for that arrogance which I think he aſſumes, and almoſt hate myſelf for bearing it as I do. The truth is, *Marcus* was born in the rank, but without the ſenſibilities, of a gentleman; a want, which no office in the ſtate, no patent of dignity, can ever ſupply. If the term were rightly underſtood, I might confine my admonitions on the ſubject of this paper to three words, "Be a *gentleman*." The feelings of this character, which, in point of manners is the moſt reſpectable of any, will be as immediately hurt by the idea of giving uneaſineſs by his own behaviour, as of ſuffering uneaſineſs from the behaviour of another.

No. 92. SATURDAY, *March* 25, 1780.

LOOKING from the window of a houſe where I was viſiting ſome mornings ago, I obſerved on the oppoſite ſide of the ſtreet, a ſign-poſt, ornamented with ſome little buſts and bronzes, indicating a perſon to live there, by trade a *Figure-maker*. On remarking to a gentleman who ſtood near me, that this was a profeſſion I did not recollect having heard of before, my friend, who has a knack of drawing obſervations from trifles, and, I muſt confeſs, is a little inclined to take things on their weak ſide replied with a ſarcaſtic ſmile, that it was one of

of the moſt common in life. While he ſpoke, a ſmart young man, who has lately ſet up a very ſhowy equipage, paſſed by in his carriage, at a briſk trot, and bowed to me, who have the honour of a ſlight acquaintance with him, with that air of civil conſequence which puts one in mind of the notice a man thinks himſelf intitled to. "That young gentleman," ſaid my friend, "is a *Figure-maker*, and the chariot he drives in is his *ſign-poſt*. You might trace the brethren of this trade through every ſtreet, ſquare, and houſe in town. *Figure-making* is common to all ranks, ages, tempers, and ſituations: there are rich and poor, extravagant and narrow, wiſe and fooliſh, witty and ridiculous, eloquent and ſilent, beautiful and ugly *Figure-makers*. In ſhort, there is ſcarce any body ſuch a cypher from Nature, as not to form ſome pretenſions to making a figure in ſpite of her.

"The young man who bowed to you is an extravagant *figure-maker*, more remarkable from being ſucceſſor to a narrow one. I knew his father well, and have often viſited him in the courſe of money-tranſactions, at his office, as it was called, in the garret-ſtory of a dark airleſs houſe, where he ſat, like the Genius of Lucre, brooding in his hole over the wealth his parſimony had acquired him. The very ink with which he wrote was adulterated with water, and he delayed mending his pen till the characters it formed were almoſt illegible. Yet he too had great part of his enjoyment from the opinion of others, and was not inſenſible to the pleaſures of *figure-making*. I have often ſeen him in his thread-bare brown coat, ſtop on the ſtreet to wait the paſſing of ſome of his well-dreſſed debtors, that he might have the pleaſure of inſulting them with the intimacy to which their ſituations intitled him; and

I once knew him actually lend a large sum, on terms less advantageous than it was his custom to insist upon, merely because it was a *Peer* who wanted to borrow, and that he had applied in vain to two right hourable relations of immense fortune.

"His son has just the same desire of shewing his wealth that the father had; but he takes a very different method of displaying it. Both, however, display, not enjoy, their wealth, and draw equal satisfaction from the consequence derived from it in the opinion of others. The father kept guineas in his coffers which he never used; the son changes, indeed, the species of property, but has just as little the power of using it. He keeps horses in his stable, mistresses in lodgings, and servants in livery, to no better purpose than his father did guineas. He gives dinners, at which he eats made dishes that he detests, and drinks Champaigne and Burgundy, instead of his old beverage of port and punch, till he is sick, because they are the dishes and drink of great and rich men. The son's situation has the advantage of brilliancy, but the father's was more likely to be permanent; he was daily growing richer with the aspect of poverty; his son is daily growing poorer, with the appearance of wealth.

"It is impossible to enumerate the pranks which the sudden acquisition of riches, joined to this desire of *figure-making* sets people a-playing. There is nothing so absurd or extravagant, which riches, in the hands of a weak man, will not tempt him to commit, from the mere idea of enjoying his money in the way of exhibition. Nay, this will happen to persons of whose sense and discretion the world had formerly a high opinion, even where that opinion was a just one; for wealth often makes fools where it does not find them." My friend happening to

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caſt his eye towards me at that moment, diſcovered a ſmile on my countenance: "You are thinking now," ſaid he, "that you and I could endure being left twenty or thirty thouſand pounds notwithſtanding the truth of my obſervation."—"It would ſpoil your lecture," I replied; "but you may go on in the mean time."—He took the pinch of ſnuff which my remark had ſtopped in its progreſs towards his noſe, and went on.

"From this motive of *Figure-making*," continued he, turning to the ladies of the company, "Beauty puts on her airs, and Wit labours for a *bon mot*, till the firſt becomes ugly, and the latter tireſome. You may have frequently obſerved *Betſey Ogle*, in a company of her ordinary acquaintance, look charmingly, becauſe ſhe did not care how ſhe looked, till the appearance of a gentleman, with a fine coat or a title, has ſet her a-toſſing her head, rolling her eyes, biting her lips, twiſting her neck, and bringing her whole figure to bear upon him, till the expreſſion of her countenance became perfect folly, and her attitudes downright diſtortion. In the ſame way our friend *Ned Glib* (who has more wit than any man I know, could he but learn the economy of it,) when ſome happy ſtrokes of humour have given him credit with himſelf and the company, will ſet out full tilt, mimicking, caricaturing, punning, and ſtory-telling, till every body preſent wiſhes him dumb, and looks grave in proportion as he laughs.

"That wit and beauty ſhould be deſirous of making a figure is not to be wondered at, admiration being the very province they contend for. That folly and uglineſs ſhould thruſt themſelves forward to public notice, might be matter of ſurpriſe, did we not recollect that their owners moſt probably think themſelves witty and handſome. In theſe, indeed,

as

as in many other instances, it unfortunately happens, that people are strangely bent upon making a figure in those very departments, where they have least chance of succeeding.

"But there is a species of animal, several of whom must have fallen under the notice of every body present, which it is difficult to class, either among the witty or the foolish, the clever or the dull, the wise or the mad, who, of all others, have the greatest propensity to *Figure-making*. Nature seems to have made them up in haste, and to have put the different ingredients, above referred to, into their composition at random. They are more common in such a place as this, than in a more extensive sphere; like some vermin, that breed in ponds and rivulets, which a larger stream or lake would destroy. Our circle is just large enough to give their talents room and small enough to be affected by their exertion. Here, therefore, there is never wanting a junto of them of both sexes, who are liked or hated, admired or despised, who make people laugh, or set them asleep, according to the fashion of the time, or the humour of their audience, but who have always the satisfaction of talking themselves, and of being talked of by others. With us, indeed a very moderate degree of genius is sufficient for this purpose; in small societies, folks are set agape by small circumstances. I have known a lady here contrive to make a figure for half the winter, on the strength of a plume of feathers, or the trimming of a petticoat; and a gentleman make shift to be thought a fine fellow, only by outdoing every body else in the thickness of his *queu*, or the height of his foretop.

"But people will not only make themselves fools; I have known instances of their becoming knaves, or, at least, boasting of their being so, from this desire

ſire of *Figure-making*. You ſhall hear a fellow, who has once got the character of being a ſharp man, tell things of himſelf, for which, if they had been true, he deſerved to be hanged, merely becauſe his line of *Figure-making* lies in trick and chicane: hence too, proceed all thoſe hiſtories of their own profligacy and vice, which ſome young men of ſpirit are perpetually relating, who are willing to '*record themſelves villains*,' rather than not be recorded at all.

"In the arts, as well as in the characters of men, this ſame propenſity is productive of ſtrange diſorders. Hence proceed the bombaſt of poetry, the tumour of proſe, the gariſh light of ſome paintings, the unnatural *chiaro ſcuro* of others; hence, in muſick, the abſurd mixture of diſcordant movements and the ſqueak of high-ſtrained cadences; in ſhort, all thoſe ſins againſt nature and ſimplicity, which artiſts of inferior merit are glad to practiſe, in order to extort the notice of the Public, and to make a figure by ſurpriſe and ſingularity."

The accidental interruption of a new viſitor now ſtopped the current of my friend's diſcourſe; he had, indeed, begun to tire moſt of the company, who were not all diſpoſed to liſten quite ſo long as he ſeemed inclined to ſpeak. In truth, he had forgot that the very reproof he meant to give his neighbours, applied pretty ſtrongly to himſelf, and that, though he might ſuppoſe he was lecturing from the deſire of reformation, he was, in reality, haranguing in the ſpirit of *Figure-making*.

No. 93. TUESDAY, *March* 28, 1780.

Parva leves capiunt animos. OVID.

THAT life conſiſts, in a great meaſure, of trifling occurrences and little occupations, there needs no uncommon ſagacity or attention to diſcover. Notwithſtanding the importance we are apt to aſcribe to the employments and the time, even of the greateſt and moſt illuſtrious, were we to trace ſuch perſons to the end of their labours and the cloſe of their purſuits, we ſhould frequently diſcover, that trifles were the ſolace of the one, and the purpoſe of the other. Public buſineſs and political arrangement are often only the conſtrained employments to which accident or education has devoted their hours, while their willing moments are deſtined, perhaps to light amuſements and to careleſs mirth.

It is not, then, ſurpriſing, that trifles ſhould form the chief gratification of ordinary men, on whom the Publick has no claim, and individuals have little dependence. But, of thoſe trifles, the nature will commonly mark the man, as much as circumſtances of greater importance. A mind capable of high exertion or delicate ſentiment, will ſtoop with a certain conſciouſneſs of its deſcent, that will not allow it to wanton into abſurdity, or ſink into groſſneſs. There is, in ſhort, a difference, which ſenſe and feeling will not eaſily forget, between the little and the mean, the ſimple and the rude, the playful and the fooliſh.

But the ſureſt mark of a weak mind is an affectation of importance amidſt the enjoyment of trifles, a buſtle of ſerious buſineſs amidſt the moſt inſignificant

icant concerns. The bringing forward of little things to the rank of great ones, is the true burleſque in character as well as in ſtyle; yet ſuch characters are not uncommon, even among men who have acquired ſome eſtimation in the world. In this particular, the world is eaſily deceived; dulneſs may often ape ſolemnity, and arrogate importance, where brighter talents would have drawn but little regard; as objects are magnified by miſts, and made awful by darkneſs.

Of a character of this ſort I received, ſome time ago, the following ſketch from a young lady, who ſometimes honours me with her correſpondence, whoſe vivacity can give intereſt to trifles, and entertainment to abſurdity.

Dear SIR,

YOU made me promiſe, on leaving town, that I would write to you whenever the country afforded any thing worth writing about. The country, at preſent, merely as country, preſents no landſcape, but one undiſtinguiſhed tract of ſnow: vegetation is locked up in froſt, and we are locked up within doors, but ſomething might be traced within doors had I a good pencil for the purpoſe.—Mine hoſt, of whom you have heard a good deal, is no bad ſubject: ſuppoſe I make him ſit for his picture.

Believe me, he is not quite the ſenſible intelligent man we were told he was.—So much the better, I like oddities—even now and then in town; ſtill better in the country; but in froſt and ſnow, and in all the dreary confinement of winter—Oh! your *battledore* and *ſhuttlecock*, are a joke to them.

You

You remember a long while ago (so long, that I have forgot every part of the book but the name,) we read *Nature Displayed* together. You then told me of a certain Mr. *Leeuwenhoek*, I think you called him, whose microscope shewed the circulation of frog's blood, the scales of the scales of fishes, the bristles of mites, and every other tiny thing in the world. Now, my worthy landlord, Mr. G. R. has always such a glass at *Leeuwenhoek*'s in his noddle; every little thing is so great to him, and he does little things, and talks of little things, with an air of such importance!—but I hate definitions; pictures are ten times better; and now for a few sketches of my winter-quarters, and of the good man under whose government I live.

I discovered, on my first entry into his house, that every thing was in exact order, and every place inviolably appropriated to its respective use. The gentlemen were to put their hats and sticks in one corner, and the ladies their clogs in another. The very day of my arrival, I heard the family-apothecary get a severe rebuke for violating the chastity of the clog-corner with his rattan. I have hitherto escaped much censure on this score: luckily I have attracted the regard of Mr. R.'s youngest sister, a grave, considerate, orderly young lady. I don't know how it is, but I have often got in favour with those grave ladies—God knows, I little deserve it—Miss Sophia R. therefore keeps me right in many important particulars, or covers my deviations with some apology; or, if all won't do, I laugh as is my way; Mr. R. calls me Rattleskull; says, he shall bring me into order bye and bye, and there's an end on't.

By that attention to trifles, for which, from his earliest days, he was remarkable, Mr. R. made himself commodious to some persons of considerable influence,

fluence, and procured many advantages, to which neither from birth nor fortune he was any wise entitled. He travelled in company with a gentleman of very high rank and distinguished abilities, by whose means he procured an introduction to many eminent men in foreign countries; and when he returned from abroad, was often in the society of the eminent men of our own. But his brain, poor man! was like a gauze searce, it admitted nothing of any magnitude: Amidst great men and great things, it took in only the dust that fell from them.

He was reading in the newspapers, the other morning, of the marriage of the Honourable Miss W—— to Sir H. S.——. "Ah!" said he, "to think how time passes! I remember her grand-father Lord W—— well; a great man, a very great man. We met at *Naples*, and afterwards went to *Parma* together. I gave him the genuine receipt for the *Parmesan cheese*, which I went purposely to procure, while he was examining some statues and ancient manuscripts. We were ever afterwards on the most friendly footing imaginable. I was with him a few mornings before the marriage of Lord C. W——, this very Miss W——'s father. I remember it well;—it was at breakfast;—I often breakfasted with him before he went to the house; he always eat *butter'd muffins*; but when I was there, he used to order *dry toast*; I always eat *dry toast*. The bride was with us; I was intimately acquainted with her too; she let me into the whole secret of the courtship. Her father's principal inducement to the match,—it was a long affair,—the B—— estate was to be settled on the young folks at the marriage; no, not all—part of the B—— estate, with the manor in Lincolnshire. But, as I was saying, we were at breakfast at Lord W——'s.

His son and the bride were by; Lord C. had velvet breeches and gold clocks to his stockings; the question was, whether this was proper? I put it to the bride; I made her blush, I warrant you; she was a fine woman, a prodigious fine woman; she always used my wash-ball: I wrote out the receipt for her; it was given me at *Vienna* by Count O——; a very great man Count O——, and knew more of the affairs of the empire than any man in Germany. From him I first learned with certainty, that the Duchess of *Lorraine*'s two fore-teeth were false ones. I remember he had an old grey monkey. Sister Mary, you have heard me tell the story of Count O——'s monkey." But here it pleased heaven that *William* called his master out of the room, and saved us from the Count and his old grey monkey.

This superficial knowledge of great men, and accidental acquaintance with some of the vocables of state business, has given him a consequential sort of phraseology, which he applies, with all the gravity in the world, to the most trifling occurrences. When he orders the chaise for his eldest sister, himself, and me, the white pad for *Sophy*, and the old roan mare for her attendant, he calls it, "*regulating the order of the procession.*" When he gives out the wine from the cellar, and the groceries from the store-room (for he does both in person) he tells us, he has been "*granting the supplies*;" the acceptance, or offer of a visit, he lays before "*a committe of the whole house*;" and for the killing of the fat ox this Christmas, he called the gentlemen three successive mornings to "*a grand council of war.*"

It were well if all this were only matter of amusement; but some of us find it a source of very serious distress. Your managing men are commonly plagues; but Mr. R. manages so much to a hair's-

breadth,

breadth, that he is a downright torment to the other members of his family. It was but yesterday we had the honour of a ceremonious visit from some great folks, as we think them, who came lately from your town to eat their *mince-pies* in the country. After a wonderful ringing of bells, calling of servants, and trampling upon the stairs all morning, Mr. R. came down to the drawing-room at a quarter before three, with all his usual *fiddle-faddlation*, but, as I thought, in very good humour. He had on his great company wig, and his round set shoe-buckles. The servants had their liveries new white-ball'd, and the best China was set out, with the large silver salvers, and the embossed porter-cups on the side board. The covers were stripped from the worked chair-bottoms, and his grandmother's little diced carpet was taken off the roller, and laid, like a patch, on the middle of the floor, the naked part of which was all shining with bees-wax. The company came at their hour; the beef was roasted to a turn; dinner went on with all imaginable good order and stupidity; supper was equally regular and sleepy; in short, every thing seemed quite as it should be: Yet, next morning, I perceived foul weather in all the faces of the family; Mr. R. and his sister scarce spoke to one another, and he talked, all the time of breakfast, of female carelessness and inattention. *Miss Sophia* explained it to me when we were left alone. "Oh! do you know," said she, "a sad affair happened last night: My brother and sister had such a *tiff!* You must understand, before the company arrived yesterday, he had, as usual, adjusted the ceremonial of their different apartments; but he discovered, on attending them to their rooms at night, that my sister had put the gilt-china bottle and bason into the *callico* bed-chamber, and the ordinary blue

blue and white into the *pink damaſk*." It is lucky this man is no guardian of mine; were he to watch me as he does his ſiſters, and ſee all the odds and ends about me—But what has he to do to be a guardian? Yet Nature, perhaps, meant him for ſomething, if fortune had allowed it; he might have been excellently employed in a *pin-ſhop*, in ſticking the rows in a *pin-paper*.

I fancy you have quite enough of my landlord. You uſed to ſay I was the beſt of your philoſophers, your *Democritus* in petticoats. If I have an inch of philoſophy about me, it is without my knowledge, I aſſure you; you are welcome to it, however, ſuch as it is. Other folks may give you what I have heard you call the *great views* of Nature and Life; it is enough for me if I can enrich your collection with a paper of *inſects*.

Yours moſt truly,

C. F.

No. 94. SATURDAY, *April* 1, 1780.

AMONG the other privileges of an anonymous periodical author, is that of writing letters in praiſe of himſelf, which he is, now and then, obliged to inſert on account of their merit, however offenſive they may be to his modeſty. This ſort of correſpondence, which I ſuppoſe is a very pleaſant one, I have not ventured to indulge in. The correſpondents whom I have perſonated, always talk of themſelves inſtead of the MIRROR; and, on the other hand, ſeveral of the papers I have received, are

are written in the perſon of the author, a character in which it were improper to praiſe him, and which, when *aſſumed*, gives, perhaps, no great inclination to do it. Of this laſt ſort is the firſt of two communications to which I devote the paper of to-day; the ſecond, containing one of the very few compliments which the MIRROR has exhibited of itſelf, is a genuine letter from London, written by a gentleman in the very ſituation, the feelings of which he ſo naturally deſcribes.

IN my firſt paper I took occaſion to mention a few particulars of my ſituation and character, and my object in this publication. My deſign has been to afford an agreeable and innocent amuſement; and by laying before my readers thoſe characters I was acquainted with, and which preſented themſelves before me, I had ſome hopes, though I ſhould not reclaim the completely vicious, that I might be able to guard the young and inexperienced, to alarm the inconſiderate, to confirm the wavering, and to point out, even to the worthy, ſome of thoſe errors and imperfections, from which, perhaps, the fineſt minds are in the greateſt danger of ſuffering.

How far I have been able to afford any amuſement, I will not take upon me to ſay; but I am ſorry to find, that many of the characters which I have preſented to the public, with a veiw to point out men's errors and defects, have been conſidered as proper objects of imitation, and that ſome of my readers have ſo far miſtaken the purpoſe I had in preſenting ſuch characters, as to be flattered by thinking that themſelves bear ſome reſemblance to them.

When I made my readers acquainted with my friend Mr. *Fleetwood*, I never meant to recommend that exceſſive delicacy and falſe refinement which often prevents him from being happy; on the contrary, my intention was to point out the danger of that exceſſive refinement, and to guard ſuch of my readers as ſhould be diſpoſed to indulge in it, againſt its fatal conſequences; and yet I know a gentleman who is ſo deſirous of being thought poſſeſſed of delicacy and refinement, that, the other day, I ſaw him very much pleaſed when one of his friends told him he was a very *Fleetwood*. Luckily for him, I know him to be poſſeſſed of Fleetwood's good qualities, without his imperfections. I cannot ſay ſo much for his acquaintance C. D.; he is a peeviſh diſcontented creature, quick in his temper, jealous of his friends, and diſſatisfied with every thing about him. He has of late taken it into his head to be a *man of taſte*, though he has not the leaſt pretenſions to the character; and while he indulges his own peeviſhneſs and chagrin, he flatters himſelf with the thought that he is a Fleetwood, and apologiſes for his bad temper, by calling it the effect of his delicacy and refinement of mind. Tho' I confeſs my partiality for Fleetwood's good qualities, yet, had I not known C. D. I could hardly have thought that any one would have been vain of his imperfections, who was not poſſeſſed of any of his merits.

When I introduced Mr. *Umphraville* to my readers, I never meant to recommend that ſecluſion from the world, and that abſtraction from the duties of life, which, with all the dignity of mind he is poſſeſſed of, have given occaſion to his little oddities, and diſqualified him for every active purpoſe; and yet *Tom Meadows*, who gave up the profeſſion of

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the law, becauſe he was too idle to attend to it, and who has lately ſold his commiſſion in the army, becauſe he would not undergo the fatigues of a foreign campaign, has thought proper to juſtify his conduct by appealing to Mr. Umphraville's example; and pretends to ſay, that he, forſooth, has too much pride of mind, to occupy himſelf in applying the rules of law to the unintereſting diſputes of individuals, or to be engaged in aſſiſting at a review, or lining the ſtreets at a proceſſion.

H. B.'s letter, in my 51ſt Number, deſcribes the dangerous effects of giving too much culture, and too many accompliſhments, and of ſoftening too much the mind of a young girl, who has to ſtruggle with the difficulties of life, and is not placed in ſuch a ſituation as makes her independent of the world. It repreſents, in a very feeling manner, the delicate diſtreſs which theſe circumſtances had occaſioned. I have lately, however, received a letter from a Correſpondent, who, from her language and expreſſions, ſeems to be a great reader in the circulating library. She ſays, ſhe has lately ſpent much of her time in ſtudying the *Belles Lettres*; that, of all things, ſhe would wiſh to be learned and accompliſhed; that ſhe regrets that her father did not educate her better; that of all the perſons ſhe ever read of, ſhe would wiſh to be like my Correſpondent H. B.; that ſhe envies her affliction, for that "*affliction makes part of her dream of happineſs.*"

The letter publiſhed in my 78th Number, gives an excellent deſcription of the bad effects of that too great eaſineſs of temper which leads a man into folly and extravagance, and makes him be ruined by having too many friends. My neighbour, *Will. Littlebit* whoſe heart is ſo contracted as not to be ſuſceptible of the ſentiment of friendſhip, and who,

far

far from being in danger of being preyed upon by his friends, never admits a gueſt within his houſe, ſays, that the 78th is the only good paper he has ſeen in the MIRROR, and that the laſt paragraph in particular ſhould be printed in letters of gold, to ſerve as a leſſon of imitation for all the young men of the age.

The particulars above mentioned have taught me how difficult is the attempt to inſtruct or reform. There is no virtue which is not nearly connected with ſome vice; there is no imperfection which does not bear a near reſemblance to ſome excellency. And mankind, fond of indulging their favourite paſſions and inclinations, inſtead of diſtinguiſhing, endeavour to confound their vices with their virtues; inſtead of ſeparating the bad from the good grain, they bind all up together, and hug themſelves in the belief of holding what is valuable.

To the AUTHOR of the MIRROR.

SIR, *London, March* 13, 1780.

I AM, though at this diſtance, one of your conſtant readers, and mark with pleaſure not only the general good tendency of your papers, but perceive alſo, that you draw your pictures of human nature from the only pure fountain, Nature herſelf.

You muſt know I am a native of *Edinburgh*, where I paſſed my youth, and received my education; but have been long ſettled in this place. Some years ago I was impelled by a very natural deſire to reviſit my native country, and I now ſit down

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to communicate to you the ſenſations I felt upon that occaſion.

On my arrival in *Edinburgh*, I will own that what firſt ſtruck me was the total change of faces. Very few were left whom I knew when a boy, and thoſe ſo altered in their appearance, ſo much the ſhadows only of what they once were, as could not fail to excite many ſerious reflections. Hardly a ſingle houſe did I find inhabited by the ſame perſons I left in it; but every where a new race, new manners, and new modes of living. In ſhort, I found myſelf, in almoſt every ſenſe of the word, an utter ſtranger. Even the improvements that had been made during my long abſence diſpleaſed me. The corn-fields on the ſouth ſide of the town were quite covered with ſubſtantial houſes; *Barefoot's Parks*, where I have had many a retired and pleaſant walk, converted into a ſplendid city, and, in the old town, many ruinous buildings, the ſcenes of ſome of my youthful amuſements, now rebuilt with equal ſolidity and elegance.

Nor were theſe my only grievances. The removal of the *Croſs*, of the *Netherbow-port*, and of many other incumbrances; in ſhort, every alteration, though evidently for the better, that had taken place ſince my departure, more or leſs diſpleaſed me. You will more eaſily account than I can, how it comes to paſs that the human mind ſhould be ſo much ſet againſt all innovations of what nature ſoever. This may, perhaps, inſenſibly ariſe from the picture they exhibit of the mutability of every object before us, and a tacit intimation that we ourſelves are compoſed of the ſame changeable materials, and muſt ſoon quit the ſcene.

I will acknowledge, however, that I had the ſatisfaction to find many places that did not hurt me by

any

any alteration or improvement. Your *wynds* and *cloſes* were nearly in the ſtate I had left them; and where, in ſome parts of the ſtreets, you have got new pavements, the good people who live at the ſides of them take care that there ſhall be no innovation in point of cleanlineſs. Your *Theatre* and *Concert-Hall* are new buildings; but your *Aſſembly-Room*, where people of the higheſt faſhion reſort, is juſt as paltry as ever. But as they dance there for the benefit of the *poor*, I ſhall forbear any further remarks on it—"*charity covereth a multitude of ſins.*"

The *High-School**, and its environs, I found unaltered, though the yards appeared to me to be much diminiſhed in their extent. The *College*, too, remained the ſame plain, mean, unadorned building it was half a century ago, and ſeemed to me, after having ſeen the ſplendid palaces of *Oxford* and *Cambridge*, more homely than ever. Though, perhaps, in literature, as in religion, *Siſter Peg* confines herſelf to ſubſtance, without much regard to ornament; yet, methink, it is rather a reproach to the capital of our country, that amidſt all its improvements, this univerſity, ſo much celebrated over Europe for the ability of its Profeſſors, and the ſucceſs with which every branch of ſcience is there cultivated, ſhould preſent to the eye of a ſtranger a ſet of buildings ſo inconvenient as well as mean. The preſent period is, perhaps, not very favourable to expenſive public deſigns; but I would have your readers, among whom, I hope, are included all the men of fortune and taſte in the kingdom, think of the *College*, as ſoon as the preſſure of the times will admit. As an individual, from that regard to the honour of the land of my nativity, which, I hope, will never be extinguiſhed,

* *This ſchool, I underſtand, has been ſince rebuilt.*

extinguished, I shall willingly and liberally contribute, whenever this necessary work is determined upon.

I will not tire you with my various observations during several excursions I made into different parts of the country; because some of them might, to your readers, appear too trite, and others, perhaps, too trivial. But I cannot omit telling you, that the spirit of industry, so conspicuous in the various manufactures set on foot of late years, and in the improved face of the country, gave birth to many pleasing sensations which are not easily described. Yet I was not much better pleased with some of the fine buildings of the country than with those of the town. In many places I could not help regretting the Gothic grandeur of ancient castles, displaced by modern shewy edifices. Some of their owners, I fancy, are of my mind; for I was informed that their fathers used to reside at the mansions in their former state nine months in the year; but that the present possessors of those elegant houses are scarcely seen there at all. Nor could I refrain, as I passed along, from dropping a tear over the ruins of our religious houses; which, however they might have been perverted from the original purposes of their erection, I could not help considering as splendid monuments of the piety of our ancestors. Some of them I saw that had still more tender ties upon my mind. I remembered having played when a boy, under arches, which time had since mouldered away, with companions, the echo of whose voices was still fresh in my memory, though they, alas! as well as those arches, were now crumbled into dust!

Were I to go on, I find I should be in danger of growing too serious. Recalling to remembrance days long past, and the juvenile society of those who

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are now no more, is an awful operation of the human mind; and, while it speaks loudly the truth of St. *Paul's* observation, "*that the fashion of this world passeth away*," imperceptibly leads to a train of thinking that might here be out of place, though it is neither unpleasing nor unsuitable to the character of a rational being, who hath been taught and accustomed to consider himself as an immortal part of the creation.

I am, &c.

No. 95. SATURDAY, *April* 4, 1780.

To the AUTHOR of the MIRROR.

SIR,

AS you have, by several of your publications given proof that you do not think the occurrences of domestic life unworthy your attention, I shall, without further preface, address you on a subject full as deseving of it as any yet offered to your consideration. It is now above four years since I became the wife of a gentleman, my equal in rank and fortune; and what was more material, of a disposition and turn of mind every way suitable to mine. His estate lies at a considerable distance from the capital; but as it is situated in an agreeable neighbourhood, and as we have both a taste for reading, and Mr. B. is not averse to rural employments, we spent our time as happily as possible, till about half a year ago, that my ill stars directed me to renew

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my acquaintance with a young lady, who had been my companion at school, and who now came on a visit to a relation who lived at no great distance from our house.

Before I proceed in my story, I must beg a candid consideration of it. From the introduction to the disagreeable part of it, you will be apt to imagine that I am one of those self-tormentors justly ridiculed by the ingenious author of the *Jealous Wife*. No such thing, Mr. MIRROR; my husband's attention to other women never gave me the slightest uneasiness. Convinced of his attachment, satisfied with his treatment of me, I never expected him to be blind to the charms of a beautiful woman, or insensible of the merit of an agreeable one; nor had I the mistaken policy of many wives, of never suffering a tolerable female to enter my doors, or of courting the intimacy of some tall elderly maiden, that I might gain by the comparison. No, Sir; I depended wholly upon my unremitting attention to please Mr. B. for the continuance of his attachment. Nor can I in the least reproach myself with giving cause for the abatement I too plainly perceive in it.

But to return to my story. I was much pleased at seeing my old school-fellow: We had been parted many years, and I found the wild lively romp improved into an elegant woman. She still however, retained a good deal of the heedless manner that marked her childish days; and though she has an excellent understanding, she never seemed to make use of it in the regulation of her conduct or behaviour. She expressed herself much pleased at finding me so happily settled: Mr. B. appeared to her a most amiable man, and my children (particularly my little *Bess*) she said were angels. Her attention to them, I own, endeared me to her very much; though, indeed, Mr. MIRROR, no one

can help loving them, for they are charming children. Her good-humoured playful ways made the little creatures doat on her. At my return from walking, I have frequently found her on her knees on the floor, building card-houſes for their entertainment. Mr. B. has obſerved to me, on thoſe occaſions, how amiable it was in a young admired woman, who ſpent her life in the uſual round of folly and diſſipation, to preſerve ſuch natural and right feelings. He generally concluded his obſervations with ſaying, that he believed ſhe would make a moſt excellent wife. I, for a long time, agreed with him in opinion, and uſed to tell her before his face, the fine things Mr. B. ſaid of her. She received them in a rattling good-humoured way, inſiſting that her conduct in the married ſtate would depend on her huſband's: For ſhe declared that ſhe did not find in herſelf that exalted turn of mind to love virtue for its own ſake, and ſhe believed ſhe would make but an indifferent wife to half the men in the world. Such converſation generally produced an argument between her and Mr. B. which, as it was carried on with ſpirit and temper, had no other effect than making them ſtill more pleaſed with one another. If ſhe found the argument growing ſerious, ſhe would call over the children, and, putting them on their father's knee, deſire them to kiſs him into good humour, which never failed having the effect; or, if ſhe ſaid a flippant thing to him, with which he ſeemed half offended, ſhe uſed to take his hand, and ſmile ſo ſweetly in his face, it was impoſſible for him to continue diſpleaſed with her; and generally a kiſs, and a game at billiards, ſealed their reconciliation. I own to you, I began not to reliſh her behaviour; yet it ſeemed ſo unpremeditated, and ſo perfectly correſponding with her general character, that I did not know how to make

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her ſenſible of the impropriety of it. I even doubted my own judgment of the matter. I had, for ſome time, lived ſo much out of the gay world, that I did not know but *Maria*'s very great freedom of manner might be the faſhionable behaviour of the people ſhe had been accuſtomed to ſee: if ſo, how was ſhe to blame? or why ſhould I be uneaſy, knowing her to be a woman of honour, ſurely incapable of ſo baſe an action as endeavouring to alienate my huſband's affections from me? By ſuch reaſonings I ſtrove to quell the firſt emotions (jealouſy, if you will have them ſo) that roſe in my breaſt. But, alas, Mr. MIRROR, to what purpoſe; I have every hour freſh cauſe of uneaſineſs. About a week ago I went ſuddenly into the parlour, and found *Maria* ſitting on Mr. B.'s knee, her head leaning on his ſhoulder: He looked a little out of countenance; but ſhe was not in the leaſt diſtreſſed at my appearance, but aſked me, with her uſual good-humour, what made me look ſo grave? then, ſlapping Mr. B. gently on the cheek, ſaid, "It is your fault, you harſh thing you! when I knew her formerly, ſhe uſed to be all life and ſpirits." He anſwered (coldly I thought) that it was his wiſh ever to ſee me in ſpirits, and that he was ſorry he was not ſo happy as to hit on a method to make me ſo. I turned my head aſide, to hide the ſtarting tear. *Maria*, as if gueſſing at my emotion, put her arm about my neck, and, drawing round my averted face, ſaid, in a loud whiſper, "My dear Mrs. B. how can you indulge ſuch weakneſs?" Mr. B. ſnatched up his hat, and left the room; I heard the word "childiſh," as he ſhut the door. I remember the time when he could not bear the leaſt cloud on my looks, without tenderly enquiring the cauſe; but now he ſeems often to forget that I am preſent, while *Maria* engroſſes his whole attention. I have been for

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ſome days deprived of his company, and have ſpent the time in reflecting ſeriouſly on my ſituation. The more I conſider it, the more it appears to me of a particular and diſtreſſing nature. I have at laſt determined to requeſt your opinion of it, and, through the channel of your paper, to give *Maria* a hint, that to keep clear of the groſſneſs of vice, is not ſufficient for the delicacy of the female character; and that the woman who, by an alluring and refined coquetry, engages the thoughts, and intereſts the feelings of a married man, is a more dangerous, and perhaps not a leſs criminal companion, than the avowed wanton, who excites a ſhort-lived paſſion, ſoon extinguiſhed by remorſe, and, if I may be allowed the expreſſion, fully compenſated for by the returning tenderneſs of the repenting huſband.

I am, &c.

E. B.

To the AUTHOR of the MIRROR.

Mr. MIRROR,

I MARRIED, for love, a moſt charming woman, who has made me the happy father of two very fine children: I have a thouſand a-year eſtate, and enjoy a moſt perfect ſtate of health; yet a very ſlight and contemptible cauſe was near deſtroying all thoſe fair proſpects of happineſs, by interrupting the harmony of a union founded on mutual liking, and cemented by mutual eſteem. In your obſervations on the female world, you have ſuffered to eſcape your notice a dangerous and moſt deſtructive race, whoſe hearts, hardened by vanity, are

equally

equally impenetrable to the ſhafts of love, and inſenſible of the charms of friendſhip; yet the buſineſs of their lives is to excite paſſions they never mean to gratify, and ſentiments they are incapable of returning. My dear Mrs. B. unfortunately for us both, ſome months ago renewed an intimacy, formed in her childiſh days, with one of thoſe females. To *Maria* I was introduced as the huſband of her friend; as ſuch I was received by her, without reſerve, and ſoon treated with the moſt flattering diſtinction. *Maria* poſſeſſes all thoſe powers of allurement which men for ever condemn, and can never withſtand: She can aſſume every ſhape that is fitted to captivate the ſenſes, or delight the imagination, and can vary her appearance at pleaſure. So conſummate is her art, that one could not for an inſtant, ſuſpect her of any deſign in her behaviour; and even at this moment, that an accident has laid open her whole character to me, I ſhould not anſwer for my reſolution were ſhe to enter the room, and ſmilingly take my hand as was her frequent cuſtom, with ſuch a mixture of ſweetneſs and tenderneſs in her looks!—I almoſt fear I ſhould be weak enough to forget that my opinion of her is founded on the cleareſt proofs of her diſſembling arts, and ſtand before her ſelf-condemned, as the defamer of innocence and undeſigning ſimplicity.

Luckily I am out of her reach: I left my own houſe immediately upon the diſcovery I made of the fair hypocrite's real diſpoſition. I mean to ſend for my dear Mrs. B. and with her pay a viſit to the capital, and there uſe all my efforts to make her amends for any uneaſineſs my fooliſh infatuation may have given her; but firſt I wiſhed to make this public acknowledgment of it; and, as *Maria* deſerves no mercy, I ſhall ſhew her none, except concealing her family-name.

For five months, Mr. MIRROR, the Proteus-like animal had found out a thousand different ways to charm me. Was I in spirits, she was all life and good humour; when in a graver mood, I found her all sense and seriousness. If what I had been reading excited in me a tender and not unpleasing melancholy, the sympathetic tear stood ready in her eye. A few days since, upon my reading to her the story of *La Roche*, so beautifully told in your papers, she wept leaning upon my shoulder; and I own to you Mr. MIRROR, as her tears fell upon the finest bosom Nature ever formed, while her white hand lightly pressed my arm, I thought I had never beheld so interesting an object. Mrs. B. came suddenly into the room; her grave cold manner was at the moment disagreeably contrasted to *Maria*'s animated feelings. For the first time since our marriage, I thought I saw a change in Mrs. B's temper, and that she was not the very amiable woman I took her for. She took amiss something I said, and I left the room in disgust. I strolled down a shady walk that goes round part of my improvements: at the end of it I found *Maria* seated on the grass, with one of my little girls on her lap. She rose at my approach, and, desiring the child to walk before us, took me under the arm, and, in the gentlest terms, expostulated with me on the abruptness of my manner. She had, she said, after a vain attempt to soothe her, left Mrs. B. in tears. She acknowledged I had not given her very serious cause of uneasiness, but that a man of my sense should make allowance for the trifling blemishes of a very good woman; adding, with a smile, "my dear Mr. B. we are none of us angels."—I was puppy enough to be ready to exclaim, "Upon my soul, you are one."—I contented myself with saying, "Whoever you marry, *Maria*, will have no reason to complain of your temper."

temper." She blushed, drew out her handkerchief to cover her face with it, as if to conceal her emotions, but gave me such a look from below it!—A servant appeared to tell us that dinner waited, and we went into the house together.

In the afternoon one of my little girls came into the parlour, where I was sitting alone: "See what I found in the walk, Papa!" said she, holding out a paper. I took it from the child, and, seeing it was *Maria*'s hand, was about to go up stairs to restore it to its owner, when my own name, written in large characters, struck my eye. My good manners were overpowered by the immediate impulse of my curiosity; I opened the paper, and read what follows; it was part of an unfinished letter to a friend in town.

"You ask what havoc I have made among the beaux at ———? Alas! my dear Bell, you know but little of my situation when you talk of beaux; not a creature one would allow to pick up one's fan within ten miles of us. Having nothing upon my hands, I have struck up a sort of sentimental platonic flirtation with a Mr. B. who lives within a small distance of our house. I knew his wife at school, and she was one of the first who visited me upon my arrival here. Her violent praises of her beloved, gave me a sort of desire to see him; and, I own, I found him tolerable enough in his appearance, and by no means deficient in understanding, but vain of his slight pretensions to talents, and very fond of being thought profound. At the first glance I saw into him, and could now twist him round my finger. It is very diverting to observe by what foolish principles your men, who think themselves very wise, are governed. Flatter this man's vanity and you might lead him round the world. Now I know you will treat me, in return for my frankness, with a lecture upon

upon coquetry, married men, impropriety, and so forth. Take my advice, my dear Bell, and save yourself the trouble; it would be all to no purpose. A coquette I am, and a coquette I will remain, to the last day of the existence of my powers of pleasing."

The paper was there at an end. It raised in me the strongest indignation and contempt for the writer. And I felt so ashamed of my folly, that I determined not to see my dear Mrs. B. until I had made some atonement, by sending you an account of my errors and repentance.

I am, &c. J. B.

No. 96. SATURDAY, *April* 8, 1780.

To the AUTHOR of the MIRROR.

SIR,

I AM neither ugly, nor old, nor poor, nor neglected; I have a clear conscience: nor have I suffered any calamity by the inconstancy of lovers, or the death of relations. I am not unhappy. The world would laugh at me if I should say I were unhappy. But I am not happy. I will tell you my case: I confide in your feelings; for you seem to understand, what few people understand, that a person may be in easy circumstances, have a clear conscience, and enjoy sufficient reputation, and yet be—no, I will not say miserable—but not happy.

I am the only daughter of an eminent merchant. My father made his own fortune; and a very good fortune he has made of it. He married my mother before

before his situation was so comfortable as it is at present. They are neither of them niggardly. Having wherewithal to live, not only with ease, but with some degree of splendour, they chuse, as they say, to enjoy the fruit of their labours. Accordingly, we live in an elegant house, have a handsome carriage, keep a good number of servants, and see a great deal of company. You will easily conceive, however, that the shew attending my father's present system of living, and the manners suited to his present condition, do not just agree with his former habits. But this does not signify much. He is a good-natured worthy man; and they must be very captious indeed, who will not suffer his merits to conceal his defects.

With regard to myself, my parents, having no other daughter, and intending to give me a genteel portion, were determined I should have a good education, "For," said my father, "a young woman of fortune, and of an agreeable appearance, must go into company. You and I, Bridget," addressing himself to my mother, "set out in life in a different manner. But Mary must have education."

So they sent me to a famous boarding-school; and, in so far as my improvement was concerned, they spared no expense. Sir, I speak to you without reserve; and I hope you will not think me too vain, if I tell you, that my education was no difficult matter. I understand music, and had little difficulty in acquiring the French and Italian languages. Indeed the worthy person who had the charge of my education, was well calculated to promote my improvement. She was a woman of family, of fine education, exquisite taste, great goodness of heart, and had shewn spirit enough, on the decline of her father's fortune, rather than live a dependant on her relations, to procure an independent, and now she has

has rendered it a reſpectable livelihood for herſelf. In a word, Sir, I am what they call tolerably accompliſhed; and you will think it ſtrange, and I think it ſtrange myſelf, that this ſhould be the ſource of my uneaſineſs.

It is now ſome time ſince I returned to my father's houſe. When I came home, I was received with rapture. My father and mother adored me. They would refuſe me nothing. They ſtrove to prevent my wiſhes. Good people! may heaven grant them peace of mind, and long life to enjoy the fortune they ſo juſtly deſerve!—But why, Sir, did they make, me as they term it, ſo very accompliſhed? They have made me a different creature from themſelves. I am apt to fancy myſelf of a higher order.—Forgive my preſumption and I am ſure you will forgive me, when I tell you, I really wiſh myſelf lower. Indeed, Sir, and it grieves me to the ſoul, I am ſometimes impatient of my parents; but I will not dwell upon this.

I told you, we ſee a great deal of company: and all the people we ſee are diſpoſed to admire me. "Mighty well," you will ſay: "Give a young woman admiration, and what more can ſhe wiſh for?"—Sir, I wiſh they loved me more, and admired me leſs. I am made to ſing, and to play on the harpſichord; and to oblige my father, am ſometimes conſtrained to repeat verſes: and all this to people who underſtand no muſic, and know no other poetry than the Pſalms of David in metre. Indeed, till I became better acquainted with them, I found that, even in our converſation, there was a mutual miſapprehenſion; and that they were ſometimes as unintelligible to me as I was to them. I was not at all ſurpriſed to hear them call ſome of our acquaintance *good* men; but, when I heard them call our neighbour *John Staytape* a *great* man, I could not help

help asking what discovery he had made in arts or science, or what eminent service he had rendered his country? I was told in return, that within these few years he had *realised* a *plum*. This phrase was also new to me; and I wished to have known something about the nature of such *realization*. Chusing, however, to ask but one question at a time, I said nothing; and soon learned, that, whatever services Mr. *Staytape* might do his country, he had hitherto made no great discovery in arts or sciences.

I confess, indeed, that at one time I fancied they might have some little notion of books; and when I heard them speak about *underwriters*, I thought it might perhaps be some ludicrous term for the *minor poets*.

So when they spoke about *politics*, I fancied they were using the Scotch word for improvements in gardening; and ventured to say something in favour of *clumps*; "Clumps," said a gentleman, who is a frequent visitor at our house, "she is to be laden with Norway fir." I found they were speaking about the good ship Rebecca.

A grave-looking man who sat near me one day at dinner, said a good deal about the *fall*, and of events that should have happened before and after the *fall*. As he also spoke about *Providence*, and *Salem*, and *Ebenezer*; and as great deference was shewn to every thing that he said, and being, as I told you, a grave-looking man in a black coat, I was not sure but he might be some learned theologian; and imagined he was speaking about Oriental antiquities, and the *fall of Adam*. But I was soon undeceived. The gentleman had lived for some time in *Virginia*; by *Providence* he meant the town of that name in *Rhode-Island*; and by the *fall* he meant, not the *fall* of our first parents, for concerning them he had not the least idea, but, as I suppose, the fall of the leaf;

leaf; for the word is used, it seems, in the American dialect, for autumn.

In this situation, Sir, what shall I do? By my boasted education I have only unlearned the language, and lost the manners, of that society in which I am to live. If you can put me on any method of bringing my friends up to me, or of letting myself down to them, you will much oblige

Yours, &c.

MARY MUSLIN.

To the AUTHOR of the MIRROR.

SIR,

AS you are very successful in delineating the manners of modern times, it might add, perhaps, to the effect of your pictures, if you sometimes gave a view of former manners. The contrast would be agreeable; and, if I may use the expression, would give a certain *relief* to your other delineations. I offer you a small sketch of an incident, supposed to have happened in the times of our forefathers. I flatter myself you have no objection to it on account of its being in verse. It is merely an outline; yet, I hope, it is so marked, as that concomitant circumstances, though not expressed, may readily be conceived.

MONTANUS.

The MARRIAGE of EVAL.

I.

Loud from JURA's rocky shore,
Heard ye the tumultuous roar?—
Sudden from the bridal feast,
By impetuous ire possess'd, Fury

Fury flaſhing in their eyes,
Kinſmen againſt kinſmen riſe:
And iſſuing to the fatal field,
Bend the bow, the falchion wield.——
From her eyry, with diſmay,
The tow'ring eagle ſoars away.
The wild-deer from their cloſe retreat,
Start with terror and amaze,
Down on the furious conflict gaze,
Then to deep foreſts bend their nimble feet.

II.

Ah! that reckleſs ſpeech ſhould fire
Kinſmen with inhuman ire!——
Goaded by vindictive rage,
Lo! the martial clans engage.
Now the feather'd arrows ſing;
Now the boſſy targets ring.
With rav'ning ſwords the ſudden foes
Now in fierce encounter cloſe.
Lo! the blade horific gleams;
And now the purple torrent ſtreams:
The torrent ſtreams from Eval's ſide,
Tinging with his flowing gore
The white foam on the ſea-beat ſhore.—
Ah! who will ſuccour his afflicted bride?

III.

Lo! ſhe flies with headlong ſpeed;
"Bloody, bloody was the deed!"
Wild with piteous wail, ſhe cries,
Treſſes torn and ſtreaming eyes;
"Lift, O! gently lift his head;
Lay him on the bridal bed;
My kinſmen!—cruel kinſmen, ye!
Theſe your kindlieſt deeds to me!—
Yes, the clay-cold bed prepare,

The willing bride and bridegroom there
Will tarry; will forever dwell.——
Now, inhuman men, depart:
Go, triumph in my broken heart!"—
She said, she sigh'd, a breathless corse she fell.

To the AUTHOR of the MIRROR.

SIR,

I AM one of a family of young ladies who read your paper, with which we have been hitherto tolerably well pleased, though we could wish it were not quite so *grave*, and had a little more *love* in it. But we have found out, of late, that it is none of your own, but mostly borrowed from other people. A cousin of ours, who is himself a fine scholar, and has a great acquaintance among the critics, shewed us many different instances of this. Your first paper, he told us, was copied from the first paper of the *Spectator*; and, upon looking into both, we found them exactly the same, all about the author and the work from beginning to end. Your *Umphraville*, he said, was just Sir *Roger de Coverley*; which we perfectly agreed in, except that my sister *Betsey* observed, *Umphraville* wanted the *Widow*, which all of us think the very best part of Sir *Roger*. Your *Bobby Button*, he assured us, was borrowed from No. 13, of *the True Patriot*, published by Mr. *Fielding*, who wrote *Tom Jones*; and there, indeed, we found there was a story of a young gentleman who liked French wine better than his country, just like Sir *Bobby*. No. 72. which we thought a very *sweet* paper, he informed us was taken from

the

the *Night Thoughts*; and, indeed, though we don't underſtand *Latin*, we ſaw plainly that the *mottos* were the ſame to a *T*. All this, however, we might have overlooked, had not a gentleman, who called here this morning, who uſed formerly to be a great advocate for the MIRROR, confeſſed to us, that our couſin's intelligence was literally true; and more than all that, he told us, that your very laſt Number was to be found, every *word* of it, in *Johnſon's Dictionary*.

We ſend you therefore notice, Sir, that unleſs you can contrive to give us ſomething new for the future, we ſhall be obliged to countermand our ſubſcription for the MIRROR. We can have a reading of a freſh *Novel* every morning for the money, with a *ſpick and ſpan* new ſtory in it, ſuch as none of us ever read or heard of in all our lives before.

Yours, &c.

EVELINA.

No. 97. TUESDAY, *April* 11, 1780.

To the AUTHOR of the MIRROR.

SIR,

YOUR correſpondent K. B. has well deſcribed the calamitous condition of *a private tutor*, without money or friends. Perhaps it will afford him ſome conſolation, to hear of one who needleſsly entangled himſelf in difficulties of a like nature.

My father bred me to the ſtudy of letters, and, at his death, left me in poſſeſſion of a fortune, not ſufficient

sufficient to check my industry in the pursuit of knowledge, but more than sufficient to secure me from servile dependence.

Through the interest of his friends, I obtained an honourable and lucrative office; but there were certain arrangements to be made, which delayed my admission to it for a twelvemonth. While I was considering in what way I might best fill up this interval of life, an acquaintance of mine requested, as a particular favour, that I would bestow the year which I could call *mine* in reading with the only son of the rich Mr. *Flint*. The conditions offered were uncommonly advantageous, and such as indeed flattered the vanity of a young man.

For understanding my story, it is fit that you should be informed of the characters of that family, into which I was received with so many marks of favour and distinction.

Rowland Flint, Esq. was born of poor but honest parents; they made a hard shift to have him instructed in reading, and even in writing and arithmetic, and then they left him to find his way through the world as he best could. The young man, like a philosopher, carried about with him all that was truly his own, his quill and his ink-holder; he attached himself to one of the subordinate departments of the law, in which his drudgery was great and his profits scanty. After having toiled for many years in this humble, contented, and happy vocation, he was suddenly raised to opulence by the death of an uncle.

This uncle went abroad at a very early period of life, with the fixed resolution of acquiring a competency, and then of enjoying it at home. But *that competency*, which filled up the measure of the ambition of a bare Scotch lad, proved far short of the desires of an eminent foreign merchant. He imperceptibly

imperceptibly became, "in easy circumstances, well in the world, of great credit, a man to be relied on, and to be advised with, and even one superior to all shocks, calls, and runs."

While engaged in making his fortune, he thought it needless to enquire after his poor relations, whom he could not assist; and, after he made his fortune, he thought it equally needless, as he was to see them so soon in Scotland. Yet a multitude of unforeseen obstacles retarded his return: some new mortgage was to be settled, some company concerns to be wound up, or some bottomry-accompt to be adjusted; and thus year glided along after year, till at length death surprised him at the age of three-score and ten.

Busied in making money, he had never bestowed a thought on providing an heir to it; *that* he left to the impartial determination of the laws of his country; and, dying intestate, he was succeeded by his nephew *Rowland Flint*.

This gentleman, on his becoming rich, discovered himself to be eminently skilled in the science of law, the study, as he boasted, of his earlier years; and this knowledge engaged him in three or four lawsuits, which the court uniformly determined against him, with costs.

But of every other science he honestly avowed his want of knowledge; and he did not even pretend to understand painting or politics; but he had a mighty veneration for literature, and its professors, and he was resolved to make his son a great scholar, *although it should stand him in ten thousand pounds sterling*.

My pupil is in his fifteenth year. They had taken him from school before it was discovered that his proficiency in literature did not qualify him for college; and it became my task to *bring him for-*

ward, that is, to teach him what he ought to have known already.

The youth is of a docile disposition, and of moderate talents; his memory good, and his application such as is generally to be found among those who, having no particular incentives to study, perform their tasks merely as tasks.

I have little to say concerning his mother: Her mind was wholly absorbed in the contemplation of her husband's riches, and in the care of her son's health and her own. Baron *Bielfield*, an eminent German author, observes, that, in our island, there is a disease called *le-catch-cold*, of which the natives are exceedingly apprehensive. Mrs. *Flint* lived under the perpetual terror of that disease.

Being thus rendered incapable of the active duties of house-keeping, she committed them to her brother, Captain *Winterbottom*, who, as he was wont to say, "could bear a hand at any thing." But his chief excellence lay in the conduct of the stew-pan and the nation. He had long commanded a vessel in the Baltic trade; and it having been once employed as a transport in the service of government, he affected to wear a cockade, and wished to have it understood that he belonged to the navy. The captain had dealt occasionally in borough-politics, belonged to several respectable clubs in London, and was one of the original members of the Robin-Hood society.

The last of the family that I shall mention, is Miss *Juliana Winterbottom*, a maiden sister of Mrs. *Flint*. Her original name was *Judith*; but when she arrived at the years of discretion, she changed it to *Juliana*, as being more genteel.

Many years ago, Lady ——— was advised to pass a winter at *Nice*, for recovery of her health, worn out by the vigils and dissipation of a London winter; and

and she easily prevailed on Miss *Juliana* to go as her companion. The heat of the climate, and the cold blasts from the Alps, soon completed what the corrupted air of good company, and the damps from the Thames had begun, and Lady —— lived not to *re-see* her British physicians.

Miss *Juliana*, on her return home, passed by the castle of *Fernay*, and got a peep of *M. de Voltaire*, in his furred cap and night gown. At Paris, she chanced to be in company with Count *Buffon*, for half an hour; and she actually purchased a volume of music *written* by the great *Rousseau* himself. Having thus become acquainted with the foreign *literati*, she commenced a sort of *literati* in her own person. She frequently advances those opinions in history, morals, and physics, which, as she imagines, are to be found in the writings of the French philosophers. But, whether, through the habits of education, or through conscious ignorance, it must be confessed that she dogmatises with diffidence, and is a very stammerer in infidelity.

Having seen Paris, and having picked up a good many French words in the course of her travels, she thinks that she is authorised, and, in some sort, obliged to speak French. Nothing can be more grotesque than her travelled language. When she left Scotland, "her speech," to use a phrase of Lord *Bacon*, "was in the full dialect of her nation." At *Nice* she conversed with English and Irish; and, by imitating the language of each, she has, in her pronunciation, completed the union of the three kingdoms. But still her own country-language predominates; for, during her residence abroad, she had an opportunity of preserving, and even of improving it, by daily conferences with the house-maid, who was born and educated in the county of *Banff*.

In

In pronouncing French, she blends the tone of all those dialects: and her phraseology is as singular as her pronunciation; for she faithfully translates every word from her own mother-tongue. An example of this presents itself, which I shall never forget. One day, addressing her discourse to me, she said, "*Je doute pas que vous avez* perusee *les ouvraiges di Mongseer le Counte de Bouffon que un charmang creature! il met philosophes et* divins *par les oreilles.*" That is, "I doubt not that you have read the works of Count *Bouffon*; what a charming creature! he sets philosophers and divines by the ears." I answered her, that I had never read the works of that renouned author, but that I had read the *Principia* of Sir *Isaac Newton*. "Why, indeed," replied she, "Sir *Isaac* may have been a man of better *principles*, but *affheurement*, the *theories* of the *Count* are wittier."

It is a happy circumstance that Miss *Winterbottom* did not make the grand tour. Had she visited Italy, she would have proved as great an adept in statuary and in painting, as she is at present in philosophy. But Miss *Winterbottom* cannot, in conscience, talk of her having visited Italy, while her travels were limited to the borders of Piedmont.

I never heard her mention Italy but once, and then she got no great encouragement to proceed in her remarks. At dinner she said, "I remember, that, in Italy, they have something very like our veal, which they call *vitello*. "Well, sister *Juddy*," cried Captain *Winterbottom*, "and why should they not? for if *vitello* means *veal* in their *lingo*, what else would you have the poor devils call it?"

It was resolved to postpone my lessons for a while, "that," as Mr. Flint expressed it, "I might come to know the ways of the house first."

Miss *Juliana* constantly teased me with questions bout my plan for her nephew's education. To

puzzle

puzzle her a little I said, that, some weeks hence, I proposed to teach him to make nonsense verses. "*Misericorde*," cried she, "*nonsense verses!* Is that part of the *etiquaitte?*"

"Let the boy alone," added Captain *Winterbottom*, "when he is old enough to be in love, he will make *nonsense verses*, I warn't you, without any help of yours; ay, although it should be on Mamma's dairy-maid." Mr. Flint laughed loud, and Mrs. Flint said gently, "Oh fy, brother!"

Perceiving that, on this encouragement, the Captain was about to be more witty, I recalled the conversation to nonsense verses, endeavoured to explain their nature, and observed, that their main use was to instruct one in the quantity of syllables.

"Quantity of syllables," exclaimed the Captain, "there is modern education for you! Boys have their heads lumbered with great quantities of Latin syllables and words, when they should be taught to understand *things*, to speak their own language rough and round, and so *cut* a figure in parliament. I remember *Will. Fitzdriver*; but he is gone! Honest *Will.* knew no tongue except a little of his own, and yet he would talk to you for an hour, and you would have thought that he had scarcely entered on the subject at all. He never valued any of your outlandish *lingos*, not he!"

I said, that, if my pupil were of an age to go into parliament, I should be apt to advise him to follow the precepts of *Pythagoras*, and be silent for seven years. "He must have been a sure card, that Mr. *Pythagoras*," observed the Captain, "and I do suppose that he lived up to his own precepts; for I never heard of any speaker of that name; no, not even in committees. People, to be sure, may hold their tongues, and have a slice of the great pudding; but *this* is not a time for your dumb senators. No,

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we must have bold well-spoken men, to tell poor Britannia that she is beggared, and bleeding, and expiring, ay, and dead too, for ought that some folks care." He rounded this pethetic period with one of his best othes.

"Were all men to make speeches," said I, "What time would there be left for doing business? "Business," cried the Captain, "is not oratory business? and why cannot they set to it, *watch and watch*, as we do at sea?"

Mrs. *Flint* expressed her hope, that I would not load her poor boy's memory, by making him get a deal by heart.

"When I first got the multiplication-table by heart," said Mr. Flint, who generally falls in the rear of conversation, "it was a plaguy troublesome job; but now that I am master of it, I don't perceive that it loads my memory at all."

"Learned men have remarked," said Miss *Juliana*, "that it is not the getting by heart that is censurable, but the getting by rote, as one does one's catechism."

"*There* she goes, the travelled lady," cried the Captain; "she must always have a fling at her catechism."

"Mr. *Winterbottom*," replied Miss *Juliana* with exceeding dignity, "you wrong me much; I am sure, that I should be the last woman alive to say any thing, especially in mixed companies, to the disparagement of the religion of the state, which I have always considered as the great *lyeng* [*lien*] of society."

"You have always considered religion as *great lying!* and who taught you that, sister *Juddy?* your godfathers and your godmothers! No, sure."

Here I was laid under the necessity of interposing, and of assuring Captain *Winterbottom*, that he mis-

took

took his sister, and that she had inadvertently used a French word to express her own *idea*, "that religion was the great *tie* of society." Perhaps I prevaricated a little in my office of interpreter.

"Well, well," said the Captain, "if *her* tongue was *tied*, society would be no loser."

To divert the storm which seemed gathering, I spoke of my purpose to explain the tenth satire of *Juvenal*, a poem, for method, composition, and animated language, universally admired.

"What does that *Juvenal* write about?" said Miss *Juliana*; "I am not acquainted with his works: Was he a member of the *French academy?*" "Perhaps," replied I, smiling, he would be no favourite with you, Miss *Juliana*; he has been very severe upon the Roman ladies."

"Ay, they were Papists," said Captain *Winterbottom*, "and they are all wh——." "Give me leave to tell you," cried Miss *Juliana*, in a higher key, "when I was abroad, I had the honour of being known to several ladies of the Roman persuasion, and they were persons of the strictest virtue."

"I suppose you asked them whether they were wh——, and they said they were not. Poor sister *Juddy!* It is true, I never was in the gallies at *Nice*, as you have been; but I have touched at *Marseilles*, and have laid close off the mole of *Genoa*, and that is farther than ever you travelled; and I say they are all wh——."

How this wonderful controversy would have ended, I know not; but happily we were called to coffee, which separated the combatants.

I was now pretty well acquainted with the *ways of a house*, in which ignorance, self-conceit, and illiberality of sentiment and manners, had fixed their residence. It was agreed, that on the Monday following I should begin my lessons. Appear-

ances,

ances, I must acknowledge, were not very favourable. My pupil had been generally present at the conversations of which I have given you a specimen, and, indeed, they were not such as could either enlarge his mind, or improve his understanding. I flattered myself, however, that he would be left to prosecute his studies under my direction, and that every new acquisition in knowledge would increase his love for letters.

In what way our studies were conducted, will best appear from a faithful journal of the progress which we made during the first week. But of this hereafter. Meanwhile I am, Sir, &c.

HYPODIDASCALUS.

No. 98. SATURDAY, *April* 15, 1780.

To the AUTHOR of the MIRROR.

SIR,

I NOW send you a faithful narrative of the progress of our studies in Mr. Flint's family, from Monday morning to Saturday at bed-time, carefully distinguishing the proficiency made in each day.

MONDAY.

Mrs. *Flint* had previously informed me, that her son's constitution did not agree with much study before breakfast, and that, whenever he read on an empty stomach, he was apt to be disturbed with uneasy *yawnings*; we therefore resolved that he should have a short lesson only at eight in the morning.

After waiting in the parlour till within a quarter of nine, I learned from Mrs. Flint, that her son had

had been observed to turn himself twice or thrice during the night, and that he seemed to be threatened with a sort of *stuffing* and *wheezing:* and that, by way of prevention, she judged it best to give him a little *senna*, and confine him to his chamber for a few hours; but that, in the evening, we might prosecute our studies without farther interruption.

Accordingly, at six, my pupil and I prepared to read the tenth satire of *Juvenal*. After having explained to him the general scope and method of the satirists, I began,

Omnibus in terris quæ sunt a Gadibus usque,
Auroram et Gangem.

At that moment I heard a gentle tap at the door, and then entered Miss *Juliana* and her sister, with Mr. *Flint* and the Captain, a little behind, and walking on tiptoe. "You must pardon our *femelle curiosité*," said Miss *Juliana*, "we come to see *Jemmy* take his first lesson from you. What have you got here? I fancy, from my knowledge of French, that I could pick out the meaning of some part of it. Oh! I understand; *there* is *auroram*, does not *that* mean, *break of day?*

Que l' aurore
Nous trouve encore.

I learned it in a French *Chanson a boar*. "What is that *boar song?*" demanded Captain *Winterbottom*, "is it a hunting one?" "Oh fy, no," said Miss *Juliana*, "it is a drinking song." "And *who* taught you drinking songs, sister *Juddy*; did you learn them from your outlandish ladies of honour?" A tremendous assault on the knocker announced the approach of a person of quality. "The Countess of ———." On this joyful news the ladies hurried to the drawing-room.

Mrs. *Flint* presently returned. "I must make an apology," said she, "for thus interrupting the course of my son's studies; but the Countess has made a flying visit to tell me, that there is a meeting of young people at her house this evening, and that there will be a dance and a little supper, and she insists to have *Jemmy* of the party; but I would not engage for any thing, without asking your leave, as you have the whole charge of his education. There will be many rich folks, and many fine folks; and there will be Miss *Punaise*, the great heiress; she has a vast improveable estate, hard by the borough of *Ayno*, and who can tell"—The good woman was busy in weaving the web of futurities, when I reminded her that her son had taken medicine that morning, and that, possibly, he might catch cold. At another time, the mention of *catch cold* would have awakened all her feelings; but, at present, Mrs. *Flint* was elevated above the region of alarms. Never fear," said she, "we are going to a close warm house, without a breath of air in it. Come away, *Jemmy*, and put on a pair of white silk stockings as fast as you can; the Countess waits us."

TUESDAY.

My pupil had been kept out of bed so much beyond his usual hour, that he did not make his appearance till after breakfast. "Cheer up, my boy," cried Mrs. *Flint*, "you look as if you had been dreaming all night of your partner, Miss *Punaise*: come, let us take an airing, and refresh ourselves after the fatigues of the ball. These late sittings don't answer with my old bones. You see, Mr. ———, that I have been as good as my word, and that *Jemmy*, poor man, has caught no cold. You shall go along with us on our airing; there is room for you in Mr. *Flint*'s carriage and six, and you may talk over your lessons by the way; for you will find

the

the carriage quite eafy." Nothing indeed could be more admirably calculated to elude every jolt; and there wanted only folitude and independence to make it refemble a down bed. "We muft, firft of all, fhut out the common enemy, the eaft wind," faid Mrs. *Flint*, pulling up the glaffes. The weather was warm, and Mrs. *Flint* grew eloquent on the ftund of knowledge fhe had acquired the night before. She gave me *the catalogue and character* of the company: fhe dwelt moft on her fon's looks and dancing. "A gentleman at the Counteſs's, who faid he was lately come from Paris, told me, *Jemmy* was vaftly like the *Count de Provence*, the King of France's brother, particularly in the *minuet:* but, remember, *Jemmy*, that to be a great fcholar is a much finer thing than to be a great dancer. I am, fure, Mr. ———, that my boy will profit by your inftructions: he has a charming memory, and he will take in his learning as faft as you can give it him; and I am fure *that* is faying a great deal; for, from all that I can difcover, Mr. *Flint* could not have beftowed his money better." She was going on; but, alas! flattery vibrated faintly on my ear: we had got above pine-apple heat, and I became ſick and oppreſſed. I aſked leave to get out and walk home, as I felt myſelf not well. "Oh, to be ſure," faid ſhe: "I have known people ſick in carriages for want of practice; don't be alarmed, Mr. ———: but here, *Jemmy*, do you wrap this handkerchief about your neck, before the coach door is opened."

I walked home in great ſpirits, animated by every gale around me; and I forgot for a while that I was not my own maſter.

In the evening, my pupil came to me dreſſed out and powdered: "Mamma," ſaid he ſheepiſhly, "has made me engage to drink tea with Miſs *Punaiſe*, my laſt night's partner. I don't much like her

her neither; for she is pitted with the small-pox, has a yellow skin, and a bleared eye; and, besides, she dances out of time. There was a Miss with black hair"—Not inclining to become his confident, I said, "Master *Flint*, all engagements that *can* be kept with honour *must* be kept; and, therefore you *must* go." "Nay, said he, "there is not any *must* in the manner; for, I believe, the Miss with the black hair lives with *their* Miss *Punaise*. However, I can do a double task to-morrow; and my aunt is wont to say, that a young man ought not to be always at his books." He seemed to have treasured up this precious apophthegm in his memory.

WEDNESDAY.

My pupil was punctual to his hour. But we had hardly seated ourselves, when Capt. *Winterbottom* arrived. "No lessons to-day," roared he: "*This is my lady's wedding-day, and therefore we keep holiday, and come for to be merry.* Why, you youug dog, if it had not been for this day, you would either have not been at all, or have been a bastard." It was, indeed, a day of festivity and riot.

THURSDAY.

All the servants having dutifully got drunk over night, my pupil was not called, and so he overslept himself. He came down to the parlour about even, and we resumed the fatal first line of the tenth satire of Juvenal. "The French master is here," said a servant. I begged that he might return in about an hour; but I soon learned that *that* was impossible without deranging the system of education in all parts of the city. "It is no great matter for an hour, said Miss *Juliana*, "you have *always* my nephew at your command; but poor *Signor Bergamesco* is much hurried, and his time is not his

his own." "*Signor Bergameſco*," cried I; "is your French maſter an Italian?" "Yes," ſaid ſhe, "of a noble family in the dominions of the *Dog* of Venice, but a younger brother, with a ſmall patrimony, which he unfortunately conſumed *en travaillant par l'Europe*. It was a fancy of my own; I thought that, after the *Signor* had taught my nephew French, he might teach him Italian alſo; for you know that it is a great loſs to change preceptors, and that young men who have not ſeen much of the world are ſhy with ſtrangers."

The taſk impoſed on my pupil by *S. Bergameſco*, occupied all his leiſure till dinner-time; but I thought that I ſhould have the abſolute command of the evening. I was beginning to read *Omnibus in terris*, when a ſervant ſaid, "Here is the French maſter." "What," cried I, can *S. Bergameſco*, who is ſo much hurried afford to give two leſſons in one day to the ſame ſcholar?" "It is another French maſter whom they had got for me," ſaid my pupil. I applied to Miſs *Juliana* for the explanation of this *phænomenon*. "It was none of my adviſing," ſaid ſhe, "but my brother knew Mr. *O'Callachan*, when linguiſt to commodore *Firebrace*, and *he wiſhed to throw a good job in the poor fellow's way*; theſe were his very words; and ſo Mr. *O'Callachan* came to be employed: but, indeed, after recollection, I thought it would anſwer well enough, as both maſters taught by the ſame grammar, and both of them read *Telmac*."

The linguiſt of commodore *Firebrace* had juſt taken his leave, when a ſmart young fellow burſt into the room, with an air of much hurry and importance. "What," cried I, "*more* French maſters?" "Don't be alarmed," ſaid Mrs. *Flint*, who accompanied him; "it is only the *Friſeur*, who comes to put up my boy's hair in papers. Pray don't

ask me *why*, for it is a great secret; but you shall know it all to-morrow."

FRIDAY.

"You must know," said Mrs. *Flint* at breakfast, "that I am assured that *Jemmy* is very like the Count *de Provence*, the King of France's own brother. Now *Jemmy* is sitting for his picture to *Martin*: and I thought it would be right to get the *friseur*, whom you saw last night [he is just arrived from Paris,] to dress his hair like the Count *de Provence*, that Mr. *Martin* might make the resemblance more complete. *Jemmy* has been under his hands since seven o'clock. Oh, here he comes!" "Is it not *charming?*" Exclaimed Miss *Juliana*. "I wish Miss *Punaise* saw you," added the happy mother. My pupil, lost in the labyrinth of cross curls, seemed to look about for himself. "What a powdered sheep's-head have we got here?" Cried Captain *Winterbottom*. We all went to *Martin's* to assist him in drawing *Jemmy's* picture. On our return, Mrs. *Flint* discovered that her son had got an inflammation in his right eye by looking stedfastly on the painter. She ordered a poultice of bread and milk, and put him to bed; so there was no more talk of "*Omnibus in terris*" for that evening.

SATURDAY.

My pupil came down to breakfast in a complete suit of black, with weepers, and a long mourning-cravat. The Count *de Peovence's* curls were all demolished, and there remained not a vestige of powder on his hair. "Bless me," cried I, "what is the matter?"—"Oh, nothing," said Mrs. *Flint*; "a relation of mine is to be interred at twelve, and *Jemmy* has got a burial letter. We ought to acknowledge our freinds on such melancholy occasions. I mean to send *Jemmy* with the coach and six. It will

will teach him how to behave himself in public places."

At dinner, my pupil expreſſed a vehement deſire to go to the play. "There is to be *Harlequin Highlander*, and the blowing up of the *St. Domingo* man of war," ſaid he; "it will be vaſtly comical and curious." "Why, *Jemmy*," ſaid Mrs. *Flint*, "ſince this is Saturday, I ſuppoſe your tutor will have no objection; but be ſure to put on your great coat, and to take a chair in coming home." "I thought," ſaid I, "that we might have made ſome progreſs at our books this evening." "Books on Saturday afternoon," cried the whole company; "it was never heard of." I yielded to conviction; for, indeed, it would have been very unreaſonable to expect that he, who had ſpent the whole week in idleneſs, ſhould begin to apply himſelf to his ſtudies on the evening of Saturday.

I am, SIR, &c.

HYPODIDASCALUS.

No. 99. TUESDAY, *April* 18, 1780.

Juvat, aut impellit ad iram,
Aut ad humum, mœrore gravi, deducit et angit

HOR.

CRITICISM, like every thing elſe, is ſubject to the prejudices of our education, or of our country. National prejudice, indeed, is, of all deviations from juſtice, the moſt common and the moſt allowable; it is a near, though perhaps an illegitimate relation of that patriotiſm, which has been ranked among the firſt virtues of characters the moſt eminent

eminent and illuſtrious. To authors, however, of a rank ſo elevated as to aſpire to univerſal fame, the partiality of their countrymen has been ſometimes prejudicial; in proportion as they have unreaſonably applauded, the critics of other countries, from a very common ſort of feeling, have unreaſonably cenſured; and there are few great writers, whom prejudice on either ſide may not, from a partial view of their works, find ſome ground for eſtimating at a rate much above or much below the ſtandard of juſtice.

No author, perhaps, ever exiſted, of whom opinion has been ſo various as *Shakeſpeare*. Endowed with all the ſublimity, and ſubject to all the irregularities, of genius, his advocates have room for unbounded praiſe, and their opponents for frequent blame. His departure from all the common rules which criticiſm, ſomewhat arbitrarily perhaps, has impoſed, leaves no legal code by which the deciſion can be regulated; and, in the feelings of different readers, the ſame paſſage may appear ſimple or mean, natural or prepoſterous, may excite admiration, or create diſguſt.

But it is not, I apprehend, from particular paſſages or incidents that *Shakeſpeare* is to be judged. Though his admirers frequently contend for beauty in the moſt diſtorted of the former, and probability in the moſt unaccountable of the latter; yet it muſt be owned, that, in both, there are often groſs defects which criticiſm cannot juſtify, though the ſituation of the poet, and the time in which he wrote, may eaſily excuſe. But we are to look for the ſuperiority of *Shakeſpeare* in the aſtoniſhing and almoſt ſupernatural powers of his invention, his abſolute command over the paſſions, and his wonderful knowledge of Nature. Of the ſtructure of his ſtories, or the probability of his incidents, he is frequently

quently careleſs; theſe he took at random from the legendary tale or the extravagant romance; but his intimate acquaintance with the human mind ſeldom or never forſakes him; and, amidſt the moſt fantaſtic and improbable ſituations, the perſons of his drama ſpeak in the language of the heart, and in the ſtyle of their characters.

Of all the characters of *Shakeſpeare*, that of *Hamlet* has been generally thought the moſt difficult to be reduced to any fixed or ſettled principle. With the ſtrongeſt purpoſes of revenge, he is irreſolute and inactive; amidſt the gloom of the deepeſt melancholy, he is gay and jocular; and, while he is deſcribed as a paſſionate lover, he ſeems indifferent about the object of his affections. It may be worth while to enquire, whether any leading idea can be found, upon which theſe apparent contradictions may be reconciled, and a character ſo pleaſing in the cloſet, and ſo much applauded on the ſtage, rendered as unambiguous in the general as it is ſtriking in detail? I will venture to lay before my readers ſome obſervations on this ſubject, though with the diffidence due to a queſtion of which the Public has doubted, and much abler critics have already written.

The baſis of *Hamlet*'s character ſeems to be an extreme ſenſibility of mind, apt to be ſtrongly impreſſed by its ſituation, and overpowered by the feelings which that ſituation excites. Naturally of the moſt virtuous and moſt amiable diſpoſitions, the circumſtances in which he was placed unhinged thoſe principles of action, which, in another ſituation, would have delighted mankind, and made himſelf happy. That kind of diſtreſs which he ſuffered was, beyond all others, calculated to produce this effect. His misfortunes were not the misfortunes of accident, which, though they may overwhelm

whelm at firſt, the mind will ſoon call up reflections to alleviate, and hopes to cheer; they were ſuch as reflection only ſerves to irritate, ſuch as rankle, in the ſoul's tendereſt part, her ſenſe of virtue and feelings of natural affection; they aroſe from an uncle's villainy, a mother's guilt, a father's murder! Yet, amidſt the gloom of melancholy and the agitation of paſſion, in which his calamities involve him, there are occaſional breakings-out of a mind, richly endowed by nature and cultivated by education. We perceive gentleneſs in his demeanour, wit in his converſation, taſte in his amuſements, and wiſdom in his reflections.

That *Hamlet*'s character, thus formed by Nature, and thus modelled by ſituation, is often variable and uncertain, I am not diſpoſed to deny. I will content myſelf with the ſuppoſition, that this is the very character which *Shakeſpeare* meant to allot him. Finding ſuch a character in real life, of a perſon endowed with feelings ſo delicate as to border on weakneſs, with ſenſibility too exquiſite to allow of determined action, he has placed it where it could be beſt exhibited in ſcenes of wonder, of terror and of indignation, where its varying emotions might be moſt ſtrongly marked amidſt the workings of imagination and the war of the paſſions.

This is the very management of the character by which above all others, we could be intereſted in its behalf. Had *Shakeſpeare* made *Hamlet* purſue his vengeance with a ſteady determined purpoſe, had he led him through difficulties ariſing from accidental cauſes, and not from the doubts and heſitation of his own mind, the anxiety of the ſpectator might have been highly raiſed; but it would have been anxiety for the event, not for the perſon. As it is, we feel not only the virtues, but the weakneſſes of *Hamlet*, as our own; we ſee a man who, in other

other circumſtances, would have exerciſed all the moral and ſocial virtues, one whom Nature had formed to be

"Th' Expectancy and Roſe of the fair State,
The Glaſs of Faſhion, and the Mould of Form,
Th' obſerv'd of all Obſervers,"

placed in a ſituation in which even the amiable qualities of his mind ſerve but to aggravate his diſtreſs, and to perplex his conduct. Our compaſſion for the firſt, and our anxiety for the latter, are excited in the ſtrongeſt manner; and hence ariſes that indeſcribable charm in *Hamlet*, which attracts every reader and every ſpectator, which the more perfect characters of other tragedies never diſpoſe us to feel.

The *Oreſtes* of the Greek poet, who, at his firſt appearance, lays down a plan of vengeance which he reſolutely purſues, intereſts us for the accompliſhment of his purpoſe; but of him, we think only as the inſtrument of that juſtice which we wiſh to overtake the murderers of *Agamemnon*. We feel with *Oreſtes* (or rather with *Sophocles*, for in ſuch paſſages we always hear the poet in his hero,) that "it is fit that ſuch groſs infringements of the moral law ſhould be puniſhed with death, in order to render wickedneſs leſs frequent:" but when *Horatio* exclaims on the death of his friend,

"Now crack'd a noble heart!"

we forget the murder of the King, the villainy of *Claudius*, the guilt of *Gertrude*; our recollection dwells only on the memory of that "*ſweet prince*," the delicacy of whoſe feelings a milder planet ſhould have ruled, whoſe gentle virtues ſhould have bloomed through a life of felicity and uſefulneſs.

Hamlet, from the very opening of the piece, is delineated as one under the dominion of melancholy, whoſe ſpirits were overborne by his feelings. Grief

for

for his father's death, and displeasure at his mother's marriage, prey on his mind; and he seems, with the weakness natural to such a disposition, to yield to their controul. He does not attempt to resist or combat these impressions, but is willing to fly from the contest, though it were into the grave:

"Oh! that this too, too solid flesh would melt," &c.

Even after his father's ghost has informed him of his murder, and commissioned him to avenge it, we find him complaining of that situation in which his fate had placed him:

"The time is out of joint; oh! cursed spight,
That ever I was born to set it right!"

And afterwards, in the perplexity of his condition, meditating on the expediency of suicide:

"To be, or not to be, that is the question."

The account he gives of his own feelings to *Rosincratz* and *Guildenstern*, which is evidently spoken in earnest, though somewhat covered with the mist of his affected distraction, is exactly descriptive of a mind full of that weariness of life which is characteristic of low spirits:

"This goodly frame, the earth, seems to me a sterile promontory," &c.

And, indeed, he expressly delineates his own character as of the kind abovementioned, when, hesitating on the evidence of his uncle's villainy, he says,

"The spirit that I have seen
May be the Devil, and the Devil hath power
T' assume a pleasing shape; yea, and perhaps,
Out of my weakness and my melancholy,
Abuses me to damn me."

This doubt of the grounds on which our purpose is founded

founded, is as often the effect, as the cause, of irresolution, which first hesitates, and then seeks out an excuse for its hesitation.

It may, perhaps be doing *Shakespeare* no injustice to suppose, that he sometimes began a play, without having fixed in his mind, in any determined manner, the plan or conduct of his piece. The character of some principal person of the drama might strike his imagination strongly in the opening scenes; as he went on, this character would continue to impress itself on the conduct as well as the discourse of that person, and, it is possible might affect the situations and incidents, especially in those romantic or legendary subjects, where history did not confine him to certain unchangeable events. In the story of *Amleth*, the son of *Horwendil*, told by *Saxo-Grammaticus*, from which the tragedy of *Hamlet* is taken, the young prince, who is to revenge the death of his father, murdered by his uncle *Fengo*, counterfeits madness, that he may be allowed to remain about the court in safety and without suspicion. He never forgets his purposed vengeance, and acts with much more cunning towards its accomplishment than the *Hamlet* of *Shakespeare*. But *Shakespeare*, wishing to elevate the hero of his tragedy, and at the same time to interest the audience in his behalf, throws around him, from the beginning, the majesty of melancholy, along with that sort of weakness and irresolution which frequently attends it. The incident of the *Ghost*, which is intirely the poet's own, and not to be found in the Danish legend, not only produces the happiest stage effect, but is also of the greatest advantage in unfolding that character which is stamped on the young prince at the opening of the play. In the communications of such a visionary being, there is an uncertain kind of belief, and a dark unlimited horror, which

are aptly suited to display the wavering purpose and varied emotions of a mind endowed with a delicacy of feeling, that often shakes its fortitude, with sensibility that overpowers its strength.

No. 100. SATURDAY, *April* 22, 1780.

THE view of *Hamlet*'s character, exhibited in my last Number, may, perhaps, serve to explain a difficulty which has always occurred both to the reader and the spectator, on perceiving his madness, at one time, put on the appearance, not of fiction, but of reality; a difficulty by which some have been induced to suppose the distraction of the prince a strange unaccountable mixture throughout, of real insanity and counterfeit disorder.

The distraction of *Hamlet*, however, is clearly affected through the whole play, always subject to the controul of his reason, and subservient to the accomplishment of his designs. At the grave of *Ophelia*, indeed, it exhibits some temporary marks of a real disorder. His mind, subject from Nature to all the weakness of sensibility, agitated by the incidental misfortune of *Ophelia*'s death, amidst the dark and permanent impression of his revenge, is thrown for a while off its poise, and, in the paroxism of the moment, breaks forth into that extravagant rhapsody which he utters to *Laertes*.

Counterfeited madness, in a person of the character I have ascribed to *Hamlet*, could not be so uniformly kept up, as not to allow the reigning impressions of his mind to shew themselves in the midst of his affected extravagance. It turned chiefly on his love to *Ophelia*, which he meant to hold forth as its great

great subject; but it frequently glanced on the wickedness of his uncle, his knowledge of which it was certainly his business to conceal.

In two of *Shakespeare*'s tragedies are introduced, at the same time, instances of counterfeit madness, and of real distraction. In both plays the same distinction is observed, and the false discriminated from the true by similar appearances. *Lear*'s imagination constantly runs on the ingratitude of his daughters, and the resignation of his crown; and *Ophelia*, after she has wasted the first ebullience of her distraction in some wild and incoherent sentences, fixes on the death of her father for the subject of her song:

"They bore him bare-fac'd on the bier——
And will he not come again?
And will he not come again?" &c.

But *Edgar* puts on a semblance as opposite as may be to his real situation and his ruling thoughts. He never ventures on any expression, bordering on the subjects of a father's cruelty, or a son's misfortune. *Hamlet*, in the same manner, were he as firm in mind as *Edgar*, would never hint any thing in his affected disorder, that might lead to a suspicion of his having discovered the villainy of his uncle; but his feeling, too powerful for his prudence, often breaks through that disguise which it seems to have been his original, and ought to have continued his invariable purpose to maintain, till an opportunity should present itself, of accomplishing the revenge which he meditated.

Of the reality of *Hamlet*'s love, doubts also have been suggested. But if that delicacy of feeling, approaching to weakness, for which I contend, be allowed him, the affected abuse, which he suffers at last to grow into scurrility, of his mistress, will, I think, be found not inconsistent with the truth of his

his affection for her. Feeling its real force, and designing to play the madman on that ground, he would naturally go as far from the reality as possible. Had he not loved her at all, or slightly loved her, he might have kept up some appearance of passion amidst his feigned insanity; but really loving her, he would have been hurt by such a resemblance in the counterfeit. We can bear a downright caricature of our friend much easier than an unfavourable likeness.

It must be allowed, however, that the momentous scenes in which he is afterwards engaged, seem to have smothered, if not extinguished, the feelings of his love. His total forgetfulness of *Ophelia* so soon after her death, cannot easily be justified. It is vain, indeed, to attempt justifying *Shakespeare* in such particulars. "*Time*," says Dr. Johnson, "*toil'd after him in vain.*" He seems often to forget its rights, as well in the progress of the passions as in the business of the stage. That change of feeling and of resolution which time only can effect, he brings forth within the limits of a single scene. Whether love is to be excited, or resentment allayed, guilt to be made penitent, or sorrow cheerful, the effect is frequently produced in a space hardly sufficient for words to express it.

It has been remarked, that our great poet was not so happy in the delineation of *love* as of the other passions. Were it not treason against the majesty of *Shakespeare*, one might observe, that though he looked with a sort of instinctive perception into the recesses of Nature, yet it was impossible for him to possess a knowledge of the refinements of delicacy, or to catch in his pictures the nicer shades of polished manners; and, without this knowledge, love can seldom be introduced on the stage, but with a degree of coarseness which will offend an audience of good

good taste. This observation is not meant to extend to *Shakespeare's* tragic scenes: in situations of deep distress, or violent emotion, the *manners* are lost in the *passions*; but if we examine his *lovers*, in the lighter scenes of ordinary life, we shall generally find them trespassing against the rules of decorum, and the feelings of delicacy.

That gaiety and playfulness of deportment and of conversation, which *Hamlet* sometimes not only assumes, but seems actually disposed to, is, I apprehend, no contradiction to the general tone of melancholy in his character. That sort of melancholy which is the most genuine, as well as the most amiable of any, neither arising from natural sourness of temper, nor prompted by accidental chagrin, but the effect of delicate sensibility, impressed with a sense of sorrow, or a feeling of its own weakness, will, I believe, often be found indulging itself in a sportfulness of external behaviour, amidst the pressure of a sad, or even the anguish of a broken heart. Slighter emotions affect our ordinary discourse; but deep distress, sitting in the secret gloom of the soul, casts not its regard on the common occurrences of life, but suffers them to trick themselves out in the usual garb of indifference, or of gaiety, according to the fashion of the society around it, or the situation in which they chance to arise. The melancholy man feels in himself (if I may be allowed the expression) a sort of double person; one which, covered with the darkness of its imagination, looks not forth into the world, nor takes any concern in vulgar objects or frivolous pursuits; another, which he lends, as it were, to ordinary men, which can accommodate itself to their tempers and manners, and indulge, without feeling any degradation from the indulgence, a smile with the cheerful, and a laugh with the giddy.

The converſation of *Hamlet* with the *Grave-digger* ſeems to me to be perfectly accounted for under this ſuppoſition; and, inſtead of feeling it counteract the tragic effect of the ſtory, I never ſee him in that ſcene, without receiving, from his tranſient jeſts with the clown before him, an idea of the deepeſt melancholy being rooted at his heart. The light point of view in which he places ſerious and important things, marks the power of that great impreſſion, which ſwallows up every thing elſe in his mind, which makes *Cæſar* and *Alexander* ſo indifferent to him, that he can trace their remains in the plaſter of a cottage, or the ſtopper of a beer-barrel. It is from the ſame turn of mind, which, from the elevation of its ſorrow, looks down on the buſtle of ambition, and the pride of fame, that he breaks forth into the reflection in the fourth act, on the expedition of *Fortinbras*.

It is with regret, as well as deference, that I accuſe the judgment of Mr. *Garrick*, or the taſte of his audience; but I cannot help thinking, that the excluſion of the ſcene of the *Grave-digger*, in his alteration of the tragedy of *Hamlet*, was not only a needleſs, but an unnatural violence done, to the work of his favourite poet.

Shakeſpeare's genius attended him in all his extravagancies. In the licence he took of departing from the regularity of the drama, or in his ignorance of thoſe critical rules which might have reſtrained him within it, there is this advantage, that it gives him an opportunity of delineating the paſſions and affections of the human mind, as they exiſt in reality, with all the various colourings which they receive in the mixed ſcenes of life; not as they are accommodated by the hands of more artificial poets, to one great undivided impreſſion, or an uninterrupted chain of congenial events. It ſeems therefore

fore preposterous, to endeavour to *regularize* his plays, at the expense of depriving them of this peculiar excellence, especially as the alteration can only produce a very partial and limited improvement, and can never bring his pieces to the standard of criticism, or the form of the *Aristotelian* drama. Within the bounds of a pleasure-garden, we may be allowed to smooth our terraces and trim our hedge-rows; but it were equally absurd as impracticable, to apply the minute labours of the *roller* and the *pruning-knife*, to the nobler irregularity of trackless mountains and impenetrable forests.

No. 101. TUESDAY, *April* 25, 1780.

To the AUTHOR of the MIRROR.

SIR,

IN books, whether moral or amusing, there are no passages, more captivating both to the writer and the reader, than those delicate strokes of sentimental morality, which refer our actions to the determination of feeling. In these the poet, the novel writer, and the essayist, have always delighted; you are not, therefore, singular, for having dedicated so much of the MIRROR to sentiment and sensibility. I imagine, however, Sir, there is much danger in pushing these qualities too far: The rules of our conduct should be founded on a basis more solid, if they are to guide us through the various situations of life: but the young enthusiast of sentiment and feeling is apt to despise those lessons of vulgar virtue and prudence,

prudence, which would confine the movements of a ſoul formed to regulate itſelf by finer impulſes. I ſpeak from experience, Mr. MIRROR; with what juſtice you ſhall judge, when you have heard the little family-hiſtory I am going to relate.

My niece, *Emilia* ———, was left to my care by a brother whom I dearly loved, when ſhe was a girl of about ten years old. The beauty of her countenance, and the elegance of her figure, had already attracted univerſal notice; as her mind opened, it was found not leſs worthy of admiration. To the ſweeteſt natural diſpoſition, ſhe united uncommon powers both of genius and of underſtanding: Theſe I ſpared no pains to cultivate and improve; and I think I ſo far ſucceeded, that, in her eighteenth year, *Emilia* was inferior to few women of her age, either in perſonal attractions or in accompliſhments of the mind. My fond hopes (for ſhe was a daughter to me, Mr. MIRROR) looked now for the reward of my labour, and I pictured her future life as full of happineſs as of virtue.

One feature of her mind was ſtrongly predominant; a certain delicacy and fineneſs of feeling which ſhe had inherited from Nature, and which her earlieſt reading had tended to encourage and increaſe. To this ſtandard ſhe was apt to bring both her own actions and the actions of others; and allowed more to its effects, both in praiſe and blame, than was conſiſtent with either juſtice or expediency. I ſometimes endeavoured gently to combat theſe notions. She was not always logical, but ſhe was always eloquent in their defence; and I found her more confirmed on their ſide, the more I obliged her to be their advocate. I preferred, therefore, being ſilent on the ſubject, truſting that a little more experience and knowledge of the world would neceſſarily weaken their influence.

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At her age, and with her feelings, it is neceſſary to have a *friend: Emilia* had found one at a very early period. *Harriet S*—— was the daughter of a neighbour of my brother, a few years older than my niece. Several branches of their education the two young ladies had received together; in theſe, the ſuperiority lay much on the ſide of *Emilia*. *Harriet* was no wiſe remarkable for fineneſs of genius or quickneſs of parts; but though her acquirements were moderate, ſhe knew how to manage them to advantage; and there was often a certain avowal of her inferiority, which conciliated affection the more, as it did not claim admiration. Her manners were ſoft and winning, like thoſe of *Emilia*, her ſentiments as delicate and exalted; there ſeemed, however, leſs of nature in both.

Emilia's attachment to this young lady I found every day increaſe, till, at laſt, it ſo totally engroſſed her as rather to diſpleaſe me. When together, their attention was confined almoſt entirely to each other; or what politeneſs forced them to beſtow upon others, they conſidered as a tax which it was fair to elude as much as poſſible. The *world*, a term which they applied indiſcriminately to almoſt every one but themſelves, they ſeemed to feel as much pride as happineſs in being ſecluded from; and its laws of prudence and propriety, they held the invention of cold and ſelfiſh minds, inſenſible to the delights of feelings, of ſentiment, and of friendſhip. Theſe ideas were, I believe, much ſtrengthened by a correſpondence that occupied moſt of the hours (not many indeed) in which they were ſeparated. Againſt this I ventured to remonſtrate in a jocular manner, with *Emilia*; ſhe anſwered me in a ſtrain ſo ſerious, as convinced me of the danger of ſo romantic an attachment. Our diſcourſe on the ſubject grew inſenſibly warm: *Emilia* at laſt burſt in-

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to tears; and I apologized for having, I knew not how, offended her. From that day forth, though I continued her adviser, I found I had ceased to be her friend.

That office was now *Harriet*'s alone; the tie only wanted some difficulty to rivet it closer, some secret to be intrusted with, some distress to alleviate. Of this an opportunity soon after presented itself. *Harriet* became enamoured of a young gentleman of the name of *Marlow*, an officer of dragoons who had come to the country on a visit to her brother, with whom he had been acquainted at college. As she inherited several thousand pounds, independent of her expectations from her father, such a match was a very favourable one for a young man who possessed no revenue but his commission. But, for that very reason, the consent of the young lady's relations was not to be looked for. After some time, therefore, of secret and ardent attachment, of which my niece was the confident, the young folks married without it, and trusted to the common relentings of parental affection, to forgive a fault which could not be remedied. But the father of *Harriet* remained quite inexorable: nor was his resentment softened even by her husband's leaving the army; a step which, it was hoped, might have mitigated his anger, as he had often declared it principally to arise from his daughter's marrying a soldier.

After some fruitless attempts to reinstate themselves in the old gentleman's affections, they took up their residence in a provincial town, in a distant part of the kingdom; where, as *Harriet* described their situation to *Emilia*, they found every wish gratified in the increasing tenderness of one another. *Emilia*, soon after went to see them in their new abode: her description of their happiness on her return,

turn, was warm to a degree of rapture. Her visit was repeated on occasion of *Harriet*'s lying-in of her first child. This incident was a new source of delight to *Emilia*'s friends, and of pleasure to her in their society. *Harriet*, whose recovery was slow, easily prevailed on her to stay till it was completed. She became a member of the family, and it was not without much regret, on both sides, that she left, at the end of six months, a house from which, as she told me, the world was secluded, where sentiment regulated the conduct, and happiness rewarded it. All this while I was not without alarm, and could not conceal my uneasiness from *Emilia*; I represented the situation in which her friend stood, whom prudent people must consider as having, at least, made a bold step, if not a blameable one. I was answered rather angrily, by a warm remonstrance against the inhumanity of parents, the unfeelingness of age, and the injustice of the world.

That happiness, which my niece had described as the inmate of *Harriet*'s family, was not of long duration. Her husband, tired of the inactive scene into which his marriage had cast him, grew first discontented at home, and then sought for that pleasure abroad which his own house could not afford him. His wife felt this change warmly, and could not restrain herself from expressing her feelings. Her complaints grew into reproaches, and rivetted her husband's dislike to her society, and his relish for the society of others. *Emilia* was, as usual, the confident of her friend's distress; it was now increased to a lingering illness, which had succeeded the birth of her second girl. After informing me of those disagreeable circumstances in which her *Harriet* was situated, *Emilia* told me she had formed the resolution of participating, at least, if she could not alleviate, her friend's distress, by going directly

rectly to reside in her house. Though I had now lost the affections of my niece, she had not yet forced me into indifference for her. Against this proposal I remonstrated in the strongest manner. You will easily guess my arguments; but *Emilia* would not allow them any force. In vain I urged the ties of duty, of prudence, and of character. They only produced an eulogium on generosity, on friendship, and on sentiment. I could not so far command my temper as to forbear some observations, which my niece interpreted into reflections upon her *Harriet*. She grew warm on the subject; my affection for her would not suffer me to be cool. At last, in the enthusiasm of her friendship, she told me I had cancelled every bond of relationship between us, that she would instantly leave my house, and return to it no more. She left it accordingly, and set out for *Harriet*'s that very evening.

There, as I learned, she found that lady in a situation truly deplorable: her health declined, her husband cruel, and the fortune she had brought him wasted among his companions at the tavern and the gaming-table. The last calamity the fortune of *Emilia* enabled her to relieve; but the two first she could not cure, and her friend was fast sinking under them. She was at last seized with a disorder which her weak frame was unable to resist, and which her physicians informed *Emilia*, would soon put a period to her life. This intelligence she communicated to the husband in a manner suited to wring his heart for the treatment he had given his wife. In effect, *Marlow* was touched with that remorse which the consequences of profligate folly will sometimes produce in men more weak than wicked. He too had been in use to talk of feeling and of sentiment. He was willing to be impelled by the passions, though not restrained by the princi-

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ples of virtue, and to taſte the pleaſures of vice, while he thought he abhorred its depravity. His converſion was now as violent as ſudden. *Emilia* believed it ſincere, becauſe confidence was natural to her, and the effects of ſudden emotion her favourite ſyſtem. By her means a thorough re-union took place between Mr. and Mrs. *Marlow*; and the ſhort while the latter ſurvived, was paſſed in that luxury of reconcilement, which more than reinſtates the injurer in our affection. *Harriet* died in the arms of her huſband; and, by a ſolemn adjuration, left to *Emilia* the comfort of him, and the care of her children.

There is in the communion of ſorrow one of the ſtrongeſt of all connections; and the charge which *Emilia* had received from her dying friend of her daughters, neceſſarily produced the freeſt and moſt frequent intercourſe with their father. Debts, which his former courſe of life had obliged him to contract, he was unable to pay; and the demands of his creditors were the more peremptory, as, by the death of his wife, the hopes of any pecuniary aſſiſtance from her father were cut off. In the extremity of this diſtreſs, he communicated it to *Emilia*. Her generoſity relieved him from the embarraſſment, and gave him that farther tie which is formed by the gratitude of thoſe we oblige. Meanwhile, from the exertions of that generoſity, ſhe ſuffered conſiderable inconvenience. The world was loud, and ſometimes ſcurrilous, in its cenſure of her conduct. I tried once more, by a letter written with all the art I was maſter of, to recal her from the labyrinth in which this falſe ſort of virtue had involved her. My endeavours were vain. I found that *ſentiment*, like religion, had its ſuperſtition, and its martyrdom. Every hardſhip ſhe ſuffered ſhe accounted a trial every cenſure ſhe endured ſhe conſidered as a teſti-

mony of her virtue. At last my poor deluded niece was so entangled in the toils which her own imagination, and the art of *Marlow*, had spread for her, that she gave to the dying charge of *Harriet* the romantic interpretation of becoming the wife of her widower, and the mother of her children. My heart bleeds, Mr. MIRROR, while I foresee the consequences! She will be wretched, with feelings ill-accommodated to her wretchedness. Her sensibility will aggravate that ruin to which it has led her, and the world will not even afford their pity to distresses, which the prudent may blame, and the selfish may deride.

Let me warn at least where I cannot remedy. Tell your readers this story, Sir. Tell them, there are bounds beyond which virtuous feelings cease to be virtue; that the decisions of sentiment are subject to the controul of prudence, and the ties of friendship subordinate to the obligations of duty.

I am, &c. LEONTIUS.

No. 102. SATURDAY, *April* 29, 1780.

To the AUTHOR of the MIRROR.

SIR,

YOU have already observed how difficult it is to reduce the science of *manners* to general denominations, and have shewn how liable to misapplication are some of the terms which are used in it. To your instances of *men of fashion* and *good company*, you will give me leave to add another, of which, I think, the perversion is neither less com-

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mon nor less dangerous: I mean the term applied to a certain species of character, which we distinguish by the appellation of a *man of spirit*.

Lord Chesterfield says somewhere, that to speak and act with spirit, is to speak rudely, and act foolishly: and his Lordship's definition is frequently right. At the same time, SPIRIT may be, and certainly is, often applied to that line of conduct and sentiment that deserves it: A person of virtue, dignity and prudence, is with much propriety, denominated a "MAN OF SPIRIT;" but, by the abuse I complain of, "man of spirit" is, for the most part, very differently applied.

In the various departments of business, the term *spirit* is frequently applied to unprofitable projects and visionary speculations. Let a man be bold enough to risk his own fortune, and the fortunes of other people, upon schemes brilliant but improbable; let him go on, sanguine amidst repeated losses, and dreaming of wealth till he wakes in bankruptcy; and it is ten to one that, after he fails, the world will give a sort of fame to his folly, and hold him up to future trust and patronage, under the title of an unfortunate *man of spirit*.

But these are not the most glaring instances of the monstrous perversion of this character; the airy adventurer, or the magnificent but ruined projector, may both be men of spirit, though it is not spirit, but want of judgment, and visionary impetuosity, that have procured them the character. They may, however, possess that dignity and independence of mind in which alone true spirit consists, and may have been ruined by whim and want of foresight, not want of spirit. But there is one set of men on whom the appellation is bestowed, whose conduct for the most part, is, in every article, the reverse of dignity or spirit, and perfectly inconsistent with it.

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The men I mean are those, who, by a train of intemperance and profusion, run out their fortunes, and reduce themselves to misery. Such men are common, and will be so, while vice, folly, and want of foresight, prevail among mankind. They have been frequently ridiculed and exposed by the ablest pens: and it is not the character itself that falls under my observation; it is the unaccountable absurdity of bestowing upon such characters the appellation of "men of spirit;" which they uniformly acquire, whether the fortune they have squandered is new, or has been handed down to them through a long line of ancestors.

The misapplication of the term is so completely ridiculous, as to be beneath contempt, were it not for the mischief that I am convinced has been occasioned by it. Youths entering on the stage of life are catched with the engaging appellation, "a man of spirit:" they become ambitious of acquiring that epithet; and perceiving it to be most generally bestowed on such men as I have described, they look up to them as patterns of life and manners, and begin to ape them at an age which thinks only of enjoyment, and despises consequences; nay, if they should look forward and view the "man of spirit," reduced, by his own profusion, to the most abject state of servile dependence, it does not mend the matter. In the voice of the world he is "a man of spirit still." It is said, that the easy engaging manners of Captain Macheath have induced many young men to go on the highway. I am convinced the character of "a man of spirit" tempts many a young man to enter on a course of intemperance and prodigality, that most frequently ends in desperate circumstances and a broken constitution.

This perversion is the more provoking, that, of all human characters, the intemperate prodigal is,

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in every feature and every ſtage, the moſt diametrically oppoſite to a man of ſpirit. True *ſpirit* is founded on a love and deſire of *independence*, and the two are ſo blended together, that it is impoſſible, even in idea, to ſeparate them. But the intemperate prodigal is the moſt dependent of all human beings. He depends on others for amuſement and company; and, however faſhionable he may be in the beginning, his decline in the article of companions is certain and rapid. In the courſe of his profuſion, he becomes dependent on others for the means of ſupporting it; and when his race of prodigality is run, he ſuffers a miſerable dependence for the ſupport even of that wretched life to which it has reduced him. After all, the world calls him a "man of ſpirit," when he is really in a ſtate of ſervile indigence, with a broken conſtitution, without ſpirit, and without the power of exerting it; with the additional reflection of having himſelf been the cauſe of his diſtreſſes.

Nor is it only in the *affirmative* uſe of the term that I have to complain of its perverſion; the ſame injuſtice takes place when it is applied in the *negative*. Calling an intemperate and ruined prodigal a "MAN OF SPIRIT," may proceed ſometimes from pity; but, when you hear a man of moderation and virtue, eſpecially if he happen alſo to be opulent, blamed as "*wanting ſpirit*," the accuſation is generally the child of detraction and malignity. I do not apply my obſervation to the avaricious and niggardly, to men whoſe purſes are ſhut againſt their friends, and whoſe doors are barred againſt every body; ſuch men certainly want ſpirit, and are, for the moſt part, defective in every virtue; but I am afraid that it often happens that a perſon, benevolent to his friends, hoſpitable to the deſerving, kind to his ſervants, and indulgent to his children, is blamed as

"*wanting ſpirit,*" for no reaſon but becauſe he is proof againſt the abſurdities of faſhion and vanity, becauſe he guards againſt the tricks of the deſigning, deſpiſes the opinions and diſapprobation of the fooliſh, and perſiſts in that train of moderate œconomy, which he knows is beſt ſuited to his fortune and rational views.

Inſtead of wanting "*ſpirit,*" ſuch a character is the true idea of "a man of ſpirit." In every part of his manners and conduct, he paſſes through life with an uniform ſteadineſs and dignity. His moderation ſecures his independence, and his attention ſupplies the means of hoſpitality and benevolence. While the prodigal is running his feverous and diſtempered courſe, the man of moderation and virtue proceeds in a train of quiet contentment and reſpectable induſtry; and, at the end of their race, when the prodigal, with a ſhattered conſtitution, without fortune, and without friends, is in abſolute want, or, at beſt, become the mean flatterer of ſome inſolent minion of wealth or power; the man of moderation and virtue, feeling his independence without pride, is happy in himſelf, uſeful to his family and friends, and beneficent to mankind, contributing, perhaps, from charity, not reſpect, his aſſiſtance to that very decayed prodigal who had frequently characteriſed him as a *man of no ſpirit.*

But it was not my purpoſe to delineate at length the character of a real "man of ſpirit."—I propoſed only to explode a very abſurd and miſchievous abuſe of an epithet that too generally prevails. I ſhall therefore conclude, with aſſuring thoſe who are ambitious of being "men of ſpirit," by putting on the life and manners of an intemperate prodigal, that, though they may attain the character, and even preſerve it after their fortunes are ſpent, and their conſtitutions broken; yet they will be "men of ſpirit" only

only nominally, and in the mouths of the world; in reality, and in their hearts, they will be the meaneſt as well as the moſt unhappy of mankind, lingering out a uſeleſs and contemptible life, on which intemperance has entailed diſeaſe, and extravagance and profuſion inflicted poverty and dependence.

I am, &c.

MODERATUS.

My correſpondent has confined his obſervations to one half of the world, and remarked the abuſe of the term *ſpirit*, when applied to the *men* only. Might he not have extended his remarks a little farther, and traced the application of the phraſe to the conduct and behaviour of the other ſex? Perhaps, indeed, the *character* is not ſo univerſally in repute, as to come within the line of *Moderatus*'s complaint; but the *thing* is more in vogue than it ſeems to have been at any period of which my predeceſſors, who are a ſort of chroniclers of manners and faſhions, have preſerved the hiſtory.

In *London*, to which place we are always to look for the "*Glaſs of faſhion*," the ladies, not ſatisfied with ſhewing their *ſpirit* in the bold look, the maſculine air, and the manly garb, have made inroads into a province from which they were formerly conſidered as abſolutely excluded; I mean that of public oratory. Half a dozen ſocieties have ſtarted up this winter, in which, female ſpeakers exerciſe their powers of elocution before numerous audiences, and canvaſs all manner of ſubjects with the freedom and ſpirit of the boldeſt male orators. We, in Edinburgh, have not yet attempted to rival the polite people of the metropolis in this reſpect: ſome of our

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ladies, however, do all they can to put us on a footing with them. There is seldom a crowded play, or a full concert, at which some of our *public speakers* do not exert themselves with a most laudable spirit to drown the declamation of the stage, or the music of the orchestra.

Nor is the ambition of those spirited ladies satisfied with speaking in public, and carrying off the attention of the audience from the voice of the actor, or the tones of the musician. The public eye, as well as ear, is to be commanded; and, in the side-box of the theatre, or the front-bench of the concert-room, there is often such a collection of beauty, animated with so much *spirit* of *exhibition*, that it is impossible the male part of the company should look at the scene, or think of the music. One of my predecessors has mentioned the art which the ladies of his day used in the unfurling of their *fans*, so as to display certain little *Cupids* and *Venusses* which lurked in their folds. Had he seen some of our ladies in the attitudes which modern *spirit* has taught them to assume—such unfurlings and unfoldings!—his *Venusses* and *Cupids* were mere ice and snow to them.

It is but justice to those ladies to remark, that this part of their behaviour seems calculated merely to shew their accomplishment in fashionable freedom of manner, without any motive of an interested or selfish kind. They are contented with the reputation of ease and spirit, without procuring much indulgence from the one, or licence from the other. I have sometimes, however, been inclined to think, that there was a degree of unfairness in this, and to doubt, if a lady was entitled thus to hang out false colours, and to be in reality innocent and harmless, while she was quite a different sort of creature in appearance. I could not help allowing some justice

tice in the complaint of a girl, whom I overheard ſome weeks ago, in the paſſage from the upper boxes, thus addreſſing her companion: "Did you obſerve that pert, giggling, naked thing in the ſtage-box? There's not a man in the houſe ſhe cares a farthing for; and yet ſhe has the aſſurance to look like one of us."

No. 103. TUESDAY, *May* 2, 1780.

To the AUTHOR of the MIRROR

SIR,

FROM my earlieſt infancy I have been remarkable for good humour, and a gentle, complying, inoffenſive diſpoſition; qualities which, I am told, I inherit of my father, the late Mr. *Paul Softly*, an eminent linen-draper. Though I myſelf ſoon recover any diſappointment or contradiction I meet with; yet ſo tender is my regard to the feelings of others, that I am led ſomehow, conſtitutionally, and almoſt againſt my reaſon, to comply with their requeſts, humour them in their foibles, and acquieſce in their opinions. I cannot bear, Mr. MIRROR, it hurts me more than you can imagine, to diſappoint the hopes, or withſtand the ſolicitation of any human being whatever. There is a ſturdy, idle, impudent, merry-looking dog of a ſailor, with a wooden leg, ſtationed at the corner of the ſtreet where I live, who, I do believe, has eſtabliſhed himſelf as a penſioner upon me for life, by the earneſtneſs of his tones, and his conſtant prayers to heaven for bleſſings on my goodneſs. Often and often have I been engaged

gaged in midnight riots, though fond of peace and good neighbourhood; and frequently, though I abhor wine, have I been betrayed into intoxication, from a want of power to resist the hospitable importunity of my landlord pressing me to fill a bumper.

From this I would not have you imagine that I am devoid of resolution, or a will of my own. On the contrary, I do assure you, that, upon extraordinary occasions, and when it is necessary, I can resist and resent too. Nay, my wife (if you will believe her) frequently complains of my obstinacy and perverseness; and declares, that, of all the men she ever knew, *Simon Softly* (for that is my name) is the least sensible of indulgence. However, Sir, as for my wife, considering that I married her, not so much from any personal regard, as in order to please her worthy family, who had served me, though I dare say without any expectation of reward, I thank God I led a pretty tolerable sort of life with her. Upon the whole, Sir, this disposition of mine has always appeared to me more amiable as well as convenient, than that named firm and decisive, which I confess to you, I suspect is at the bottom nothing else but conceit and ill-humour. Upon one occasion in my life, however (I think it is the very first,) which I am going to lay before you, I must own that it has given me a good deal of serious disturbance.

About six months ago I succeeded, by the death of an uncle, to a land-estate of £100 a-year, which, unfortunately, lies contiguous to that of the greatest proprietor in the country. Along with it I inherited a law-suit, kept alive by various means ever since the year thirty-three. The subject of it was a fourth part of the estate, which, though it had long been possessed by my predecessors, as part of the farm of *Oxentown*, Sir *Ralph Holdencourt*, our adversary and neighbour

neighbour above mentioned, contended must belong to him, as included in his charters of the barony of *Acredale*. But, before I go on, I must make you acquainted with Sir *Ralph*. He is descended from one of the oldest and most choleric families in the kingdom. The stem of it as appears from the tree drawn by the hand of his great grandfather, Sir *Eustace*, was a Norman baron, who came over with the Conqueror. One of his posterity intermarried with a Welsh heiress; they were driven out of England for some act of rebellion, and since their settlement in the north, their blood has been further heightened by alliance with the family of a Scots Peer and a Highland Chieftain. Their jealous pride, and the suddenness of their passion, have all along borne ample testimony to the purity of their lineage. Sir *Eustate* himself fought four duels, and was twice run through the body. In Sir *Ralph*'s veins, this spirit, though somewhat mitigated by his father's marriage with one, who, as it is whispered, had served him in the capacity of dairy-maid, is far from being extinct. In his youth, he experienced the vengeance of the law, for beating a merchant of the same surname, who, without just title, claimed kindred with him, and assumed the arms of his family. I have heard too, that he himself was once soundly peppered by a gentleman of small fortune, whose gun Sir *Ralph* had attempted to seize upon his own ground, under pretence of his being unqualified to carry one. Though now old, he is still noted for his tenacious adherence to all his pretensions, the ceremonious politeness with which he receives the great gentry, and his supercilious treatment of all those who are not intitled to that name. ——But to go on with my story. Soon after my succession, being on a visit to another neighbour, Mr. B.; I found him with his wife preparing to depart,

part, in great form, for the ſeat of my adverſary, to whom they are annually in uſe of paying their reſpects. Being ignorant of my ſituation, they preſſed me much to accompany them; and I, deſirous to pleaſe them, Sir, and not knowing how to excuſe myſelf, at the ſame time thinking it unreaſonable that I ſhould be at enmity with a man whom I did not know, merely becauſe we were at law together, was prevailed on to comply.

In a long avenue of lofty elms, terminated at one end by a large iron gate, at the top of which the family arms are worked, and at the other, by the manſion-houſe, a large old-faſhioned building, with a moat and turrets, we overtook the Knight himſelf returning from a ride. He ſeemed to be about ſixty, but retained a robuſt make and florid complexion. He was ſeated on a ſuperb ſaddle, with holſters, and a houſing of fur: he rode a long-tailed horſe, which had once been grey, but had now become white with age; and was attended, at a due diſtance, by a ſedate elderly looking ſervant, in an ample livery ſurtout, mounted on a black dock-tailed coach-nag. No ſooner had he perceived us, than he puſhed on at a gallop, that he might be ready to preſent himſelf upon the platform of a large outer ſtone ſtair, to pay his compliments upon our arrival. I was introduced to him as his new neighbour Mr. *Softly:* but the moment the name reached his ears, the blood ruſhed into his face, and eyeing me with a look of indignation, he turned upon his heel, and left me. At this I was a good deal nettled (for I dont want ſpirit,) and wiſhed to retire: but, perceiving that my horſe had been led into the ſtable, and that I muſt paſs through a crowd of ſervants who were laughing at my reception, I thought it might be juſt as good to go on, and ſo followed them into the great hall. This was a large room, wainſcotted with oak, and

decorated

decorated with some portraits, a map of the estate, a tree of the family descent, beside a spear and a cross-bow, which had been borne, I suppose, by some of the Knight's progenitors. Here we were received by Miss *Primrose Holdencourt*, his sister, a maiden lady of fifty-five, who, ever since the death of his wife, has done the honours of his table. To her I made a profound bow, of which she took no notice, unless by bridling up her head, and tossing a look of disdain at me.

Our present company, besides the persons already mentioned, consisted of the Knight's agent or attorney, and the parson of the parish. The two latter, who, for some reason or other, had all along kept standing together by one of the windows near the door, were banished, upon the appearance of dinner, to a bye-table in a corner of the room, where I likewise, finding no place unoccupied at the other table, was obliged to take my seat. But, for this disgrace, I was soon comforted by the good humour and facetiousness of the attorney (who seemed to take a liking for me,) as well as by some excellent ale, in which we both, along with the parson, participated pretty liberally.

We had no communication with the other table, unless by an overture of mine towards a reconciliation with Miss *Primrose*, by drinking her health, which met with a very, ungracious reception. We had, however, no great cause to envy their conversation, as it consisted chiefly of some annotations by her, upon the table linen, in which the heads of the twelve apostles, and some worthies of the family, were woven; besides a history from the Knight, of some exploits performed by the latter. Dinner being removed, and the ladies retiring along with it, the other table was naturally compelled to an union with ours; which, however, did not take place with-

out ſtrong marks of repugnance on the part of the Knight. Theſe became ſtill more and more manifeſt, as the liquor elevated his pride: he puſhed the bottle paſt me, neglected to require my toaſt, and every now and then eyed me over his ſhoulder with a look of the utmoſt jealouſy and averſion. I do not value the looks of him or any other man a farthing; ſo I kept my ſeat manfully. In a ſhort time, my friend Mr. B. having, for ſome purpoſe or other left the room, the attorney, with an appearance of great candour and cordiality, enquired of me, whether that unhappy conteſt relative to the farm of Oxentown were drawing to an iſſue? "*Nothing that depends on my will for that purpoſe ſhall be wanting*," anſwered I. "*You allow then*," immediately interpoſed the Knight, "*that the lands of Harrowfield make part of my barony of Acredale: you are at laſt become ſenſible of the juſtice of my claims.*" "*I am glad of it, heartily glad of it*," rejoined the attorney; "*but, indeed, it is impoſſible to doubt of it, for*"—and here he began a long diſſertation, ſo full of law terms and bad Latin, that I did not underſtand a word on't, which he finiſhed with, "*From all which, it is* luce clarius, *that the lands belong to Sir Ralph.*" "*Moſt aſſuredly*," echoed the parſon. "*And when, my dear Sir, do you mean to renounce your claim?*" reſumed the attorney. All this, Mr. MIRROR, paſſed with ſo much rapidity, that I had no time for recollection or reply. Nothing could be farther from my intention than totally to ſurrender my claim; an amicable accommodation was all that I meant to hint at. But what could I do, Mr. MIRROR? My friend, who might have ſupported me, had left the room: I had no anſwer ready to the attorney's argument; the whole company concurred in regarding my claim as groundleſs; my meaning had been miſunderſtood, and an explanation,

explanation, beſides expoſing me to their reſentment (but that I did not value a ſtraw,) would have ſubjected me to the ſuſpicion of inſincerity and looſe dealing. Still, however, I was loth thus to play away ſo conſiderable a part of my inheritance. After heſitating a little while, awkward and embarraſſed between theſe oppoſite motives, I did at laſt reſolve to undeceive them, and had actually begun to meditate an addreſs for that purpoſe, which, I do believe, I ſhould have delivered, when the attorney, ſlapping me on the ſhoulder with one hand, and ſtretching out the other to me, with an air of the greateſt cordiality, cut me ſhort, "*What ſay you, Mr. Softly? faſt bind faſt find; what ſay you to finiſhing the matter immediately?*" This propoſal being quite unexpected, utterly diſconcerted me. Between ſurpriſe, embarraſſment, and the deſire of relieving myſelf by a deciſion one way or other, ſeeing them, at the ſame time, full of expectation, I haſtily, almoſt without knowing what I did, took him by the hand, and anſwered, "*Sir, with all my heart.*" In ſhort, Mr. MIRROR, paper, pen and ink were called for, and a deed drawn out, which I inſtantly executed. The Knight, immediately after, coming up to me, ſhook me by the hand, and commanding a bumper to my health, deſired and inſiſted to ſee me often at *Caſtle Holdenbourt*.

Being naturally of an eaſy temper, and ſeeing that the matter could not be mended, touched at the ſame time with the ſatisfaction it had diffuſed, I ſoon, in ſome degree, regained my good humour. More wine was called for repeatedly; and next morning I found myſelf at my friend Mr. B.'s houſe, without knowing how or when I had been tranſported to it.

Upon ſerious deliberation, however, and after ſome converſation upon the ſubject with my wife, I

am

am really vexed and dispirited with this affair. In making application to you, I have three views; the first merely to disburden my mind by telling the story (I fear it is a dull and tedious one;) the second, to learn from any of your readers who is at the bar, whether my facility be a ground for *reducing* my consent? the third, to warn persons of a similar disposition from going into company with their adversaries in a law-suit.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

SIMON SOFTLY.

As I sincerely sympathise with Mr. *Softly* in his distress, I have published his letter for the first purpose mentioned in its conclusion, to disburden his mind of the story. As to the second, I am afraid I can be of little use to him, as a law opinion delivered through the channel of the MIRROR, would be destitute of some of the prerequisites, without which it would be dangerous to rely on it as the ground of legal proceeding. The third, which is a very disinterested motive, is, I believe, more charitable in him, than it will be useful to his readers. There is, I fancy, very little occasion for warning people against going into the company of those with whom they are at law, lest they should be surprised into improper concessions; I have generally observed, that being in company with an adversary in a law-suit, has a greater tendency to make a man tenacious of his rights, than to dispose him to relinquish them.

No.

No. 104. SATURDAY, *May* 6, 1780.

IT has been remarked, that the *country-life* prevails more in Great Britain than in any civilized nation in Europe. However true this observation may be in the general, there is one set of men among us, to whom, in the present times, it will by no means apply: I mean our great nobles and men of high fortune. It is indeed vain to expect, that persons in that rank of life should be able to withstand the attractions of a court, and the seductions of a luxurious capital.

It is, nevertheless, a melancholy circumstance, in travelling through this island, to find so many noble palaces deserted by their illustrious owners, even in that season of the year when, to every man of taste, the country must afford true pleasure. How mortifying it is to hear a great man tell you, that he cannot *afford* to live at his country-seat, and to see him, after passing a winter in London, and losing thousands in a week, reduced to the necessity of murdering the summer, by lounging from watering-place to watering-place, or retiring with two or three humble friends to a *villa* in the *environs* of London, instead of living with a becoming dignity in the mansion of his ancestors! To such men I would beg leave to recommend the advice of King James I. who, as Lord Bacon tells us, "was wont to be very earnest with the country gentlemen to go from London to their country-seats; and sometimes would say to them, *Gentlemen, at London you are like ships in the sea, which shew like nothing: but in your country-villages, you are like ships in a river, which look like great things.*"

I do not mean, however, to say, that a *great man* should live always in the country. The duties of

his ſtation, and the rank he holds in ſociety, require, that he ſhould paſs part of the year in the capital; and, independent of thoſe conſiderations, I believe it will be allowed, that a man of high rank, who has paſſed his whole life immured within the walls of his own *chateau*, and conſtantly ſurrounded by a circle who look up to him, is, of all mortals, the moſt inſupportable.

Nay, I will go farther: I am diſpoſed to believe, that it is an improper and a hurtful thing, even for a private gentleman of moderate fortune, to retire from the world, and betake himſelf altogether to a country-life.

A remarkable inſtance of the bad conſequences of abandoning ſociety, I lately met with in a viſit I had occaſion to pay to a gentleman with whom I had become acquainted at college, and whoſe real name I ſhall conceal under that of *Acaſto*. Soon after he quitted the univerſity, where he had been diſtinguiſhed by an ardent love of literature, *Acaſto* retired to his eſtate in the country, which, though not great, was fully ſufficient for all his wants. There he had reſided ever ſince; and, either from inclination or indolence, had remained a bachelor. I had not ſeen him for many years. Time had made ſome alteration on his figure; but that was little, when compared with the change I found in him in all other reſpects. In his dreſs and manners he was indeed completely ruſticated; and, by living much alone, he had contracted an indifference to that decorum, and to thoſe little attentions, without which no man can be agreeable in ſociety. The day I arrived at his houſe, I found him ſauntering in his garden, waiting a call to dinner, dreſſed in an old coat, which had once been black, a flouched hat of the ſame complexion, with a long pole in his hand, and with a beard that did not appear to have felt a razor for many days. After

After a hearty welcome, he carried me in to dinner. In his converſation, I found as great a change as in his outward appearance and deportment. From living in a narrow circle, he had contracted a peculiarity in his notions, which ſometimes amuſed from its oddity; and, from converſing chiefly with perſons rather of an inferior ſtation to himſelf, he had become as tenacious of his opinions, as if they had been ſelf-evident truths, and as impatient of contradiction, as if to differ from him had been a crime.

From the ſame cauſes, the verieſt trifle, particularly if it concerned himſelf, had become to him an object of importance. A *country-gentleman* he conſidered as the moſt reſpectable character in nature; and he talked as if honour, truth, and ſincerity, were confined to them alone. Every man who lived in the world, he conſidered as a villain; and every woman who paſſed much of her time in town, he made no ſcruple to ſay, was *no better than ſhe ſhould be*. At firſt, it aſtoniſhed me to hear a man of his good ſenſe and benevolent diſpoſitions, talk of ſome of the moſt amiable characters, of the age in the moſt diſreſpectful terms. When I endeavoured to put him to rights, he at once cut me ſhort, by ſaying, he could have no doubt of the truth of what he advanced, as he had been told ſuch and ſuch a thing by his friend and neighbour Mr. *Downright*, who ſcorned to flatter any man, or tell any thing but the truth.

I ſoon had an opportunity of judging how far the country gentlemen were entitled to the high character my friend had given them for honour and integrity. The morning after I arrived, my hoſt informed me he was obliged to attend a county-meeting, where there was to be buſineſs of conſiderable importance, in which he was deeply intereſted; and, as he could not ſtay at home with me, I readily conſented.

sented to accompany him. He had dressed himself for the occasion; that is, he had shaved his beard, and put on a clean shirt. It remained to determine how we should travel. At first he proposed to go on horseback; but the appearance of a black cloud made him think of the carriage. It then occurred, that taking the carriage would stop the plough; and it was determined we should ride. But as we were going to mount, the recollection of a cold, attended with some threatenings of a sore throat he had had the week before, made him again resolve upon the carriage. In short, I found that my poor friend, naturally of an undecisive temper, and having no proper object to fill his mind, had accustomed himself to deliberate on every trifle, as if it had been an affair of the greatest consequence. At length we set out in the carriage; but not till repeated instructions were given to *John* to drive only two miles the first hour, and not more than three or three and a quarter afterwards.

On the road, we met with some incidents that were amusing enough. In the midst of a serious conversation on the *state of the nation*, in which *Acasto* was proposing plans of reformation, and tracing all our present calamities to the prevalence of the mercantile interest in parliament, and the shameful neglect of the country gentlemen, we happened to pass the house of a cottager, who had laid down a load of coals rather too near the high road; which *Acasto* no sooner perceived than he stopped the carriage, and calling out the poor man, began to rate him as if he had been guilty of the grossest offence. Not satisfied with ordering the nuisance to be removed, he thought it necessary to represent, in strong colours, all the possible mischiefs that might have ensued from it. "What might have happened," said he, "if my horses had startled, God only knows! Had

Had we been overturned, my carriage might have been broken, or my horſes killed, and even I myſelf might have been hurt."

This circumſtance, trifling as it was, ruffled my friend ſo much, that it was ſome time before he could reſume the thread of his converſation. Some other incidents of the ſame kind gave him an opportunity of diſplaying his attention to the police of the country, and of impreſſing me with an idea of the obligation he had thereby conferred on his fellow-citizens. At length we arrived at the county-town, and immediately drove to the court-houſe, where we found a very numerous meeting.

I ſoon found that the important buſineſs which had brought ſo many gentlemen from their own houſes, was to determine, whether a bridge ſhould be built at one end of a village or the other? From the courſe of the argument, if argument it could be called, I plainly perceived, that to the *Public* it was a matter of the moſt perfect indifference. But, if executed in one way, it would accommodate a gentleman who had acquired a large fortune in the courſe of trade, and had lately purchaſed an eſtate in the neighbourhood, on which he had built an elegant houſe. *Acaſto*, and his friend Mr. *Downright*, ſtrenuouſly oppoſed the plan of accommodating this *novus homo*, who had preſumed to buy one of the beſt eſtates in the county, from the heir of an ancient family, at a higher price then any body elſe would have given for it. For my own part, I was truly mortified to obſerve in both parties as much trick and chicane as might, when properly varniſhed, have done honour to the moſt finiſhed ſtateſman. In one thing only I diſcovered that *open plainneſs* on which country-gentlemen are ſo apt to value themſelves, and that was in the *language* in which they addreſſed each other. *There*, indeed, they were

were sufficiently plain; and no where did I ever observe a more total neglect of the favourite maxim of Lord Chesterfield, *fortiter in re, suaviter in modo.*

On our way home, *Acasto* entertained me with the characters of the gentlemen we had seen; but he might have saved himself the trouble; for, by recollecting how they *voted*, I should immediately have known which of them were honest and sincere, and which mean time-serving sycophants.

I shall not trouble my readers with any reflections on *Acasto*'s character. It is plain, that the little peculiarities which, with all his natural good sense and benevolence, expose him hourly to ridicule or to censure, have been occasioned by his retreat from the world, and by that solitude in which he has lived so long. Seldom, indeed, have I known any one that did not, in some degree, suffer from it; that did not, more or less, become selfish and contracted, conceited and opinionative. I never see a young heir fluttering about town in the circle of gaiety, without feeling an emotion of compassion. In a few years, when he comes to be supplanted in that circle by a younger set, no resource remains for him but a retreat to the country, where he must pass his days either in a state of listless inactivity, or in pursuits unworthy of a rational being. I would, therefore, earnestly recommend it to every parent, to educate the heir of his fortune to some profession; to set before him some object that may fill his mind, may rouse him to action, and may make him at once a happy and respectable member of society.

No.

No. 105. TUESDAY, *May* 9, 1780.

THE winter, which, like an untaught visitor, had prolonged its stay with us to a very unreasonable length, has, at last, given place to vernal breezes and a more indulgent sky; and many of my readers will now leave the business or amusements of the *town*, for the purer air and less tumultuous enjoyments of the *country*. As I have, now and then, ventured some observations on the manners and fashions of the former, I could not forbear, from a friendly concern for those whom the season now calls into the latter, to offer a few remarks on certain errors which are more generally prevalent in the country. My last paper was intended for the serious perusal of *country-gentlemen*. I mean in this, to make a few lighter observations on some little failings, in point of manners, to which I have seen a propensity in country-gentlemen, country-ladies, and in those who, though of the town, for the greatest part of the year, make their appearance, like the *cuckoo*, (I mean no offence by the comparison,) when the trees have put on their leaves, and the meadows their verdure.

In the *first* place, I would beg of those who migrate from the city, not to carry too much of the town with them into the country. I will allow a lady to exhibit the newest-fashioned cut in her riding-habit, or to astonish a country-congregation with the height of her head-dress; and a gentleman, in like manner, to *sport*, as they term it, a grotesque pattern of a waistcoat, or to set the children agape by the enormous size of his buckles. These are privileges to which gentlemen and ladies may be thought to have intitled themselves by the expense

and

and trouble of a winter's residence in the capital. But there is a provoking, though a civil sort of consequence such people are apt to assume in conversation, which, I think, goes beyond the just prerogative of *township*, and is a very unfair encroachment on the natural rights of their friends and relations in the country. They should consider, that though there are certain subjects of *ton* and fashion, on which they may pronounce *ex cathedrâ* (if I may be allowed so pedantic a phrase,) yet that, even in the country, the senses of hearing, seeing, tasting, and smelling, may be enjoyed to a certain extent; and that a person may like or dislike a new song, a new lutestring, a French dish, or an Italian perfume, though such person has been unfortunate enough to pass last winter at a hundred miles distance from the metropolis.

On the other hand, it is but fair to inform the ladies and gentlemen of the country, that there is a certain deference which ought to be paid, in those matters, to the enlightened judgment of their friends, who are newly arrived from the seat of information and of knowledge. I have heard a lady in the country, when her cousin from Edinburgh had been very obligingly communicating some extraordinary piece of intelligence, or exhibiting some remarkable piece of dress or finery, cut her short, by saying, with all the coolness in the world, "That is singular enough, but it is nothing to what I heard from Miss B———, with whom I have corresponded ever since she went to London;" or, "This is very pretty, to be sure, but not to be compared to Mrs. C———'s, which she had sent her in a present from Paris." This sort of *brag-playing* in conversation I have sometimes heard carried to a very disagreeable length, which would be in a great measure prevented, if people were not to be allowed credit for what

what they may have heard, or have been told, but to take consequence only from what they have seen. If we town-people are to be thus out-wondered on report, there is an end of all order and subordination in the matter. To borrow another allusion from the *game* above mentioned, I think it is but reasonable, that the wonders of persons from town should take the same precedence of the wonders of the people in the country, that *natural cards* do of *makers*.

But it is sometimes from the opposite feeling, from too high an idea of the importance of their town visitors, that the good people of the country are apt to fall into improprieties. It is wonderful to see the confusion into which the appearance of the new-fashioned carriage of a gentleman just arrived from town throws the family, especially the female part of it, of his rural neighbour. Such a peeping from windows, such a running backwards and forwards of bare-headed boys and girls to fetch their master from the field, and their mistress from the wash-house! Then, after waiting a long while in the parlour, which the chambermaid has had but time to put half in order, comes the old lady with some awkward apology, followed by a scold to the maid for leaving her rubber or hearth-brush in view of the company. By and by appears the master of the house, with another apology, for appearing before ladies in his farmer's dress. After a long series of common inquiries, a frequent pulling out of watches on the part of the visitors, and two or three messages up stairs from the mistress of the family; down come the young ladies with their caps awry, their long pins but half stuck in, their hair powdered in patches, and their aprons stiff from the folds. Here follows a second course of the same questions and answers, which being closed by an observation of the late hour from the one side, and

some strictures on the shortness of town-visits from the other, the company are suffered to depart, who, it is ten to one, laugh all the way home at the good people who were at such pains to make themselves fit, as they thought, to be seen by them. Let these last remember, that there is a style, as it is called, proper to every thing; decency and cleanliness they owe to themselves; an imitation of the fashionable fineries of the town they owe to nobody; most of these, indeed, are quite preposterous in the country: it is only when people get into crowds that they are at liberty to make fools of themselves.

As I have, in the beginning of this paper, desired the city-emigrants not to carry the town into the country, so I must intreat their country friends not to forget that the others have but lately arrived there. Their relish for draining, ditching, hedging, horse-hoeing, liming, and marling, and such other branches of the fine arts as an afternoon's conversation at a gentleman farmer's frequently runs into, has been a good deal blunted by seven months residence in the region of amusement and dissipation. The like caution will apply to those female orators who occupy the intervals of tea-drinking with dissertations on the cow-house, the dairy, and the poultry-yard.

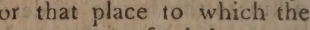
There are some topics which may be introduced, at that season, in which both town and country ladies are qualified to join, though even of them I would recommend a sparing and moderate use; I mean those little lectures on morality, sometimes known by the name of *scandal*. In these the town ladies, however, have some advantage, as their subjects are often such as may be reckoned fair game, persons of whom the world has a right to talk, and who seem to act as if they wished to be talked of. These notorious offenders against decency and decorum,

decorum, of which there are always some instances in great towns, may be compared to certain atrocious criminals, whom the law has ordered to be sent, after execution, to *Surgeons Hall*: their characters may be dissected at all tea-tables, without any danger of the crime of defamation. But the beauty of a country town or village is rarely so unguarded in her conduct as to give this licence to the tongues of her neighbours, who are, therefore, generally obliged to resort to the whispering of little private anecdotes and family-secrets, which I very much doubt if they be legally intitled to do, at least except in cases of great necessity, as on a rainy Sunday, or where the party consists but of two, who can neither play cribbage, piquet, or backgammon.

Somewhat a-kin to the lovers of detraction are the *offence-takers*, a species of people I have observed more common in the country than in populous cities. They are deeply versed in the science of precedency, in the etiquette of paying and returning visits, in the ceremonial of drinking healths, and of acknowledging bows and curtsies. I have been astonished to find the circle of my acquaintance so circumscribed as I have sometimes experienced, when I have happened to take up my head-quarters at a gentleman's, who could only accompany me to the houses of one-half of the neighbourhood, having contrived to be totally estranged from the other, by neglects of himself, affronts to his wife, squabbles about dancing at annual balls, or toasts at country-meetings after the second bottle.

This disease of offence-taking is particulary epidemic in some places every *seventh* year, or sometimes it returns a little sooner by royal proclamation. As this summer may probably be the season of its recurring with violence, I take the present opportunity of warning my readers against the company,

pany of the infected; and even to these a regimen of temper and good-manners may be found a very powerful and salutary alternative. The feelings of an offence-taker are always very disagreeable; and, as to the external effects of this mental malady, whether it go off in oblique reflections, or break out into scurrility and abuse, I need not, I fancy, enlarge on the danger of their consequences. To gentlemen concerned in politics and electioneering, I would particularly observe, that the period of their canvass is not the proper time for indulging any such freedoms in conversation or behaviour. When the contest is determined, the losers have some sort of privilege for railing; the successful candidates, as things go now-a-days, should keep all their foul language for that place to which the suffrages of their constituents are to send them.



No. 106. SATURDAY, *May* 13, 1780.

Dî tibi divitias dederant, artemque fruendi.
HOR.

THE importance of education to fit men for the world, has been universally seen and acknowledged: but I think it has not been always sufficiently attended to, as necessary to fit men for retiring from the world; as qualifying them to act their part with propriety, when they retreat from the business of life, and to enjoy themselves, when enjoyment becomes their object. There is a certain time of life, when almost every man wishes to escape from the hurry and bustle of the world, and to taste the sweets of retirement and repose; but how few

are

are there, who, when they have arrived at that period which they fixed for this retreat, and have put their designs in execution, meet with that enjoyment which they looked for! Instead of pleasure, they find satiety, weariness, and disgust; time becomes a heavy burden upon them, and in what way they may kill the tedious hours, grows, at length, their only object. But had these men received a good education, they would never be at a loss how to fill up their time; rich fields of entertainment would open to them from various sources. Company and conversation would receive a finer relish; books would give perpetual enjoyments: the gay prospects of the country, the romantic scenes which it affords, the adorning and beautifying those scenes, and the culture of all the elegant arts, would make that fortune, which many possess without knowing how to use, the minister of every thing that can afford delight.

I believe it may be true, that neither learning, nor a taste for the elegant arts, is requisite to enable a person engaged in the ordinary business of life, to succeed in his profession; and, while so engaged, the occupations of that profession will prevent his feeling any vacuity or suffering any inconvenience from his ignorance and want of refinement. But when such a person has acquired a fortune, and given up business, I have often observed, that from this uncultivated state of mind, he is at a loss how to enjoy himself or his riches. He either becomes a prey to chagrin and *ennui*, or he gives himself up to the coarsest intemperance; or, should he wish to figure as a man of taste or fashion, he receives but little entertainment himself, and his attempts are so absurd and prepostrous, as to make him the object of scoff and ridicule to others.

Drexelius.

Drexelius was put early to business: his whole learning consisted in being able to read English, to write and keep accounts. He got soon into a very good branch of trade; his attention was unremitted; and his œconomy was equal to his attention. His labours, far from being a burthen upon him, only gave him an exertion of mind, which kept him in an equal and unceasing flow of spirits. By the time he was fifty, *Drexelius* had acquired a fortune equal to that of the richest of his fellow-citizens. He now began to think seriously of enjoying it. The resolution which he had early formed of retiring to the country when he should have acquired a fortune, and which had supported him during the labours of acquiring it, he now determined to put in practice. He, therefore, wound up his business, sold off his stock, and purchased an estate in the country. The novelty of the situation, and the flattering thought that he was proprietor of so many acres, supported him for a while. But he soon began to find, that the fields, and woods, and rivers, gave him no sort of pleasure. He could receive no amusement from farming, and books he was unable to enjoy. A volume of the *Spectator*, recommended to him by the clergyman of the parish, lay half-read upon the chimney-piece; and the prospects which he heard others admire, appeared to him not more beautiful than the front of the Exchange, or the pavement of the street on which he used to tread. Tired, therefore, of the country, and weary of every thing, he began to long for the town which he had abandoned, and to become again a frequenter of the 'Change. Accordingly he hired a house in town, and resolved to spend in it the winter months at least. But the town had now also lost its charms, and he found it impossible to recover them. He had no longer business to occupy his mind: when he rose in the morning

ing, he knew not what to do; he had no bargains to settle, and no ships to insure. His acquaintance around him were busy, while he was idle; he found himself alone in the midst of a crowd, an unINTERESTED spectator of what used to employ him. Change of situation, therefore, gave him no relief, for the town was now as dull as the country. The purchase he had made was a dear one: upon his *estate*, which had cost him more at first than he intended to give for it, he was obliged to build a house, and to make some other improvements, the expense of which, like that of all other buildings and improvements, greatly exceeded what their owner had made his account with. This, however, was little to one of *Drexelius*'s fortune. On former occasions, he had lost more upon one adventure in trade, without being much affected by the loss; but then he had different objects to interest him, and he expected to make up by other adventures what he had lost upon one; now he had nothing else to think of but the daily expenditure. This took possession of his imagination; he thought he saw poverty and ruin before him; and his health began to sink under the vexations of his mind. In vain did his friends represent to him the greatness of his fortune; that the money he was laying out was a trifle to what he possessed; and that, after all his plans were finished, he would still have more than he could spend. It is to no purpose to reason with a diseased imagination: the only thing which can relieve it is a change of objects and a variety of amusements. But this method could not be followed by *Drexelius*: there was no object to interest him; and his mind was incapable of amusement. His disease, therefore, increased upon him every day. The proprietor of a fine place, possessed of a great fortune, in short, with all the means of pleasure and enjoyment, he was haunted

haunted with the demon of Poverty, and actually believed, that, if he lived many years, he should die of want.

Clavius was a partner in trade with *Drexelius*, whose example he followed in the scheme of enjoying a retreat in the country. But his mind was as empty and uneducated as that of *Drexelius*, equally incapable of amusing itself in solitude, or of receiving pleasure from those enjoyments which a country life is calculated to bestow. He was, however, a man of greater natural spirits, and was not therefore so apt to become a prey to listlessness, or to the effects of gloomy avarice. Company was his resource; and that the hours might not lie heavy upon him, he took care never to be alone. But as he had no talent for conversation, every sort of company was equally welcome to him; and where conversation was not the object, it became necessary to support the society by some adventitious aid. The bottle, therefore, was had recourse to. This was the employment during the finest summer-evenings; and the morning sun often rose upon the same company on which it had gone down. Men flocked to *Clavius*'s country seat, not to enjoy the charms of the country, but the charms of society, and what they called good fellowship. Thus were *Clavius*'s nights spent in getting intoxicated, and his mornings in sleeping off that intoxication. His constitution was not long able to support this course of life; he died, a few years after he had quitted business, a matyr to that fortune which his wishes had formerly represented as the certain source of felicity.

Pomponius took a different turn from the persons I have mentioned. He was equally ignorant and uneducated as they; but, when he had acquired his fortune, as he had heard much of taste, of elegance, and of refinement, he resolved to be a *man of taste*.

The

The eſtate he purchaſed had been the old hereditary poſſeſſion of a man of conſiderable rank. *Pomponius* gave ſeveral years purchaſe more than its value, that he might be poſſeſſed of the demeſne of an ancient family, and have the pleaſure of adding to his name "Eſquire, of ——." When he came to live at this eſtate, he found the old manſion-houſe muſt be pulled down, and a new one erected. But, inſtead of truſting to the ſkill and taſte of his architect, the plan muſt be his own. In this he heaped ornament upon ornament, and pillar upon pillar. The columns are large enough to have ſupported a Gothic cathedral; the inſide is crowded with painted compartments; and every pannel and window is bedawbed with gilding. His fields are laid out in the moſt abſurd taſte. A clay-coloured ditch, which he calls a *canal*, made at an exorbitant expenſe, runs parallel with the front of his houſe; at each end is a circular puddle, called a *baſon*, in which is a little bank of rubbiſh, dignified with the name of *iſland*. Not a walk but is ſtuck full of ſtatues; and temples and grottos appear in every field. In ſhewing you his grounds he tells you the price of every ſtatue; and every temple is honoured with the account of what it coſt. Not ſatisfied with being a man of taſte out of doors, he pretends to connoiſſeurſhip and to literature within. He ſhews pictures painted, as he thinks, by maſters, whoſe names he has not learned to pronounce. If doubts are ſtarted of their originality, *Pomponius* ſtops all further queſtions by the mention of the ſum he paid for them. His library has its ſtatues like his fields; it is furniſhed with a profuſion of *bronzes* and *buſts*; and the books are liberally gilded as the reſt of his furniture. In talking of them (for he runs all riſks to be thought a man of learning) he gets into the moſt ridiculous blunders. He miſtakes a Greek for a Roman author;

thor; and to shew himself a philosopher, praises a writer, in the belief that he is an infidel, when, in fact, his books are written in defence of religion. The other day, somebody happening to mention the *World*, he asked if the author, Mr. *Fitzadam*, was still alive, and if he had written any other book.

Drexelius and *Clavius* were miserable in the midst of their wealth; *Pomponius* is ridiculous in the enjoyment of his. How much is it to be regretted, that these persons had not in their earlier years received the benefit of a liberal education? Had their minds been cultivated in their youth, had they then acquired the first principles of elegance and taste, they would have been enabled, after attaining a fortune, to have enjoyed it with propriety and dignity; while they were reaping the fruits of their honest industry and success, they might have been useful to others and proved ornaments to their country.

No. 107. TUESDAY, *May* 16, 1780.

And love *and* war *take turns like day and night.*
ROWE.

IN every art and science, practitioners complain how often they are deceived by specious theories and delusive speculation. Learned men, in the solitude of their studies, are apt to imagine, that nothing which they can reconcile to their own ideas upon paper, can fail to be evinced by actual experiment, or to be reduced into easy and constant practice. But those who are to apply the doctrine to the fact, too often find, that what was infallible in the

the brain of the demonſtrator, is ſadly fallacious in the hands of him who is to execute it.

There is ſomething, however, ſo delighful in this art of *theory-building*, that the experience of a thouſand diſappointments will never be able to extinguiſh it. Nor, indeed, ſhould any body wiſh for its extinction, when it is remembered, that the perſon who builds is delighted with the expectation of ſucceſs, and that other people are often little leſs pleaſed with tracing the diſappointment. The laſt are flattered by ſeeing the ſuperiority of ſcience thus levelled and brought down; the firſt ſolaces himſelf by imputing the failure to errors in the execution, and ſhutting his cloſet-door, returns to freſh theories and new ſpeculation.

In the courſe of my reading, I have met with two theoretical deſcriptions, which pleaſed me ſo much by the appearance they exhibited of ſelf-ſatisfaction in the ſages who compoſed them, that I cannot reſiſt the deſire of laying them before my readers in this day's paper. The firſt I found in an obſcure author of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, who, in tracing the progreſs of certain affections of the mind, thus perſonifies his ideas of *Honourable Love*.

"When a young man," ſays he, "of illuſtrious deſcent, rarely gifted by Nature in mind and body, the which he hath, through the care of his noble parents and his own ſpecial induſtry, much helped by art, firſt cometh from the retired haunts of learning into the reſort of the world, he is ſuddenly ſmitten by the beauty and rare accompliſhments of ſome young damſel, of parentage no leſs honourable than his own, and of endowments no leſs precious than thoſe wherewith he himſelf is graced. He ſeeketh all opportunities of converſe with, and of courteſy towards her; which nevertheleſs ſhe, out of maiden

ſhyneſs,

ſhyneſs, whereof her lady-mother hath well inſtructed her, doth, with a determined ſtatelineſs of aſpect, moſt conſtantly avoid; whereat the young man being grieved in his mind, but nowiſe damped in his love, he reſteth not till by all means he render himſelf more worthy of her regard, not only by excelling in all gentlemanlike exerciſes, ſuch as dancing, horſemanſhip, ſkill in his rapier, and the like, but likewiſe in all becoming ſoftneſs of behaviour, and courtly niceneſs of ſpeech, adding thereunto the ſtudy of ſweet poeſy, wherewith, in curious ſonnets, he ſpeaketh the praiſe of his miſtreſs's manifold perfections. But ſhe, nowiſe yielding to ſuch flatteries, nor abating the rigour of her looks, he ſometimes complaineth of his thraldom in more bitter terms, and for a while, as ſeeking freedom from his fair tyrant, ſhunneth her company, and reſorteth to that of jovial companions, much given to the ſports of the field and the joys of wine, thinking thereby to efface her image quite from his mind. But, after no great ſpace, he groweth uneaſy and unquiet, and though ſtoutly denying all allegiance to that dominion, whereof he hath ſworn to be free, he goeth ſecretly where he can again ſteal a glance of her lovely face, by one look of which being, as he deemeth, encouraged to better hope, he reneweth his ſuit with freſh warmth, renouncing his paſt rebellion as a grievous ſin, the which he is to expiate by tenfold encreaſed love. Nevertheleſs ſhe, willing to ſhew her power, thus marvelouſly confirmed and increaſed, demeaneth herſelf as haughtily as before, and haply, to puniſh his late treaſonous lapſe and falling off, ſeemeth to caſt upon others more ſoft and favourable looks; whereat our lover, being ſtung with envy and jealous wrath, doth encounter the chiefeſt of his rivals with ſharp and angry words, which growing into keener and more deadly rage, they agree to de-

cide

cide which is the worthieſt by trial of arms; and having met, in ſome retired place, either on horſeback or on foot, attended by their ſquires, a furious combat enſueth, in which the valour of both ſhineth out worthy of their noble birth, and of that love wherewith it is more eſpecially inflamed and ſpurred on. After various turns of fortune, and many wounds on both ſides, our lover doth, with difficulty, maſter his adverſary, to whom he ſheweth no leſs courteſy in defeat, than fierceneſs in fight. After a time, having recovered of his wounds, at hearing whereof the lady hath ſhewed as much grief and pity as beſeemeth a modeſt maiden to ſhew for man, he appeareth before her, his arms ſcarfed, and his cheeks yet pale from loſs of blood, and, kneeling at her feet, imploreth forgiveneſs for paſt faults, and voweth conſtancy and love, not ſhorter than he hath life to feel them, and breath to utter; while ſhe, without ſpeaking a word, doth, by looks and ſilent bluſhes, in ſome ſort confeſs herſelf propitious to his vows; whereof, having paſſed a probation of years, one or more, he arriveth at the end of his wiſhes, and obtaineth her conſent to be his wedded wife. Laſtly, their noble parents being well ſatisfied with this union of their blood, the marriage is celebrated, with much ceremony and pomp, at the caſtle of the bride's princely father, whereat there is all manner of good cheer, of dancing, and of minſtrelſy for many days."

This theory of ancient love and courtſhip, inſtead of ſimplifying the matter, makes it much more difficult than, in modern practice at leaſt, it is actually found. The lover, now-a-days, finds but little of that ſtately pride and maiden ſhyneſs above deſcribed; nor is he obliged to cultivate poetry to celebrate his miſtreſs, nor to meet any rival attended by

his squire, nor to suffer wounds and loss of blood for her sake, nor to go through a probation of years, one or more. All he has to do is, to dance with the lady at a ball, say a few soft things to her in plain prose, then meet her father attended by his lawyer, go through a probation of deeds and settlements, and so proceed to the bridal ceremony, and to good cheer and jollity for as short or as long a time as he thinks proper.

The second theoretical description, which I shall lay before my readers, is so far different from the first, that it renders a very confused and intricate business, as I have been told it is, perfectly clear and obvious to the meanest capacity. This, however, is by no means owing to any want in the theoretical situation of that incident or bustle which occurs in the real; on the contrary, the events are infinitely more numerous and astonishing in the first than in the latter, though the art of the theorist carries the imagination through them all with wonderful distinctness and regularity. The instance to which I allude is the description of a *battle*, given by the ingenious Mr. *A. Boyer*, in his *French Dictionary*, under the word *Battaille*.

DESCRIPTION of a BATTLE.

"The two armies being in sight, the cannon roar on each side; and the signal of the fight being given, they both move, and begin the encounter. In the height of danger, the generals shew their intrepidity, by preserving their cool temper, and by giving their orders without emotion and without hurry. In the close engagement, the officers perform wonders, and shew extraordinary valour and judgment, and seconded by their men, who fight like lions, they cut the enemy in pieces, kill and overthrow all they meet in their way, break through battalions,

talions, and bear down ſquadrons. Upon point of being overpowered by numbers, they reſolutely ſuſtain the effort of the enemy; and the generals, being informed by their aids-de-camp of what paſſes on that ſide, cauſe ſuccours to march thither with all ſpeed, revive the ſpirits of the ſoldiers by their preſence, rally the broken battalions, bring them again to the charge, repulſe the enemy, drive them before them, regain the ground they had loſt, retrieve the whole affair, purſue the enemy cloſe, trample them under foot or ride over them, entirely diſable them, put all that reſiſt to the ſword; and, after having ſuſtained continual diſcharges of cannon and ſmall ſhot, and gained an entire and complete victory, cauſe a retreat to be ſounded, and lie on the field of battle, while the air reſounds with the flouriſhes of trumpets."

The above deſcription is contained in an edition of Mr. *Boyer*'s learned and uſeful work, now become exceedingly ſcarce. It is there given in *French* and *Engliſh*; but I chuſe to publiſh the tranſlation only, as I mean it for the ſole uſe of our *Britiſh* commanders, from whoſe practice, at the time of its firſt publication (about the beginning of this century, the deſcription was probably taken. Perhaps, in ſome late campaigns, our generals had conſulted other Dictionaries, containing a much leſs animated and deciſive definition of a battle, than that which I have tranſcribed from the ingenious Mr. *Boyer*.

No. 108. SATURDAY, *May* 20, 1780.

Ah, vices! gilded by the rich and gay.
SHENSTONE.

IF we examine impartially that eſtimate of pleaſure, which the higher ranks of ſociety are apt to form, we ſhall probably be ſurpriſed to find how little there is in it either of natural feeling or real ſatisfaction. Many a faſhionable voluptuary, who has not totally blunted his taſte or his judgment, will own, in the intervals of recollection, how often he has ſuffered from the inſipidity or the pain of his enjoyments; and that, if it were not for the fear of being laughed at, it were ſometimes worth while, even on the ſcore of pleaſure, to be virtuous.

Sir *Edward* ———, to whom I had the pleaſure of being introduced at *Florence*, was a character much beyond that which diſtinguiſhes the generality of Engliſh travellers of fortune. His ſtory was known to ſome of his countrymen who then reſided in Italy; from one of whom, who could now and then talk of ſomething beſides pictures and operas, I had a particular recital of it.

He had been firſt abroad at an early period of life, ſoon after the death of his father had left him maſter of a very large eſtate, which he had the good fortune to inherit, and all the inclination natural to youth to enjoy. Though always ſumptuous, however, and ſometimes profuſe, he was obſerved never to be ridiculous in his expenſes; and, though he was now and then talked of as a man of pleaſure and diſſipation, he always left behind more inſtances of beneficence than of irregularity. For that reſpect and eſteem in which his character, amidſt all his little

tle errors, was generally held, he was suppoſed a good deal indebted to the ſociety of a gentleman, who had been his companion at the univerſity, and now attended him rather as a friend than a tutor. This gentleman was, unfortunately, ſeized at *Marſeilles* with a lingering diſorder, for which he was under the neceſſity of taking a ſea-voyage, leaving Sir *Edward* to proſecute the remaining part of his intended tour alone.

Deſcending into one of the valleys of *Piedmont*, where, notwithſtanding the ruggedneſs of the road, Sir *Edward*, with a prejudice natural to his country, preferred the conveyance of an Engliſh *hunter* to that of an Italian mule, his horſe unluckily made a falſe ſtep, and fell with his rider to the ground, from which Sir *Edward* was lifted by his ſervants with ſcarce any ſigns of life. They conveyed him on a litter to the neareſt houſe, which happened to be the dwelling of a peaſant rather above the common rank, before whoſe door ſome of his neighbours were aſſembled at a ſcene of rural merriment, when the train of Sir *Edward* brought up their maſter in the condition I have deſcribed. The compaſſion natural to his ſituation was excited in all; but the owner of the manſion whoſe name was *Venoni*, was particularly moved with it. He applied himſelf immediately to the care of the ſtranger, and, with the aſſiſtance of his daughter, who had left the dance ſhe was engaged in, with great marks of agitation, ſoon reſtored Sir *Edward* to ſenſe and life. *Venoni* poſſeſſed ſome little ſkill in ſurgery, and his daughter produced a book of receipts in medicine. Sir *Edward*, after being blooded, was put to bed, and tended with every poſſible care by his hoſt and his family. A conſiderable degree of fever was the conſequence of his accident; but after ſome days

it abated; and, in little more than a week, he was able to join in the society of *Venoni* and his daughter.

He could not help expressing some surprise at the appearance of refinement in the conversation of the latter, much beyond what her situation seemed likely to confer. Her father accounted for it. She had received her education in the house of a lady, who happened to pass through the valley, and to take shelter in *Venoni*'s cottage (for his house was but a better sort of cottage) the night of her birth. "When her mother died," said he, "the Signora, whose name, at her desire, we had given the child, took her home to her own house; there she was taught many things, of which there is no need here; yet she is not so proud of her learning as to wish to leave her father in his old age; and I hope soon to have her settled near me for life."

But Sir *Edward* had now an opportunity of knowing *Louisa* better than from the description of her father. Music and painting, in both of which arts she was a tolerable proficient, Sir *Edward* had studied with success. *Louisa* felt a sort of pleasure from her drawings, which they had never given her before, when they were praised by Sir *Edward*; and the family-concerts of *Venoni* were very different from what they had formerly been, when once his guest was so far recovered as to be able to join in them. The flute of *Venoni* excelled all the other music of the valley; his daughter's lute was much beyond it; Sir *Edward*'s violin was finer than either. But his conversation with *Louisa*—it was that of a superior order of beings!—science, taste, sentiment!—it was long since *Louisa* had heard these sounds; amidst the ignorance of the valley, it was luxury to hear them; from Sir *Edward*, who, was one of the most engaging figures I ever saw,

they

they were doubly delightful. In his countenance, there was always an expreſſion animated and intereſting; his ſickneſs had overcome ſomewhat of the firſt, but greatly added to the power of the latter.

Louiſa's was no leſs captivating—and Sir *Edward* had not ſeen it ſo long without emotion. During his illneſs he thought this emotion but gratitude; and when it firſt grew warmer, he checked it, from the thought of her ſituation, and of the debt he owed her. But the ſtruggle was too ineffectual to overcome; and, of conſequence, increaſed his paſſion. There was but one way in which the pride of Sir *Edward* allowed of its being gratified. He ſometimes thought of this as a baſe and unworthy one; but he was the fool of words which he had often deſpiſed, the ſlave of manners he had often condemned. He at laſt compromiſed matters with himſelf; he reſolved, if he could, to think no more of *Louiſa*; at any rate, to think no more of the ties of gratitude or the reſtraints of virtue.

Louiſa, who truſted to both, now communicated to Sir *Edward* an important ſecret. It was at the cloſe of a piece of muſic, which they had been playing in the abſence of her father. She took up her lute, and touched a little wild melancholy air, which ſhe had compoſed to the memory of her mother. "That," ſaid ſhe, "nobody ever heard except my father; I play it ſometimes when I am alone, and in low ſpirits. I don't know how I came to think of it now, yet I have ſome reaſon to be ſad." Sir *Edward* preſſed to know the cauſe; after ſome heſitation ſhe told it all. Her father had fixed on the ſon of a neighbour, rich in poſſeſſions, but rude in manners, for her huſband. Againſt this match ſhe had always proteſted as ſtrongly, as a ſenſe of duty, and the mildneſs of her nature, would allow;

allow; but *Venoni* was obſtinately bent on the match, and ſhe was wretched from the thoughts of it.—"To marry, where one cannot love,—to marry ſuch a man, Sir *Edward!*"—It was an opportunity beyond his power of reſiſtance. Sir *Edward* preſſed her hand; ſaid it would be profanation to think of ſuch a marriage; praiſed her beauty, extolled her virtues; and concluded, by ſwearing that he adored her. She heard him with unſuſpecting pleaſure, which her bluſhes could ill conceal.—Sir *Edward* improved the favourable moment; talked of the ardency of his paſſion, the inſignificancy of ceremonies and forms, the inefficacy of legal engagements, the eternal duration of thoſe dictated by love; and, in fine, urged her going off with him, to crown both their days with happineſs. *Louiſa* ſtarted at that propoſal. She would have reproached him, but her heart was not made for it; ſhe could only weep.

They were interrupted by the arrival of her father with his intended ſon-in-law. He was juſt ſuch a man as *Louiſa* had repreſented him, coarſe, vulgar, and ignorant. But *Venoni*, though much above their neighbour in every thing but riches, looked on him as poorer men often look on the wealthy, and diſcovered none of his imperfections. He took his daughter aſide, told her he had brought her future huſband, and that he intended they ſhould be married in a week at fartheſt.

Next morning *Louiſa* was indiſpoſed, and kept her chamber. Sir *Edward* was now perfectly recovered. He was engaged to go out with *Venoni*; but before his departure, he took up his violin, and touched a few plaintive notes on it. They were heard by *Louiſa*.

In the evening ſhe wandered forth to indulge her ſorrows alone. She had reached a ſequeſtered ſpot, where

where some poplars formed a thicket, on the banks of a little stream that watered the valley. A nightingale was perched on one of them, and had already begun its accustomed song. *Louisa* sat down on a withered stump, leaning her cheek upon her hand. After a little while, the bird was scared from its perch, and flitted from the thicket. *Louisa* rose from the ground, and burst into tears! She turned —and beheld Sir *Edward*. His countenance had much of its former languor; and, when he took her hand, he cast on the earth a melancholy look, and seemed unable to speak his feelings. "Are you not well, Sir *Edward?* said *Louisa*, with a voice faint and broken.—"I am ill indeed," said he, "but my illness is of the mind. *Louisa* cannot cure me of that. I am wretched; but I deserve to be so. I have broken every law of hospitality, and every obligation of gratitude. I have dared to wish for happiness, and to speak what I wished, though it wounded the heart of my dearest benefactress—but I will make a severe expiation. This moment I leave you, *Louisa!* I go to be wretched; but you may be happy, happy in your duty to a father, happy, it may be, in the arms of a husband, whom the possession of such a wife may teach refinement and sensibility.—I go to my native country, to hurry through scenes of irksome business or tasteless amusement; that I may, if possible, procure a sort of half-oblivion of that happiness which I have left behind, a listless endurance of that life which I once dreamed might be made delightful with *Louisa*."

Tears were the only answer she could give. Sir *Edward*'s servants appeared, with a carriage, ready for his departure. He took from his pocket two pictures; one he had drawn of *Louisa*, he fastened round his neck, and, kissing it with rapture, hid it in his

his bosom. The other he held out in a hesitating manner. "This," said he, "if *Louisa* will accept of it, may sometimes put her in mind of him who once offended, who can never cease to adore her. She may look on it, perhaps, after the original is no more; when this heart shall have forgot to love, and cease to be wretched."

Louisa was at last overcome. Her face was first pale as death; then suddenly it was crossed with a crimson blush. "Oh! Sir *Edward!*" said she "What—what would you have me do?"—He eagerly seized her hand, and led her, reluctant, to the carriage. They entered it, and driving off with furious speed, were soon out of sight of those hills which pastured the flocks of the unfortunate *Venoni*.

No. 109. TUESDAY, *May* 23, 1780.

THE virtue of *Louisa* was vanquished; but her sense of virtue was not overcome. Neither the vows of eternal fidelity of her seducer, nor the constant and respectful attention which he paid her during a hurried journey to England, could allay that anguish which she suffered at the recollection of her past, and the thoughts of her present situation. Sir *Edward* felt strongly the power of her beauty and of her grief. His heart was not made for that part which, it is probable, he thought it could have performed: it was still subject to remorse, to compassion, and to love. These emotions, perhaps he might soon have overcome, had they been met by vulgar violence or reproaches; but the quiet and unupbraiding sorrows of *Louisa*, nourished those feelings

ings of tenderneſs and attachment. She never mentioned her wrongs in words: ſometimes a few ſtarting tears would ſpeak them; and when time had given her a little more compoſure, her lute diſcourſed melancholy muſic.

On their arrival in England, Sir *Edward* carried *Louiſa* to his ſeat in the country. There ſhe was treated with all the obſervance of a wife; and, had ſhe choſen it, might have commanded more than the ordinary ſplendor of one. But ſhe would not allow the indulgence of Sir *Edward* to blazon with equipage, and ſhow that ſtate which ſhe wiſhed always to hide, and, if poſſible, to forget. Her books and her muſic were her only pleaſures; if pleaſures they could be called, that ſerved but to alleviate miſery, and to blunt, for a while, the pangs of contrition.

Theſe were deeply aggravated by the recollection of her father: a father left in his age to feel his own misfortunes and his daughter's diſgrace. Sir *Edward* was too generous not to think of providing for *Venoni*. He meant to make ſome atonement for the injury he had done him by that cruel bounty which is reparation only to the baſe, but to the honeſt is inſult. He had not, however, an opportunity of accompliſhing his purpoſe. He learned that *Venoni*, ſoon after his daughter's elopement, removed from his former place of reſidence, and, as his neighbours reported, had died in one of the villages of *Savoy*. His daughter felt this with anguiſh the moſt poignant, and her affliction, for a while, refuſed conſolation. Sir *Edward*'s whole tenderneſs and attention were called forth to mitigate her grief; and, after its firſt tranſports had ſubſided, he carried her to *London*, in hopes that objects new to her, and commonly attractive to all, might contribute to remove it.

With

With a man poſſeſſed of feelings like Sir *Edward*'s, the affliction of *Louiſa* gave a certain reſpect to his attentions. He hired her a houſe ſeparate from his own, and treated her with all the delicacy of the pureſt attachment. But his ſolicitude to comfort and amuſe her was not attended with ſucceſs. She felt all the horrours of that guilt, which ſhe now conſidered as not only the ruin of herſelf, but the murderer of her father.

In *London*, Sir *Edward* found his ſiſter, who had married a man of great fortune and high faſhion. He had married her, becauſe ſhe was a fine woman, and admired by fine men; ſhe had married him, becauſe he was the wealthieſt of her ſuitors. They lived, as is common to people in ſuch a ſituation, neceſſitous with a princely revenue, and very wretched amidſt perpetual gaiety. This ſcene was ſo foreign from the idea Sir *Edward* had formed of the reception his country and friends were to afford him, that he found a conſtant ſource of diſguſt, in the ſociety of his equals. In their converſation fantaſtic, not refined, their ideas were frivolous, and their knowledge ſhallow; and with all the pride of birth and inſolence of ſtation, their principles were mean and their minds ignoble. In their pretended attachments, he diſcovered only deſigns of ſelfiſhneſs; and their pleaſures, he experienced, were as fallacious as their friendſhips. In the ſociety of *Louiſa* he found ſenſibility and truth; her's was the only heart that ſeemed intereſted in his welfare: ſhe ſaw the return of virtue in Sir *Edward*, and felt the friendſhip which he ſhewed her. Sometimes when ſhe perceived him ſorrowful, her lute would leave its melancholy for more lively airs, and her countenance aſſume a gaiety it was not formed to wear. But her heart was breaking with that anguiſh

guish which her generosity endeavoured to conceal from him; her frame, too delicate for the struggle with her feelings, seemed to yield to their force; her rest forsook her: the colour faded in her cheek; the lustre of her eyes grew dim. Sir *Edward* saw these symptoms of decay with the deepest remorse. Often did he curse those false ideas of pleasure which had led him to consider the ruin of an artless girl, who loved and trusted him, as an object which it was luxury to attain, and pride to accomplish. Often did he wish to blot out from his life a few guilty months, to be again restored to an opportunity of giving happiness to that family, whose unsuspecting kindness he had repaid with the treachery of a robber and the cruelty of an assassin.

One evening while he sat in a little parlour with *Louisa* his mind alternately agitated and softened with this impression, a *hand organ*, of a remarkably sweet tone, was heard in the street. *Louisa* laid aside her lute and listened: the airs it played were those of her native country; and a few tears, which she endeavoured to hide, stole from her on hearing them. Sir *Edward* ordered a servant to fetch the organist into the room: he was brought in accordingly, and seated at the door of the apartment.

He played one or two sprightly tunes, to which *Louisa* had often danced in her infancy: she gave herself up to the recollection, and her tears flowed without controul. Suddenly the musician, changing the stop, introduced a little melancholy air of a wild and plaintive kind. *Louisa* started from her seat, and rushed up to the stranger. He threw off a tattered coat, and black patch. It was her father! She would have sprung to embrace him; he turned aside for a few moments, and would not receive her into his arms. But Nature at last overcame his resent-

ment; he burſt into tears, and preſſed to his boſom his long-loſt daughter.

Sir *Edward* ſtood fixed in aſtoniſhment and confuſion. "I come not to upbraid you," ſaid *Venoni*; "I am a poor, weak, old man, unable for upbraidings; I am come but to find my child, to forgive her, and to die! When you ſaw us firſt, Sir *Edward*, we were not thus. You found us virtuous and happy; we danced and we ſung, and there was not a ſad heart in the valley where we dwelt. Yet we left our dancing, our ſongs, and our cheerfulneſs; you were diſtreſſed, and we pitied you. Since that day the pipe has never been heard in *Venoni*'s fields: Grief and ſickneſs have almoſt brought him to the grave; and his neighbours, who loved and pitied him, have been cheerful no more. Yet, methinks, though you robbed us of happineſs, you are not happy; elſe why that dejected look, which, amidſt all the grandeur around you, I ſaw you wear, and thoſe tears which, under all the gaudineſs of her apparel, I ſaw that poor deluded girl ſhed?"——"But ſhe ſhall ſhed no more," cried Sir *Edward*; "you ſhall be happy, and I ſhall be juſt. Forgive, my venerable friend, the injuries which I have done thee; forgive me, my *Louiſa*, for rating your excellence at a price ſo mean. I have ſeen thoſe high-born females to which my rank might have allied me; I am aſhamed of their vices, and ſick of their follies. Profligate in their hearts, amidſt affected purity they are ſlaves to pleaſure without the ſincerity of paſſion; and, with the name of honour, are inſenſible to the feelings of virtue. You, my *Louiſa*! But I will not call up recollections that might render me leſs worthy of your future eſteem——Continue to love your *Edward*; but a few hours, and you ſhall add the title to the affections of a wife; let the care and tenderneſs of a huſband bring back its peace to your mind,

mind, and its bloom to your cheek. We will leave for a while the wonder and the envy of the fashionable circle here. We will restore your father to his native home; under that roof I shall once more be happy; happy without allay, because I shall deserve my happiness. Again shall the pipe and the dance gladden the valley, and innocence and peace beam on the cottage of *Venoni!*"

No. 110. SATURDAY, *May* 27, 1780.

Extremum concede laborem. VIRG.

AS, at the close of life, people confess the secrets, and explain the mysteries of their conduct, endeavour to do justice to those with whom they have had dealings, and to die in peace with all the world; so, in the *concluding number* of a *periodical publication*, it is usual to lay aside the assumed name, or fictitious character, to ascribe the different papers to their true authors, and to wind up the whole with a modest appeal to the candour or indulgence of the Public.

In the course of these papers, the author has not often ventured to introduce himself, or to give an account of his own situation; in this, therefore, which is to be the *last*, he has not much to unravel on that score. From the narrowness of the place of its appearance, the MIRROR did not admit of much personification of its editor; the little disguise he has used has been rather to conceal what he was, than to give himself out for what he was not.

The idea of publishing a *periodical paper* in *Edinburgh* took its rise in a company of gentlemen, whom

whom particular circumstances of connection brought frequently together. Their discourse often turned upon subjects of manners, of taste, and of literature. By one of those accidental resolutions, of which the origin cannot easily be traced, it was determined to put their thoughts into writing, and to read them for the entertainment of each other. Their essays assumed the form, and, soon after, some one gave them the name, of a periodical publication: the writers of it were naturally associated; and their meetings increased the importance, as well as the number, of their productions. Cultivating letters in the midst of business, composition was to them an amusement only; that amusement was heightened by the audience which this society afforded; the idea of publication suggested itself as productive of still higher entertainment.

It was not, however, without diffidence that such a resolution was taken. From that, and several other circumstances, it was thought proper to observe the strictest secrecy with regard to the authors; a purpose in which they have been so successful, that at this moment, the very publisher of the work knows only one of their number, to whom the conduct of it was entrusted.

The assistance received from Correspondents has been considerable. To them the MIRROR is indebted for the following papers; the 8th, the note from IGNORAMUS in the 9th, the letter in the 17th, the letter signed ADELUS in the 21st, the 22d, the 24th, the 29th (except the short letter at the end,) the first letter in the 35th, the 37th, the letter in the 46th, the 50th, the first letter in the 56th, the 59th, 62d, 66th, 73d, 74th, 75th, 79th, 82d, 86th, the first letter in the 89th, the letter in the 94th, the 95th, the 96th, (except the letter signed EVELINA,) the 97th and 98th, the letter in the 102d, and the letter in the

the 103. Of some of their Correspondents, were they at liberty to disclose them, the names would do credit to the work; of others they are entirely ignorant, and can only return this general acknowledgment for their favours. To many of them they have to apologize for several abridgments, additions, and alterations, which sometimes the composition of the essays themselves, and sometimes the nature of the work in which they were to appear, seemed to render necessary.

The situation of the authors of the MIRROR was such as neither to prompt much ambition of literary success, nor to create much dependence on it. Without this advantage, they had scarcely ventured to send abroad into the world a performance, the reception of which was liable to so much uncertainty. They foresaw many difficulties, which a publication like the MIRROR, even in hands much abler than theirs, must necessarily encounter.

The state of the *times* they were sensible, was very unpropitious to a work of this sort. In a conjuncture so critical as the present, at a period so big with national danger and public solicitude, it was not to be expected that much attention should be paid to speculation or to sentiment, to minute investigations of character, or to pictures of private manners. A volume which we can lay aside and resume at pleasure, may suffer less materially from the interruption of national concerns; but a single sheet, that measures its daily importance with the vehicles of public intelligence and political disquisition, can hardly fail to be neglected.

But, exclusive of this general disadvantage, there were particular circumstances which its authors knew must be unfavourable to the MIRROR. That secrecy which they thought it necessary to keep, prevented all the aids of patronage and friendship; it

it even damped those common exertions to which other works are indebted, if not for fame, at least for introduction to the world. We cannot expect to create an interest in those whom we have not ventured to trust; and the claims even of merit are often little regarded, if that merit be anonymous and unknown.

The *place* of its publication was, in several respects, disadvantageous. There is a certain distance at which writings, as well as men, should be placed, in order to command our attention and respect. We do not easily allow a title to instruct or amuse the Public in our neighbour, with whom we have been accustomed to compare our own abilities. Hence the fastidiousness with which, in a place so narrow as *Edinburgh*, home productions are commonly received; which, if they are grave, are pronounced dull; if pathetic, are called unnatural; if ludicrous, are termed low. In the circle around him, the man of business sees few who should be willing, and the man of genius few who are able to be authors; and a work that comes out unsupported by established names, is liable alike to the censure of the grave, and the sneer of the witty. Even Folly herself acquires some merit from being displeased, when name or fashion has not sanctified a work from her displeasure. This desire of levelling the pride of authorship, is in none more prevalent than in those who themselves have written. Of these the unsuccessful have a prescriptive title to criticism; and, though established literary reputation commonly sets men above the necessity of detracting from the merit of other candidates for fame, yet, there are not wanting, instances of monopolists of public favour, who wish not only to enjoy, but to guide it, and are willing to confine its influence within the pale of their own circle, or their own patronage.

General

General cenſure is of all things the eaſieſt; from ſuch men it paſſes unexamined, and its ſentence is deciſive; nay, even a ſtudied ſilence will go far to ſmother a production, which, if they have not the meanneſs to envy, they want the candour to appretiate with juſtice.

In point of ſubject, as well as of reception, the place where it appeared was unfavourable to the MIRROR. Whoever will examine the works of a ſimilar kind that have preceded it, will eaſily perceive for how many topics they were indebted to local characters and temporary follies, to places of pulic amuſement, and circumſtances of reigning faſhion. But, with us, beſides the danger of perſonal application, theſe are hardly various enough for the ſubject, or important enough for the dignity of writing. There is a ſort of claſſic privilege in the very names of places in *London*, which does not extend to thoſe of *Edinburgh*. The *Cannongate* is almoſt as long as the *Strand*, but it will not bear the compariſon upon paper; and *Blackfriars-wynd* can never vie with *Drury-lane*, in point of ſound, however they may rank in the article of chaſtity. In the department of *humour*, theſe circumſtances muſt neceſſarily have great weight; and, for papers of humour, the bulk of readers will generally call, becauſe the number is much greater of thoſe who can laugh, than of thoſe who can think. To add to the difficulty, people are too proud to laugh upon eaſy terms with one, of whoſe title to make them laugh they are not appriſed. A joke in writing is like a joke in converſation; much of its wit depends upon the rank of its author.

How far the authors of this paper have been able to overcome theſe difficulties, it is not for them to determine. Of its merits with the Public, the Public will judge; as to themſelves, they may be allow-

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ed to say, that they have found it an amusement of an elegant, and, they are inclined to believe, of an useful kind. They imagine, that, by tracing the manners and sentiments of others, they have performed a sort of exercise which may have some tendency to cultivate and refine their own; and, in that society which was formed by this publication, they have drawn somewhat closer the ties of a friendship, which they flatter themselves they may long enjoy, with a recollection not unpleasing, of the literary adventure by which it was strengthened and improved.

The disadvantages attending their publication they have not enumerated, by way of plea for favour, or apology for faults. They will give their *volumes* as they gave their *papers*, to the world, not meanly dependent on its favour, nor coldly indifferent to it. There is no idea, perhaps, more pleasing to an ingenuous mind, than that the sentences which it dictates in silence and obscurity, may give pleasure and entertainment to those by whom the writer has never been seen, to whom even his name is unknown. There is something peculiarly interesting in the hope of this intercourse of sentiment, this invisible sort of friendship, with the virtuous and the good; and the visionary warmth of an author may be allowed to extend it to distant places, and to future times. If, in this hope, the authors of the MIRROR may indulge, they trust, that, whatever may be thought of the execution, the motive of their publication will do them no dishonour; that, if they have failed in wit, they have been faultless in sentiment; and that, if they shall not be allowed the praise of genius, they have, at least, not forfeited the commendation of virtue.

THE END.

SHELF No. .....

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